Boston Public Library
3 9999 10588 904 0

OMNIVM LVX CIVIVM
MDCCCLII
MDCCCC LXXVIII

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

This Volume
Reprinted
in a
Limited Edition
of
250

Distributed by:

OCEANA PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Dobbs Ferry, New York 10522

THE

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

BY

CHARLES RANGER, Eſq;

> *Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,*
> *Gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago libelli.*
>
> JUVEN.

LONDON:
Printed for W. FADEN, in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street,
AND
J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noſter Row.

1752–1754

REPRINTED IN 1977

Wildy & Sons, Ltd.
Lincoln's Inn Archway,
Lincoln's Inn,
London W.C.2

Periodical
AP3
.G72
1752-1754

Reprinted in Great Britain by Layston Litho, Ltd.,
Buntingford, Hertfordshire.

CONTENTS and MOTTOS.

No.

1. Difficulty of the firſt Addreſs to the Public.
Why I reſolve to range this ample Field,
The Muſe ſhall tell, if you'll Attention yield.
ANONYMOUS.

2. On Female Beauty.
Love and the Nymph ſhall charm my Toils:
The Nymph who ſweetly ſpeaks, and ſweetly ſmiles.
FRANCIS.

3. On the ſeveral Difficulties Authors have to encounter.
Let Flames on your unlucky Papers prey,
Or Moths thro' written Pages eat their Way;
Your Wars, your Loves, your Praiſes be forgot,
And makes of all an univerſal Blot. DRYDEN.

4. On the Art of Acting, ſo far as it relates to the Paſſions.
Keep Nature's great Original in view,
And thence the living Images purſue. FRANCIS.

5. On the Condition of Princes.
For *Troy* the generous Fears of *Carthage* flow;
And *Tyrian* Breaſts are touch'd with human Woe.
DRYDEN.

6. Scene in *Jonathan*'s Coffee-houſe.
Once more *Creſpinus* call'd upon the Stage.
DRYDEN.

7. On the Contempt of falſe Honour and Detraction.
Falſe Praiſe can charm, unreal Shame controul—
Whom, but a vicious, or a ſickly Soul? FRANCIS.

8. Criticiſm on the Tragedy of *Macbeth*.
Thus grateful does thy Office prove
To Gods below, and Gods above, FRANCIS.

9. On the various Means of acquiring Money.
Curs'd Gold!—how high will daring Mortals riſe
In every Guilt, to reach the glittering Prize?
PITT.

10. On Pride.
He treated every Body with an Inſolence of Pride, which to a good Mind is worſe than Cruelty. ANONYMOUS.

11. The Author's Soliloquy with himſelf.
Hence the old Man ſtands open to your View,
Tho' with a careleſs Hand the Piece he drew.
FRANCIS.

Study thyſelf: what Rank or what Degree
The wiſe Creator has ordained for thee.

12. *Shakeſpear* vindicated in a Letter to *Voltaire*.
Aim not, vain Bard, on *Virgil*'s Wings to ſoar;
But follow trembling, and his Steps adore.
ANONYMOUS.

13. Scheme for the Improvement of the liberal Arts and Sciences, Manufactures, &c.
On *Cæſar* all our Study muſt depend:
For *Cæſar* is alone the Muſes Friend. DRYDEN.

14. The Growth of Folly affords conſtantly new Matter for the periodical Writer, even tho' the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and, *Guardian* have exhauſted a great deal.
The flowing Year ſome Bleſſing give each Day,
Each ebbing Year ſome Bleſſing bears away.
ANONYMOUS.

One pluckt away a ſecond Branch you ſee
Shoot forth in Gold; and glitter thro' the Tree.
PITT.

No.

15. Plan of a Coffee-houſe for the Ladies.
So march'd the *Thracian* Amazon of old,
When *Thermodon* with bloody Billows roll'd.
DRYDEN.

16. Criticiſm on the Tragedy of King *Lear*.
Deep in the Breaſt, and kindle in the Soul. PITT.
Hence flow theſe Tears. ANONYM.

17. Letter to the Author occaſioned by his Criticiſm on King *Lear*.
Still there is Room. —— —— FRANCIS,

18. Vanity of human Purſuits, a Dream.
As much as earthly Limbs and groſs Allay.
Of mortal Members, ſubject to decay,
Blunt not the Beams of Heav'n, and Edge of Day. DRYDEN.
How vain and fantaſtic are all human Purſuits!
ANONYM.

19. The Obſtacles indigent Merit has to hinder its riſing in the World.
Rarely they riſe by Virtue's Aid, who lie
Plung'd in the Depth of helpleſs Poverty.
DRYDEN.
Children like tender Oſiers take the Bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd always grow.
Ibid.

20. *Engliſh* Nation vindicated againſt the falſe Criticiſms of *Voltaire*.
We know the War that ſet the World on Fire:
Nor are ſo void of Senſe the Sons of *Tyre*.
PITT.

21. Account of a Pantomime Poet in his new Lodging.
Of Bodies changed to various Forms I ſing:
Ye Gods, from whom theſe Miracles did ſpring.
GARTH.

22. On the Utility of a Scheme for the Encouragement of Letters, &c.
Theſe are imperial Works, and worthy Kings.
POPE.

23. Character of *Jack Wild-air*, a modern Philoſopher.
Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of Tumults and Deſcents, and diſtant War:
Nor with a ſuperſtitious Fear is aw'd,
From what befals at Home, from what Abroad.
Nor envies he the Rich their heapy Store,
Nor his own Peace diſturbs with Pity for the Poor.
DRYDEN,

24. The Pleaſures of being in Debt.
No Palace with a lofty Gate he wants,
T'admit the Tides of early Viſitants.
DRYDEN.

25. The Art of *Epic* Writers to move our Paſſions.
And I, who late th' embattled *Greeks* could dare
Their flying Darts, and whole embodied War,
Now take Alarm, while Horrors reign around,
At every Breeze, and ſtart at every Sound.
PITT.

26. On the Practice of Raillery, with an Account of its Genealogy, a Fable.
If ſkilful to diſcern, when form'd with Eaſe,
The modulated Sounds are taught to pleaſe.
FRANCIS.

CONTENTS and MOTTOS,

27. On the Advantages of an Author's living in the Country,
—— —— Oh! when again
Shall I behold the rural Plain?
And when with Books of Sages deep,
Sequeſtred Eaſe, and gentle Sleep;
In ſweet Oblivion, bliſsful Balm,
The buſy Cares of Life becalm. FRANCIS.

28. Art of Pantomime, in Imitation of *Ariſtotle*'s Art of Poetry.
And ſhould the Knights forbid their dear Delight,
They riſe tumultuous and prepare for Sight.

29. Mr. *Pope*'s religious Tenets different from Lord *Bolingbroke*'s.
Nor thee, ſage *Pantheus*, *Phœbus*' Wreaths could ſave,
Nor all thy ſhining Virtues from the Grave, PITT.

30. Character of Mrs. *Vainlove* and her Daughter.
O *Tyndaris*, whoſe blooming Beauty warms
The kindling Soul beyond thy Mother's Charms. FRANCIS.

31. A Sacrifice to the Graces in *Parnaſſus*, a Viſion.
—— —— And with her Train
Of Nymphs and modeſt Graces treads the Plain. FRANCIS.

32 Author's Thoughts on various Subjects.
Thus, ſilently I talk my Conduct o'er,
Or trifle with the Muſe an idle Hour. FRANCIS.

33 The Exerciſe of Female Lips.
———— The fragrant Kiſs,
Which *Venus* bathes with nectar'd Bliſs. FRANCIS.

34 Account of a Female Houſe of Commons.
Mix a ſhort Folly with thy labour'd Scheme;
'Tis joyous Folly that unbends the Mind. FRANCIS.

35 Advantages of employing ſome Hours every Day in Reading.
Motto tranſlated in the firſt Page.

36 Vanity of a fine Woman's making a wrong Uſe of her Power over her Admirers.
—— *Cynara*'s good natur'd Reign. FRANCIS.

37 The Wickedneſs of diſturbing the religious Principles of Mankind, an eaſtern Tale.
Mezentius firſt, who ſcorn'd the immortal Powers. PITT.

38 Uncertainty of human Grandeur, and oriental Story from the *French*.
In myſtic Terms involving Truth. ANONYMOUS.

39 Degrees of Merit ſettled between the Antients and Moderns, a Dream.
If feel my honeſt Indignation riſe,
When, with affected Air, a Coxcomb cries,
The Work, I own, has Elegance and Eaſe,
But ſure no Modern ſhould preſume to pleaſe. FRANCIS.

40 Plan for a new *Engliſh* Dictionary.
Many ſhall riſe that now forgotten lie;
Others in preſent Credit ſoon ſhall die,
If Cuſtom will whoſe arbitrary Sway,
Words, and the Forms of Language muſt obey. FRANCIS.

41 The Female Painters.
So looks the beauteous Iv'ry, ſtain'd with red;
So Roſes, mix'd with Lillies in the Bed,
Blend their rich Hues. FRANCIS.

42 The Folly of admiring any Thing too much.
And thus the jovial Length of Night we ſpent. FRANCIS.
Not to admire is of all Means the beſt,
The only Means to make, and keep us bleſt. FRANCIS.

43 Folly of Ambition, an eaſtern Tale.
Chain'd to her beamy Car Fame drags along.
The mean, the great: an undiſtinguiſh'd Throng. FRANCIS.
This Wretch his Country to a Tyrant ſold,
And barter'd glorious Liberty for Gold. PITT.

44 Letter from a Friend in the Country.
Unvex'd with Quarrels, undiſturb'd with Noiſe,
The country King his peaceful Realm enjoys:
Cool Grots, and living Lakes, the flow'ry Pride
Of Meads and Streams that thro' the Valley glide;
And ſhady Groves that eaſy Sleep invite,
And after toilſome Days a ſoft Repoſe at Night. DRYDEN.

45 Origin of Poetry, Eloquence and Argument.
For thee my tuneful Accents will I raiſe,
And treat of Arts diſcloſed in antient Days. PITT.

46 The Folly of a diſcontented Spirit; with the Character of Mr. *Surly*.
Thou too, as nobly raiſe thy Soul above
All Pomps, and emulate the Seed of Jove. PITT.

47 On Epic Poetry.
Poets would profit or delight Mankind
And with the Pleaſing have the Inſtructive join'd. FRANCIS.
'Tis not enough, ye Writers, that ye charm
With Eaſe and Elegance; a Play ſhould warm
With ſoft Concernment; ſhould poſſeſs the Soul,
And as it wills, the liſt'ning Croud controul. FRANCIS.

48 On Tragedy.
He gives a deſperate Trial of his Art,
With Paſſions, not my own who warms my Heart;
Who with unreal Terrors fills my Breaſt,
As with a magic Influence poſſeſt.

49. On Comedy.
Becauſe the Comic Poet forms his Plays
On common Life, they ſeem a Work of Eaſe;
But ſince we leſs Indulgence muſt expect,
Sure we ſhould labour to be more correct. FRANCIS.

50. On the Burleſque Style.
Nor can I doubt what Oil I muſt beſtow
To raiſe my Subject from a Ground ſo low. FRANCIS.

——— The ſwelling Strain
And Words gigantic. ——— *Ibid.*

51. On the Spirit of Enterpriſe in general, and more particularly as it relates to Writing,
Now, ſince I draw ſo near my Labour's End,
I'll ſtrike my Sail, and to the Harbour tend. DRYDEN.
Nor do I bluſh to own my Follies paſt;
But own thoſe Follies ſhould no longer laſt. FRANCIS.

52. The Author takes Leave of his Readers.
Already glutted with the Farce o'th'Age,
'Tis Time for thee to quit the wanton Stage. FRANCIS.
Here all his Labours, all his Dangers cloſe;
He ceas'd and ſought the Bleſſings of Repoſe. PITT.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

Numb. 50. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, September 29, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Sept. 29, 1753

Cur tamen hoc libeat potius Decurrere campo,
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, Edam.
Juv.

IT has been remarked by Writers, whom Ambition to add the Amuſements of the Public has incited to portion out their Endeavours into periodical Eſſays, that their firſt Addreſs, in the introductory Explanation of their Scheme, has been the Cauſe of more Uneaſineſs and Diſtreſs, and has occaſioned more vehement Bitings of the Nails and Rubbings of the Forehead, than any other ſucceſſive Lucubration; in like Manner, as we find Men, in the ordinary Scenes of Life, who, upon their firſt Appearance in a Company of Strangers, betray ſeveral aukward Movements in their Advances, ariſing from the different Ideas of Baſhfulneſs and Diffidence, which agitate their Minds, until the initial Ceremonies are adjuſted. As I have held a literary Intercourſe with the Public for a conſiderable Time paſt, and have enjoyed the Pleaſure of converſing with many Hundreds of my Countrymen every *Saturday*, I ſhould have imagined myſelf capable of iſſuing an Eſſay, without feeling any extraordinary Sollicitude for the

Event, or being diſconcerted by thoſe Alarms and Perturbations of Spirit, which are apt to ſeize People of Senſibility in their Tempers, when irreſiſtible Principles of Action have prevailed over their Modeſty, and called them forth into a more conſpicuous Point of View: But I find, though I have been a Dupe to Popularity for ſeveral Months, that I have not entirely loſt my Shame, which I take to be a rare Thing in an Author, and, it is with ſome Degree of Fear and Trembling, that I now hold the Pen, this my new Form of Appearance ſitting about me like a new Faſhion, which has never failed to diſcompoſe the even Tenor of my Mind, as it attracts the Eyes of the Multitude more earneſtly, than a plainer and more uſual Apparel. On this Account, I muſt own, that my cuſtomary Alacrity has felt a conſiderable Abatement, and, after much Contemplation and deep Study, I ſhould have been totally at a Loſs, how to recommend myſelf to the public Favour, had not the Example of the moſt eminent and powerful of my Countrymen, now at the Eve of a general Election, pointed out a Mode of Eloquence, to which I think it elegible to adhere, and ſhall therefore uſe it as the moſt perſuaſive Rhetoric I can ſuggeſt to myſelf.

Gray's-*Inn*, *September* 20, 1753.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of Great-Britain.

Gentlemen,

I Cannot omit this Opportunity of returning you Thanks for the Favour you have ſhewed to me upon former Occaſions, and, as I have had the Honour at a general Aſſembly of my Friends, met this Day at my Chambers, to be put in Nomination to repreſent you, and all your Vices, Follies, and Foibles in the *Gray*'s-*Inn-Journal*, I deſire the Favour of your Votes and Intereſt, aſſuring you, that I ſhall, at all Times, exert my moſt vigorous Endeavours for your Inſtruction and Entertainment, being a ſincere Friend to the Cauſe of true Wit and Humour, and a ſteady Aſſertor of Decency, Virtue, and good Manners. With theſe Sentiments I have the Honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt obliged, and moſt obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

N. B. I was always againſt the Jew Bill.

As Mr. *Joſeph D'Anvers* and the preſent Writer have hitherto ſtood together, it may poſſibly appear ſtrange that his Name is not inſerted in this Form of Addreſs; but as Reaſons of great Cogency have induced that Gentleman to decline continuing a Candidate any longer, I am determined to ſtand the Poll alone, and when I unfold the Motives, which have influenced me to vary from my former Manner of Publication, I flatter myſelf, that I ſhall bid much fairer to riſe in the Eſtimation of my Readers.

I HAVE ever held myſelf greatly obliged by the Candor of the Town, in the favourable Reception they have been pleaſed to afford to this Undertaking, and, as I am deſirous to improve that Harmony and reciprocal Good-liking, which ſeems at preſent to ſubſiſt between us, a Senſe of Gratitude for the Civilities received, has dictated to me that it is now become a Kind of Duty, to pay ſome Regard to my Readers Eyes, which, I am apprehenſive, have been a good Deal impaired by the Badneſs of the Paper and Print made Uſe of heretofore. And indeed, that any one ſhould pore away his Eye-ſight in the Peruſal of my Lucubrations, is a Compliment, I have no Right to expect, and therefore, that there is a Demand upon me, not only for Perſpicuity and Clearneſs of Stile, but alſo for Neatneſs and Accuracy in printing, is a Point I am willing to give my Aſſent to. On this Account I am determined to put every Thing out of Hand, for the future, in the handſomeſt and moſt elegant Manner; and, though this Reſolution has taken Riſe from a Deſire to gratify thoſe, who honour my Productions with their Peruſal, I muſt own that it has in its Way received a Tinge from the ſecret Vanity of Authors, who certainly do not feel more Rapture in the firſt Dawn of their Conceptions, than in the ultimate finiſhing of their Deſigns, which, as I take it, is the twofold Satisfaction deſcribed by the Poet;

Behold his Pleaſure while he works the Mine;
Behold his Pleaſure, when he ſees it ſhine.

FOR this Reaſon, it became abſolutely neceſſary to detach myſelf from my Engagements with the *Craftſman*, in doing which, I have acted in Conformity to the Practice of all politic States, when their Allies do not ſend their Quota to aſſiſt the general Plan of Operation; and indeed, inſtead of being aided by my Connexions with that Paper, I rather found myſelf clogged with Incumbrances, which, like the heavy Baggage of an Army, ſerved only to retard my Progreſs. By this I would be underſtood to mean, the additional Articles of News collected out of the Daily Hiſtorians, from all which, I never could conceive, what Kind of Advantage can redound to a rational Creature, who can neither receive Inſtruction or Entertainment, by reading that Mr. *Such-a-one* died at his Country Houſe, when perhaps the Gentleman is in perfect good Health; and if *Squire Rent-Roll* is arrived in Town with a grand Retinue, I apprehend it in no way intereſting to any Man breathing, except his Taylor. As this Kind of Information was never properly co-incident with my Plan, I am pleaſed to be diſengaged from it, the more eſpecially as I cannot controul myſelf from thinking, that the Intelligence, which I collect with infinite Pains in the Reſearch, will have a better Tendency to gratify that Curioſity, which prevails in human Nature, and will ſerve better to divert Spleen and Melancholy, than dull Letters from the *Hague*, and fictitious Advices from the *Swede* and *Turk*.

THERE was another Sort of Supernumeraries, or Fagots in my Train, to whom I am proud to give a Diſmiſſion, and theſe are the celebrated Perſonages who recommend the SO-MUCH-FAMED VIPER-DROPS, the ANODYNE NECKLACE, the PROLIFIC ELIXIR, the ANTI-SIPHYLICON *&c.* Theſe People, to reaſſume the Alluſion which I have already made, come forward like the *Invalids* of a Corps, covered with nauſeous Wounds and Sores, and with Reſpect to their Attendance on me, I have often ſaid with FALSTAFFE, "*if I be not aſhamed of my Company, I am a ſouced Gurnet.*" The Truth of it is, as I profeſs to miniſter to the Diſeaſes of the Mind, I am apprehenſive that my Performances may catch a Kind of Contagion from their Proximity to theſe Quack Advertiſements, and be thought as totally devoid of Efficacy to enliven, refine and invigorate the Powers of the Mind, as the above-mention'd *Empyrics* are with Regard to the human Body: Beſides this, as I have now inſinuated myſelf into the good Graces of ſeveral Families, I do not think it decent to hand up Advertiſements to a Gentleman's Wife or Daughter, which are only fit for an Hoſpital or a Brothel.

THIS Circumſtance has always hurt a certain Delicacy in my Way of Thinking, which it ſhall be my Study to gratify for the Future; as the GRAY's-INN JOURNAL was commenced to promote uſeful Mirth and good Humour, it ſhall never deviate from thoſe Principles; and whatever petty Animoſities may ariſe, I am determined to proceed in my Career, without going out of my Way, like the Countryman in the Fable, to cruſh the Graſhoppers that may make a Noiſe around me. I ſhall conſole myſelf, in that Caſe, with a Reflection that thoſe Nuiſances are ever found in the Sunſhine,

> *Sole ſub ardenti reſonant arbuſta cicadis.* VIRG.

To conclude, as I have now, like the Serpent, caſt my Slough, I hope I ſhall reſemble that Animal in one Inſtance only, that of Emerging from my former State with new Luſtre and Beauty; the Creeping, the Hiſſing, and the Venom of the Serpent, as they are remote from the Author's Breaſt, ſo, I flatter myſelf they will never gain Admiſſion into his Writings.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Regiſter-Office, Sept. 29th, 1753.

IN order to conduct this Undertaking, with the utmoſt Aſſiduity and Diligence, I ſhall not, for the future, depend entirely upon my own Rambles, but, that I may collect the moſt extenſive Variety of Intelligence, I have opened a Set of Chambers in *Gray's-Inn*, which are to ſerve the Purpoſes of a Regiſter-Office, where all Articles of Information will be given in, by my Emiſſaries, and entered in a regular Manner, by proper Book-Keepers; ſo that I ſhall have for the future little more to do, than barely to cull and ſelect from thoſe Repoſitories. As there cannot but offer ſeveral Occurrences, which will not admit of an entire Eſſay, I ſhall from Time to Time, throw out ſome curſory Animadverſions, dated from the above mentioned Place, which will be ſhort Speculations or Thoughts upon various Subjects; and I have ordered my ſeveral Agents, to keep a ſharp Look-out, in order to deſcry the leaſt Gleam of Merit in any Perſon whatever, which, whenever an Account of it reaches our Hands, ſhall be faithfully recorded in this Paper. By theſe Means, the Man of Virtue, ſtealing down the Bye-Walk of Life, ſhall bluſh to find his Virtue called into Day-Light, and the concealed Hypocrite ſhall ſtartle at the public Eye. The Ladies ſhall be informed of the Perfidy of Lovers, and the Men ſhall be made acquainted with the Coquetry and diſſimulating Arts of Women. Though a royal Patent has made a Monopoly of the two Theatres, I intend to be *Manager* of both, and in this Office I ſhall conduct myſelf with the ſtricteſt Impartiality; I ſhall likewiſe watch all the Productions of the Preſs, and, in ſhort, as the Satireſt expreſſes it, all the Actions of Men, their ſeveral Paſſions, their Deſires, their Fears, their Reſentments, their Gratifications, their Delights and their Frolics, ſhall be the miſcellaneous Subject of my Lucubrations.

> *Quidquid agunt homines, Votum, timor, ira, voluptas,*
> *Gaudia, Diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago libelli.* JUV.

Regiſter-Office, 25*th Sept.* 1753.

It is confidently ſaid, that ſeveral Academies will be inſtituted in this Metropolis, for the Encouragement of Genius and Science, in Imitation of the celebrated Societies, eſtabliſhed in moſt of the principal Cities of *Italy*; and we further hear that the *Inſulſi* have appointed their daily Meetings to be held at the *Rainbow-Coffee-Houſe* in *Cornhill*; the *Inſipidi* at *Garraway*'s; the *Critici* and *Malevoli* at *George*'s, near *Temple-Bar*; the *Aleatorii*, at *White*'s Chocolate-Houſe, and the *Bibaculi* at the *Shakeſpear*'s Head in *Covent-Garden*.

Bedford-Coffee-Houſe, 26*th September*.

The Number of Critics, within the Liberties of the City, being of late years conſiderably encreaſed, it was reſolved by the Board of the ſaid Body, held a few Days ago, that a ſelect Number be choſe for the ſeveral Precincts, and that the Majority of them do attend every *Sunday* Evening at this Houſe, to examine and take into Conſideration the State of Criticiſm for the preceding Week. Several Candidates have already offered themſelves, and in ſome Places it is imagined the Conteſt will be very obſtinate and warm. Timely Notice will be given in this Paper of the Day of Election, and a Liſt will be inſerted of the Members, who are returned to ſerve.

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, *Sept.* 28*th*.

On *Tueſday* laſt we had a ſplendid and numerous Audience, drawn together, by Mr. *Moſſops*'s appearing in *Richard the Third*, which Character he not only performed with great Spirit, but alſo convinced the Judicious that he is greatly improved in his Profeſſion. Since that, *Much ado about nothing*, has been preſented, in which Play Mr. *Garrick* diſplayed his uſual Strokes of Vivacity and Humour, and Mrs. *Pritchard* acquitted herſelf, as ſhe always does in the Dialogue of Comedy, with the moſt diverting Pleaſantry.

Covent-Garden Play-Houſe, *Sept.* 24*th*.

We can now aſſure the Public that Mr. *Barry* is retained here for the enſuing Seaſon, and the Town will not only be obliged to that excellent Performer for his own Exhibitions, but alſo for the Appearance of a young Actreſs, who has never yet been upon any Stage. The ſame Advices add, that, if a beautiful Form, an Elegance of Features, and an Eye bright with meaning can engage the Inclinations of an Audience, this young Lady will be ſure of meeting with the moſt favourable Reception, which, it is not doubted, will animate her to ſuch an Exertion of her Talents, as cannot fail to prove her an Actreſs of diſtinguiſhed Merit.

To the PUBLIC.

ALL Perſons who are willing to furniſh the Critics, for the enſuing Seaſon, with Apples, Oranges, Catcalls, and other Impliments of Criticiſm, at the loweſt Prices, are deſired to ſend in their Propoſals, ſealed up, to be left at the Bar of the *Bedford-Coffee-Houſe*, on or before the 29*th* of *October* next.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-
Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noſter-Row; where Letters
to the Author are taken in.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 51. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Oct. 6, 1753.

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
——— *Dulce loquentem.* HOR.

HAVING recommended myſelf, in my laſt *Saturday*'s Paper, to the Patronage of the male Part of my Readers, I ſhall dedicate the preſent Eſſay to the *Britiſh* Fair; and, as it is principally calculated with a View to their Service, at the ſame Time that it carries with it a collateral Intention of inſinuating myſelf into their Favour, I muſt beg to be admitted this Morning to their Toilets, to call off their Eyes for a little Time from the dearly-beloved Mirrour, to diſcard *Betty* from her Attendance, and in ſhort, to exclude, for one half Hour, the whole Train of *Dancing-Maſters*, *Manteau-Makers*, *Stay-Makers*, *French-Barbers*, *Venders of Waſhes*, &c.

I AM aware that the Ladies will be alarmed at the Thought of being alone with *Ranger*, but the Reaſon of my deſiring this Diſmiſſion of ſo many Favorites, is, becauſe I profeſs the very ſame Art, to which that Claſs of People have always aſpired, that of heightning the Charms of Female Beauty; and as two of a Trade can never agree, I think it abſolutely neceſſary to meet with no Interruption, in this important Point, from the Pertneſs of a Chambermaid, the Servility of Tradeſmen, and the

Shrugs, and briſk Interjections of *French* Proficients, who will, no Doubt, be greatly aſtoniſhed to hear, that their artificial Embelliſhments, though they may ſerve, when they do not luxuriantly wanton into fantaſtic Extravaganeies, to adorn the Female Form, are yet in no Way eſſential, as Beauty, without ſuch Auxiliaries, may be rendered ſtill more attractive in the Eyes of all Men of Senſe.

HORACE, whom it is unneceſſary to introduce to the Acquaintance of the Ladies, as *Creech* and *Francis* have taken that agreeable Office upon themſelves, was a Man of the exacteſt Judgment, and the moſt finiſhed Taſte in all Circumſtances of Life; and he tells us, in the Words of my Motto, that he ſhall always love his *Lalage*, ſweetly ſmiling, and ſweetly talking; which two Accompliſhments would not have been touched upon by ſo fine a Poet, if they did not carry with them ſome peculiar Charm, and I am inclined to think that in them conſiſts the whole Train of Love's Artillery.

EXPRESSION has been mentioned by every elegant Writer on this Subject, as the firſt Ingredient in the Compoſition of Beauty, and certainly the more pleaſing the Expreſſion is, the more Energy will be from thence derived upon every Charm. For this Reaſon, the pleaſing Smile is the beſt Hand-maid to an elegant Set of Features; it gives numberleſs Graces to every Delicacy, and diffuſes over the whole Countenance an Emanation of that Sweetneſs of Temper, which is the native Ornament of the Fair. To this Sentiment the witty Dr. *Young* has ſubſcribed in his Univerſal Paſſion,

What's female Beauty but an Air divine,
Thro' which the Mind's all-gentle Graces ſhine?
They like the Sun, irradiate all between,
The Body *charms, becauſe the* Soul *is ſeen.*

THIS Doctrine has not been eſtabliſhed without the utmoſt Propriety; for ſurely ſenſeleſs, inanimate Matter, however Symmetry, Colour and other Adjuncts, may recommend it, cannot any Way gain upon our Affections. I have ſeen many a Picture where the Face was well turned and the Features juſtly diſpoſed, and yet all Men of Judgment have invariablyconcurred to pronounce the Piece extremely bad, becauſe there were no perceptible Traces of a thinking Power within. And if this Property is required in the mere Imitation of the human Face, what ſhall be ſaidwhen it is deficient in the Orginal? when the Appearance of a Mind, which alone can diſtinguiſh us from other ſublunary Exiſtences, and which alone can impart real Satisfaction, and excite the ſocial Feelings in an intelligent Being, ſeems to be totally abſent? Miſs *Milleſont* is without the niceſt Proportion of Features, and without a gloſſy Bloom of Complexion, and yet I believe no one ever ſaw her ſitting in a Side-Box at the Play, or Dancing at an Aſſembly, without feeling Love and Joy in ſprightly Tumult about his Heart. On the other Hand, *Formoſa* has a Delicacy of Shape, and Regularity of Countenance, and ſtill no one of Taſte will heſitate to pronounce her unamiable; and I will venture to aſſert, that ſhe is never toaſted but by thoſe, whoſe Intellectuals are ſo poorly ſtocked with Ideas, that they never perceive the Vacuity in others.

The ſecret Quality, from which this Difference ariſes, has been called by the *French*, a *Je-ne-ſçai-quoi*, and the Phraſe has been adopted in this Country; but it is ſerving the Purpoſes of good Senſe to explode ſo unmeaning a Term, and to ſubſtitute in its Room ſomething that may carry with it a greater Degree of Significance. For my own Part (with all due Submiſſion to better Judgments) I declare myſelf of that Sect of Speculatiſts who really believe that Women have Souls, and I am apt to imagine that the Operation of this inward Agent has no ſmall Influence upon the outward Frame. A Poet of Eminence has ſung, "the Paſſions in the Features are," and therefore I ſhould think, that thoſe Ladies, who are ambitious to appear lovely in the Eyes of Men, ſhould ſometimes ſit to an intellectual Mirrour, in Order to ſee their Affections reflected to them; by which Means they would be enabled to adjuſt them, to harmonize them, to keep them in regular Order, and to make them ſit right; and in my Opinion, they ſhould be as aſſiduous to faſhion themſelves in this Point, as to apply the Patch, to re-eſtabliſh a diſorder'd Lock, to recal a ſtraggling Hair, to ſettle the Tucker, or compoſe the Mant, ſince taking Care of the Movements of the Mind, is alſo regulating the Features.

From this will naturally reſult the next Eſſential to Beauty, the Manner of Talking agreeably, than which Accompliſhment nothing can ſo much enliven the amiable Sex. We are pleas'd to ſee a beautiful Pair of Lips in Motion, when every Thing that comes from them, adminiſters to the Pleaſures of Converſation; the Spirits of the Fair are awakened by the Exerciſe of their thinking Faculties, and the Eye beams with double Luſtre; the Tongue confirms, what the Countenance had before indicated, that all within is ſprightly, cheerful, gay, ſpirited, and ſenſible. The Scene is frequently ſhifted to our Imagination; we are delighted to obſerve the Celerity, which diſtinguiſhes itſelf in the Operations of the Female Underſtanding, and the quick Succeſſion of Ideas, which they call up, amuſes with pleaſing Variety, while the Beauties of the Mind and Face mutually exalt each other, and we ſtand convinced of the *Platonic* Tenet, that *good* and *beautiful* are the ſame.

There are three Things highly pernicious to the Endearments of Beauty, from which I muſt abſolutely interdict thoſe, who are willing to become my Pupils. The Enemies to Lovelineſs, which

I mean, are Gaming, Scandal and Politics, ſurer Deſtroyers of every Elegance and Bloom, than a Spotted-Fever or the Small-Pox; as chronical Diſeaſes are more fatal to the Conſtitution, than a tranſitory Fit of an acute Illneſs.

With Regard to the firſt of theſe Corroſives, I leave it to the fair Votaries of Fortune to conſider how the winning Graces and the attractive Smile can irradiate the Countenance, when the internal is diſturbed by Anxiety and Sollicitude, which ſoon tranſpire into the Face, and prey upon all their Charms. Beſides when the Temper is diſconcerted, Politeneſs and good Manners, are in Danger of being neglected; and while every one is intent upon the After-game, which is the faſhionable Term for that Claſh of Tongues, frequently heard in one loud Din, as ſoon as the Deal at *Whiſt* is out, it is not probable that the Fair can converſe in a Manner ſuitable to the Softneſs and Elegance of their Sex.

SCANDAL always carries with it a dreadful Efficacy to ruin a delicate Face, becauſe it generally ſprings from Envy or Malice, which are both entirely againſt my Rules for acquiring and preſerving Beauty, as they are inveterate Habits, the Traces of which are apt to wear themſelves into the Complexion, inducing Frowns, Wrinkles, Roughneſs, and a ſettled Appearance of Ill-nature, of all Things the moſt unamiable.

POLITICS is alſo of pernicious Influence, tending to inflame the Ladies with Party-Rage, to cauſe Heats in the Face, and to occaſion thoſe Vibrations of the Fan, Bitings of the Lips, and Fidgets on the Chair, which greatly diſcompoſe the whole Form. On this Account I would have my fair Readers abſtain from Parliamentary Debates; and, though the Naturalization-Act has engroſſed the Thoughts of the whole Nation, I think it enough for the Ladies, to have ſecretly reſolved not to marry a *Jew*, and without engaging too deeply in the Controverſy, the ſparkling Croſſes, which they wear upon their lovely Boſoms, will be a ſufficient Indication of their Principles, and will at once reflect a Luſtre upon the Whitneſs of their Skins, and the Delicacy of their Sentiments.

In what has been premis'd, I would have it remembered, that I do not mean to recommend a ſtudied Simper, or a reſtleſs Exertion of Chit-chat, but I would have both to be a natural Effuſion, from the Sources of Good-nature and good Senſe, which, I am convinced, will be found a better beautifying Cream, than any Coſmetic advertized in our News-Papers; and therefore inſtead of lying-in for a new Face, or uſing any other Artifice, my Precept to the Ladies, is, BE GOOD-HUMOURED FOR A COMPLEXION; and I now give Notice, that I ſhall carefully obſerve, in all public Places, what Ladies repair a decayed Viſage, or add new Graces to a blooming one, by this Receipt, and that I ſhall inſert an exact Liſt of the ſame in the Articles of News, which I ſhall ſerve up weekly to regale my Cuſtomers.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Regiſter Office, Oct. 6, 1753.

I WAS happy the other Day, in the Contemplation of my embrio Hints when (to ſpeak in the Language of the late unhappy *Inſpector)* one of my Domeſtics informed me, that a Perſon without, deſired earneſtly to be admitted. The Reader may, perhaps remember, the SECOND SIGHTED SCOTCHMAN, who was with me upon a former Occaſion. Upon his entering my Room, his Eyes rolled, as if pregnant with Fore-Knowledge. After congratulating with me for having totally relinquiſh'd the Paper, in which my Lucubrations were formerly publiſhed, and expreſſing his Satisfaction with the Neatneſs of the preſent Type, he enter'd abruptly into the Buſineſs of his Viſit. He ſat down and ſhaking his Head, "Friend *Ranger*," ſays he, "I have had ſuch horrid Viſions, that I muſt vent myſelf to you once "more. We are the only People under the Sun, that give Encouragement "to the *Cheeld* of *Iſrael*; *Portugal*, *Spain* and *Italy* reject them as the Enemies "of Chriſt, and in *Paris*, whenever one of any of the Tribe enters the Place, "he is obliged to take out a Licence for ſtaying there a Month, and if he wants "to remain any longer, he muſt renew his *Permit*, for another Month. I "foreſee the Ruin of our Conſtitution, and the Iſland, whoſe Kings formerly "went to the *Cruiſade*, will inevitably be involved in a War of the ſame "Nature, commenced againſt themſelves by all *Europe*. Here is a Paper "which I entreat you to publiſh; I am going to ſpend the Remainder of "my Days in the Highlands, where no *Jews* thirſt for Gold, and ſo I "wiſh thee *muckle* Happineſs." Upon this he haſtily withdrew; I ſhall now lay before the Public the whole Subſtance of his Preſcience, and ſhall only add, that gay and airy as I am, I ſeriouſly wiſh, that not only thoſe Evils, which he denounces, but alſo the Apprehenſion of them may be timely averted, by the Interpoſition of ſuperior Power.

Quod procul a nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans,
Et Ratio potius, quam Res perſuadeat ipſa.

More News for One Hundred Years hence, in the HEBREW-JOURNAL, *by* AUTHORITY.

Deal Oct. 3, 1853. Wind S: by E. came down and ſailed thro' the *Benjamin Salvadore*, *Suaſſo*, for the Mediterranean; the *Moſes Alvaringo*, *Cappadoce*, for *Nova-Babylon*; the *Abraham da Coſta*, *Franco*, for *Jamaica*, remains the *Two-Brothers*.

Graveſend, *Oct.* 4. Paſt by the *Aaron*, *Lopez*, from *Rotterdam*, the *Jeruſalem*, *Mendez*, from *Norway*; the *Jonathan*, *Zimri*, from *Zurich Zee*.

LONDON.

Since our laſt arrived a Mail from *Holland*, by which we learn, that there was an Engagement between our Army and the Forces of the *French* King, in which the latter would have been totally defeated, had not a Fatality prevented it. Baron *Schwanberg*, the *Dutch* General, declared he had no Orders from the States, his Maſters, to engage, by which Means, the Army of *Judæa-Nova* was expoſed to the Canonading of the *French*, and their maſqued Batteries did conſiderable Execution. Colonel *Lumbroſo*'s Regiment broke thro' the Ranks of the left Wing, but the *Iriſh-Brigade* coming down upon them, they were unhappily put to the Sword. We have not as yet an exact Liſt of the ſlain; the Survivors of the Day made a precipitate Retreat to *Bergen op-zoom*, where they are determined to endure the laſt Neceſſity of a Siege, and to eat *Pork* rather than ſurrender.

By the laſt Advices from *Madrid* we are informed, that the Negociations, which were ſet on Foot by Mr. *Keen* in the laſt Century, are now farther from being brought to a Concluſion than ever, the Depredations of the *Spaniards* being fiercer and more cruel than uſual; and it is further ſaid, that Mr. *Abraham Gomez Serra* has Orders to withdraw from the Court within four and twenty Hours.

On *Wedneſday* laſt Lord Viſcount *Salvadore* gave a grand Entertainment at his Houſe in *Privy-Garden*, to ſeveral of the Nobility and Gentry, when we hear the following Toaſts were drank; *Our preſent happy Eſtabliſhment in Synagogue and State*, *The glorious and immortal Memory of* HARRY THE NINTH, The Anti-Chriſtian Prelates, perpetual Damnation to *Charles Ranger*, Eſq; with ſeveral other public and private Toaſts.

The SANHEDRIM met laſt Week agreeably to their Adjournment, and it is now farther adjourned to the 15th Day of *November*; when it is ſaid they will ſit for the Diſpatch of Buſineſs, and it is confidently aſſerted, that a Bill will be brought into the Houſe to take 16000 *Philiſtines* into Pay, and that an Act will be paſſed, to abrogate the preſent current Stile in this Kingdom, in Conformity to the *Jewiſh* Chronology.

Orders have been ſent for the *Rebecca* Yatch to repair forthwith to *Park-Gate*, for the better Conveyance of his Grace the Duke of *Iſrael* to *Ireland*, of which Kingdom he is Lord Lieutenant. We hear that his Grace's Baggage is already diſpatched, and that he is to ſet out on *Friday* next, with full Inſtructions to remit hither, whatever Money may be lodged in the Treaſury, and to veſt the ſole Power and Regency in the Hands of Rabbi *Salomon Jarchi*, Primate of the Hibernian Synagogue.

Never was the *Leproſy*, and all Sorts of Scorbutic Humours ſo prevalent in this Kingdom, which has induced a regular Phyſician to ſtudy the ſame leaſt the whole Nation ſhould be eat up with it; and he has now invented his excellent CHEMICAL DROPS, or BALSAM *of* LIFE, one Bottle of which entirely eradicates the moſt inveterate *Leproſy*, as may be atteſted by ſeveral Thouſands who have experienced it. Sold by the Author at the *Talmud* and *Crown* near the new Synagogue in the *Strand*.

N. B. Aſk for a Six Shilling Pot of *Scorbutic Electuary*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lewes, *Auguſt* 29*th*, 1853.

To the Gentlemen, *Rabbi*, *and Freeholders of the County of* SUSSEX.

Gentlemen, Having had the Honour to be put in Nomination, by a large Majority of Gentlemen, Rabbi and Freeholders, met this Day at *Lewes*, to repreſent you, in the enſuing *Sanhedrim*, I beg the Favour of your Votes and Intereſt, and am, *Gentlemen*, *Your moſt Obedient Servant*,

LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

N. B. *So far from abſenting myſelf from the late Bill to naturalize the Chriſtians*, *I take this Opportunity to declare*, *that I was not only preſent*, *but voted againſt it*.

By Deſire,

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*, on SUNDAY next, will be preſented a COMEDY, called

I believe, *becauſe its Impoſſible*, or, *The* Chriſtian Impoſtor.

The Part of Dr. *TILLOTSON* to be performed by

RUBENS SHYLOCK.

Dr. *Atterbury*, *Moſes de Paiba*; Dr. *Sherlock*, *Moſes Aminadab*; Sir *Thomas Moore*, *Abraham Eſau*; Sir *Walter Raliegh*, *Joſephus Aaron*.

The Part of Sir *JOHN BARNARD*, by

GAMALIEL CALBERT.

(*Being the firſt Time of his appearing in that Character*)

Dr. *Scuth*, *Selim Levi*; Dr. *Clarke*, *Iſaac Dalmeida*;

And the Part of St. *CÆCILIA* (with a proper SONG) to be perform'd by

Miſs BATHSHEBA.

To which will be added a FARCE, as will be expreſſed in the Bills of the Day.

⁂ Places for the Boxes to be taken of *Jacob Mammon*, at the Stage-Door; being the laſt Time of the Company's performing till *the Paſſover*.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noſter-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 52. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Oct. 13, 1753.

Frange miſer Calamos, vigilataque prælia Dele,
Qui facis in parvâ ſublimia Carmina Cellâ,
Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macrâ. JUV.

THE courtly *Roman* Satiriſt has attacked, with all the elegant Touches of his delicate Raillery, that prevailing Spirit of Uneaſineſs, which renders People diſcontented with their own Situation in Life, and envious of the apparent Felicity of their Neighbours; but in the Liſt of Male-Contents, which he has produced, I have often wondered that he has not thought proper to enrol the Race that write. The Occaſion of this might poſſibly be, that Authors have more ſolid Reaſons, than any other Claſs of Beings, to repine and murmur at their Occupation, and to wiſh that Fate had aſſigned them an Employment, in which they might partake more of the Eaſe, and of the Enjoyments of Life.

AND indeed, conſidering the great Diſproportion of Intenſeneſs between the Labours of the Mind, and thoſe of the Body, I do not know whether *Juvenal*'s Advice, to be an Auctioneer rather that a Poet, is not entirely eligible and proper; for it is certain, that thoſe nice Faculties of Perception, of which the literary

Enthuſiaſt is poſſeſſed, as they are the Inlets of our moſt refined intellectual Pleaſures, ſo they are alſo, from the Quickneſs and Delicacy of their Feeling, ſuſceptible of the moſt acute Degrees of Pain, and in the ſame Proportion that they adminiſter to Happineſs, they may alſo improve and ſharpen the Edge of Miſery; in like Manner as the String, from which the ſkilful Artiſt elicits a delightful Strain of Muſic, is alſo capable of returning the diſagreeable Sounds of jarring Diſcord.

Of this Truth, I believe, every Writer is convinced, who is actuated by an honeſt Ambition to acquit himſelf with Honour in his Calling; for I by no Means intend to ſpeak at preſent of thoſe vain Scribblers, who are for ever happy in their own Self-Admiration, and who are intirely Strangers to the Agitations of Mind, attendant on a Genius, ſtudious of correcting and poliſhing his Piece. In fine Writing, there are ſo many intricate Points, which demand Attention, that it muſt be with the utmoſt Sollicitude the Taſk is ever accompliſhed. Juſtneſs of Conception, and Truth in every Turn of Wit are indiſpenſible Requiſites; nothing can excuſe the Want of Delicacy of Sentiment; the Sallies of Imagination, and the frolic Gambols of Invention muſt be reſtrained by Severity of Judgment, and all muſt be expreſſed with Perſpicuity and Strength of Diction. Beſides this, a proper Arrangement of Periods, following one another with graceful Variety, muſt unite the whole into Harmony, as the Painters expreſs themſelves, when they give the laſt finiſhing Hand to their colouring, and throw that general Glow upon their Piece, which at the firſt Glance ſtrikes the intelligent Spectator. But the Truth of it, is, the Traces of a Mind, which can think with Clearneſs and Vigour upon any Subject, and purſue a Series of Ideas, one emerging from another, and tending gradually to form an intire whole, are ſo ſeldom diſcovered, that there is Reaſon to think it an Accompliſhment unattainable, without the moſt aſſiduous Efforts of Study, and many Moments of Care and Anxiety.

An honeſt and fair Fame is among the Inſtigations, which incite an Author to undergo all this mental Fatigue, but even that very Inducement is of ſo unſtable a Nature, the Acquiſition of it ſo uncertain, and the Tenure ſo precarious, on Account of the many Artifices of Envy and Malice, to counter-work a well-meant Endeavour, that, I believe, what at firſt looked ſo inviting to the Imagination, becomes at length the Writer's greateſt Torment. Add to this, the great Hardſhip of pleaſing that Multiplicity of Appetites, with which Mankind abound, and the ſtill greater Difficulty, which every Man of Genius experiences, to pleaſe his own private Taſte. Mr. *Pope* tells us, in the general Preface to his Works, that he never wrote up to his own Ideas of Poetry; and *Boileau*, who is ſecond to no Man for ſound Senſe and Judgment, obſerves, that an Author of Elevation in his Conceptions, is continually diſcontented with his Performances, is pleaſing to all the World, except himſelf, and, while his Wit is every where admired, that, for his own inward Quiet, he ſincerely wiſhes he had never dipped his Pen in Ink.

> *Mais un Eſprit ſublime, en vain veut s'Elever*
> *A ce Dégré parfait qu'il tache de trouver*;
> *Et Toujours mécontent de ce qu'il vient de faire,*
> *Il plait a tout le Monde, et ne ſauroit ſe plaire*;
> *Et tel dont en tous lieux Chacun vante l'Eſprit,*
> *Voudroit, pour ſon repos, n'avoir jamais Ecrit,*

THAT theſe are the inward Feelings of all good Writers, is, in my Opinion, a Truth next to a Self-evident Propoſition; but theſe are not all the Inconveniencies to which they are liable. After enduring all the painful Vigils and Labours of Compoſition, they are ſubject to Invaſions of their Property from Men of intereſted Views, and the Mind already debilitated by Severity of Application, has frequently the Pangs of Diſappointment to cope withal, and the Vexation of ſeeing others reap the Fruit of its Labours. This Practice has been ſtigmatized by the Name of Piracy, and it is owing to the Poverty of our Language that no worſe Term has been uſed, to expreſs an Action ſo infamous and deteſtable, the Severity of which, I find, has been lately experienced by a Genius of the firſt Claſs.

MR. RICHARDSON, Author of the celebrated PAMELA, and the juſtly admired CLARISSA, (if I may be allowed to judge from his Productions) is ſubject to every delicate Senſation above aſcribed to fine Writers, and therefore, after his having prepared for the Public *The* Hiſtory *of* SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, and printed the ſame entirely at his own Expence, which cannot but amount to a large Sum, an ingenuous Mind muſt be ſhocked to find, that Copies of very near all this Work, from which the Public may reaſonably expect both Entertainment and Inſtruction, have been clandeſtinely and fraudulently obtained by a Set of Bookſellers in *Dublin*, who have printed off the ſame, and advertiſed it in their public Papers, even before the lawful Proprietor has made Publication here.

I AM not inclined to caſt national Reflections, but I muſt avow, that I look upon this to be a more flagrant and atrocious Proceeding than any I have heard of for a long Time. Wit has been finely called, "the Owner's Wife, which other Men enjoy;" and, in this Inſtance, the Phraſe appears to me more juſt than ever, as great Part of that Profit, which Mr. *Richardſon* might juſtly promiſe himſelf, is rapaciouſly ſeized from him, and that too, by the vile Artifices of Bribing the Author's Servants, which is a Practice unworthy of the meaneſt Member of the Common-Wealth of Learning.

THE Republic of Literature, is the moſt reſpectable Republic in the World; *Plato* and *Tully* give them Laws in Ethics, and *Ariſtotle* and *Horace* dictate in Poetry; the greateſt Men among them are eaſy of Acceſs, and a free Intercourſe ſubſiſts between the higheſt and the loweſt. In this auguſt Body, the Bookſellers are a Kind of Liverymen, and, as they know the Demand for the different Productions of Authors, in Caſe of an Election for Pre-eminence, they might be allowed to Poll; on this Account not only a diſhoneſt Action, but alſo every Practice, which carries with it the Tokens of an illiberal Way of Thinking, is highly criminal in thoſe, who might have imbibed, from their Occupation in Life, and their Connexions with the learned, a greater Degree of Probity and Refinement.

WHAT then ſhould be ſaid of Meſſieurs *Exſhaw*, *Wilſon*, and *Saunders*, Bookſellers in *Dublin*, and Perpetrators of this vile Act of Piracy? They ſhould be all expelled from the abovementioned Republic, as literary *Goths* and *Vandals*, who are ready to invade the Property of every Man of Genius. Had the SOSII, who were Bookſellers in *Rome*, been guilty of ſuch ſordid Dealings, I am perſuaded, they would have been mentioned with Infamy by *Horace*; and it is recent in every Body's Memory, that *Curl* underwent many ſevere Corrections for Conduct of the ſame Nature with that already mentioned.

I AM ſorry that the Laws of the Land have not ſufficiently ſecured to Authors the Property of their Works; until that is done, the Courts of *Parnaſſus* are in the Right to take Cognizance of this flagrant unpoetic Licence, and I ſhall diſmiſs this Paper, with the following Order iſſued out from thence upon this Occaſion.

To the Students *of* TRINITY-COLLEGE *in* Dublin.

Truſty and well-beloved,

WHereas *Peter Wilſon*, *John Exſhaw*, and *Henry Saunders*, Bookſellers in your City, have, by the Arts of Bribery and Corruption, obtained five entire Volumes, the greateſt Part of the ſixth, and ſeveral Sheets of the ſeventh and laſt Volume of *the Hiſtory of Sir* Charles Grandiſon, to the great Detriment of our favourite Son, Mr. Samuel Richardson, to whom we have imparted a large Portion of our etherial Fire, and to whom we have opened the Secrets of the human Heart, with full Commiſſion to deſcribe all the Feelings of the ſame; and whereas we are moved with the higheſt Indignation at ſuch an unjuſtifiable Deed, we we do hereby enjoin our young Collegians, in a collective Body, to march to the reſpective Houſes of the ſaid *Peter Wilſon, John Exſhaw* and *Henry Saunders*, their Bodies to ſeize, and in ſolemn Proceſſion to proceed with the ſame to the Place, where *William Wood*, Hardwareman, was executed in *Effigy*, and then and there the ſaid Perſons in a Blanket to toſs, but not till they are dead, and of this you are not to fail under Pain of our higheſt Diſpleaſure. Given in *Parnaſſus* this 10th of *October*, in the Year of the Homerican Æra, two thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-three.

By Order of Apollo,
Jonathan Swift, *Secretary.*

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Regiſter-Office, Oct. 13, 1753.

SINCE my Diſengagement from the Paper, in which I formerly appeared, I have made it my Buſineſs to learn what Impreſſion the *Gray's-Inn-Journal*, in this new Form of Publication, has made upon the Minds of the Inhabitants of the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. A Phyſician at *Batſon*'s obſerved very ſhrewdly, that Mr. *Ranger*'s Averſion to the Anti-Syphilicon, might very poſſibly be the ſame with that, which a burnt Child has to the Fire. A grave Gentleman at *Sam*'s remarked with a Smile, that the Co-partnerſhip between Meſſrs. *Ranger* and *D'Anvers* is diſſolved, the latter leaving off Trade. A Stationer at the *Chapter-Coffee-Houſe*, in *Paul's-Church-Yard*, moiſtened a Corner of my Lucubrations with the Tip of his Tongue, and then holding it up to the Light declared it was a very neat Paper. At moſt public Places in *Fleetſtreet*, Joe Clare, with a Pinch of Snuff in his Fingers, and his uſual Flouriſh, declared highly in my Favour; and a Lawyer at *George*'s near *Temple-Bar*, was of Opinion, that a very good Action would lie againſt any Piratical Publiſher that ſhould uſurp the Title of the *Gray's-Inn-Journal*, which the is ſole Property of Mr. *Ranger*. At *Tom's Coffee-Houſe*, in *Ruſſel-Street, Covent Garden*, I could not glean any Thing, as my Hurry would not permit me to ſtay till the Rubber was out, and, my Perſon being well known at the *Bedford*, every Body was cautious of delivering his Sentiments. I could only over hear, "Huſh! that's he — I " know him very well by Sight — Was you ever in Company with him? — " Several Times — You'd never think him capable of any Thing by conver- " ſing with him — Well enough when he is in high Spirits — Pretty Eſſay " laſt *Saturday*! — Now he's talking to the Genius — he'll certainly pick " up ſomething from him." — From this Confuſion of Sounds, I went to *George*'s, *at the upper End of the Hay-Market*, where a well-known Perſonage, with an envious Countenance harangued, with an odd Sort of a whimſical Pertneſs, upon grave Writing and the Succeſs of *Bon Môts*; but upon my aſking, whether Mr. Brown had been there lately, he looked diſconcerted, and ſtopped ſhort. In the ſofter Climate of St. *James's* Air, I was told, the Flowers, which I produce, cannot fail of Thriving, though the People there are already ſupplied by one *Fitz Adam*, who is generally thought a very pretty Floriſt. And I was particularly aſſured by an Independant Elector who frequents the *Cocoa-Tree* in *Pall-Mall*, that Mr. *Ranger* will gain Admittance there, notwithſtanding their Attachment to the ADVENTURER.

Bedford-Coffee-Houſe, Oct. 7, 1753.

This Day Mr. TOWN ſignified to the Critics, in Malice aſſembled, that his declining State of Health, obliging him to change the Scene from the Waters of *Helicon*, to thoſe of *Baiæ*, for the Remainder of the theatrical Seaſon, he had judged it proper to appoint a Regency during his Abſence, and accordingly nominated the following Critics, being Gentlemen of unqueſtionable Ill-nature, and diſtinguiſhed for their zealous Attachment to the Cauſe of Zoiliſm,

Richard Falſetaſte, Arch-Critic of *Weſtminſter*,
John Shortcoat, High-Chancellor of *George's-Coffee-Houſe*,
William Cavil, Chief-Critic of the *King's Bench-Walks*,
Arthur Ramble, Speaker at the *Robin-Hood*,
James Shallow, Secretary to an Hiſtorian in *Fleetſtreet*,
Henry Reptile,
John Venom, and *Joſeph Spitfire*.

And we hear that next *Sunday* the Gentlemen of the Regency intend to open their Commiſſion.

Drury-Lane, Oct. 10, 1753.

Laſt Night was *acted* HARLEQUIN RANGER, *as originally written*, to which was added the RECRUITING OFFICER. Mr. *Ranger* cannot controul himſelf, from expreſſing his Surprize, that Mr. *Garrick* ſhould be the firſt to introduce Pantomime Entertainments, the more eſpecially, as his own univerſal Talents in his Profeſſion are ſo well ſeconded by a good Company of Performers. We ſuppoſe he does it to gratify the Taſte of the Town; but ſuch *Smithfield* Exhibitions ſhould certainly be baniſhed from all regular Theatres, and as Mr. *Woodward* is an excellent Comedian, it would be more eligible for him, if he chuſes to wear the motley Dreſs any more, to appear in the Character of a *ſpeaking Harlequin*, after the Manner of the *Italian* Comedy in *Paris*, which is greatly encouraged by the *French* Nation, who have undoubtedly the moſt judicious Taſte in Dramatic Performances; and indeed it is not a little ſurprizing, that nothing of this Kind has as yet been admitted upon our Stage.

Covent-Garden, Oct. 11.

The Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet* was performed here laſt Night; *Romeo* by Mr. *Barry* and *Juliet* by Miſs *Noſſiter*, being the firſt Time of her appearing upon any Theatre. At her firſt Entrance on the Stage, the Delicacy of her Figure, and her graceful Diſtreſs obtained for her the warmeſt Applauſe, and as ſhe grew more animated in the Progreſs, ſhe frequently alarmed the Houſe with the moſt ſtriking Attitudes. At her firſt Offer to drink the compoſing Draught, the Faultering of her Reſolution is finely marked, and intirely in a new Manner; the Fixure of her Eyes and Feebleneſs of her whole Perſon, when coming forward from the Tomb, are natural Circumſtances; her Poſition at ſaying "*I'll not wed* Paris," and her looking at the ſame Place with *Romeo*, when he imagines he ſees *Capulet*, had an univerſal Effect; her continuing to recline with Tenderneſs upon him, when he Turns from her; her riſing from his Body, together with her Stare at the Friar, entering with a Lanthorn in his Hand, and her holding her Lover's Body, when ſhe cries out, "*you ſhall not tear him from me*," were all happily imagined; and to crown the whole, her Action at ſtabbing herſelf, and her Manner of receiving the Blow, were thought as fine Circumſtances as have been ſeen on the Stage. After this, it may not be improper to obſerve, that the uplifted Arm, and the ſtanding in act to ſtrike, when ſhe ſays, "*as with a Club, daſh out theſe deſperate Brains*," are liable to Exception, becauſe they rather denote an Intent to knock down another; be that as it may, if this young Actreſs ſtudies the Management of her Voice, and attains a more ſimple Elocution, it is not doubted but ſhe will prove a ſhining Ornament of the Stage.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noſter-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 4. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Oct. 20, 1753.

Reſpicere Exemplar vitæ morumquê jubebo
Doctum Imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere Voces. HOR.

IN a former Eſſay, publiſhed ſome Time ſince, I threw together a few Thoughts upon the *Profeſſion* of an ACTOR; as a Sequel to that Piece, I ſhall this Day offer ſome looſe Hints upon the *Art*; and though this Subject may not be intereſting to every Reader, I perſuade myſelf it will not be thought entirely unſeaſonable, at a Time when theatrical Entertainments draw together, every Evening, ſuch a Number of the Inhabitants of this Metropolis; and as the Drama is the moſt polite and rational of our Diverſions, an Attempt to throw ſome Light upon the Matter, I do not doubt, will be received with Candour.

THE Precept, which the judicious Author of my Motto has laid down for the good Writer, is likewiſe the beſt Rule for an Actor; for as both are Profeſſors of imitative Arts, the ſame Rule is applicable to each. "I would recommend," ſays *Horace*, "to the ſkilful Imitator a cloſe and ſteady Obſervance of Men "and Manners, and from that Source, I would have him draw "an exact Reſemblance, and the true Language of Nature."

This Advice, ſhort and ſimple as it is, contains the whole Secret of ſucceeding with the Public, and whoever artfully conforms to it, will be ſure of acquiring Applauſe from crowded Theatres. The Actor, in every Situation on the Stage, is a copyiſt from human Life; the eaſy and genteel Deportment of Gentlemen, is to be attained by an Intercourſe and free Communication with People of that Claſs; the Drawing-Room muſt be viſited for a Knowledge of the Eaſe and Dignity of Men of Rank, and by this Habitude, the Performer will faſhion himſelf into a Kind of mental Elegance, which will not fail to inform his whole Perſon, and ſet off every Action, with a graceful Facility, at the ſame Time that it will enable him to be upon all Occaſions, a more perfect Imitator.

To theſe external Circumſtances of Carriage muſt be joined, a cloſe and intimate Knowledge of the human Heart; its moſt ſecret Movements muſt be unfolded, and the Actor muſt be thoroughly acquainted with their minuteſt Effects upon the human Body, in what Proportion they agitate the Nerves and Muſcles; how they impreſs the Features with their reſpective Signatures, elevate or contract the Brow, brace or relax the Sinews, and command the Attitude and Diſpoſition of the whole Perſon.

There is not a Paſſion, in the whole Train of thoſe Feelings to which our Nature is ſubject, but what has its own peculiar Adjuncts, its own Air, its own Look, and its own proper Tone. Sorrow unnerves the whole Syſtem, ſinks the Spirits, and depreſſes the Voice into a plaintive Melancholy; Anger on the other Hand contracts each Sinew, ſends the Spirits in a Blaze to the Eye, and vents itſelf in precipitate and vehement Accents. In like Manner every Emotion of the Soul has a ſympathetic Influence on the Structure of the Body, and it is the immediate Buſineſs of the Performer, who would aſpire to Excellence in the Art, to form to himſelf an exact Definition of each Paſſion, with all its Characteriſtics; and he muſt be particularly attentive to the Operation on the Nerves and Muſcles, otherwiſe it will be impoſſible for him to exhibit, by his Speech and Deportment, a juſt Repreſentation of any one of them, and to mark the Progreſs and Workings of the Mind, awakened and excited by the Vehemence of their Impulſe.

After having thus diſtinguiſhed the Nature and Boundaries of each Affection, the next Step to be taken, is, to watch the various Shiftings and Veerings of the Soul, and to obſerve how the ſeveral Paſſions riſe and fall, in quick Viciſſitude. The Mind of Man cannot dwell for any conſiderable Time upon one Object;

ject; from whence it reſults, that, Love and Reſentment, Grief and Joy, Deſpair and Hope, Rage and Tenderneſs, are perpetually taking their Turns in the Breaſt. To perceive minutely the very Point where the firſt ceaſes, and the ſucceeding one begins to riſe, requires a nice Diſcernment; as in the well-wrought Piece of ſome eminent Hand, the Colours runs ſo artfully into one another, that their gradual Evaneſcence from the Sight, and their growing by inſenſible Degrees into a full Glow, is only to be diſcovered by the curious Eye. If I do not miſtake, the Touch, which ſo ſkilfully blends different Colours in this delicate Confederacy, is called by the Painters the *Demi-tint*; and, in my Opinion ſomething like it, ſhould always be preſerved, in the Performances of a good Actor, in Order to render each Tranſition graceful and natural, to melt the Audience by regular Eſſays into Tenderneſs, or induce any other Impreſſion with Juſtneſs and Propriety. Whatever Paſſion has at any Time taken Poſſeſſion of the Heart, muſt abate by Degrees, and the Traces of it muſt be almoſt effaced, before a contrary Affection can gain Admittance; and whoever is careful to mark with Feeling, the Ebbing out of the one, and Flowing in of the other, will be always ſure to captivate the Affections of an Audience, and will have an irreſiſtible Command over their Paſſions.

But the Matter does not reſt here; the Performer, who is ambitious of diſtinguiſhing himſelf for maſterly Touches in Scenes of Vehemence, will find another latent Secret, in the intellectual Anatomy, which muſt never eſcape his Notice. It muſt be remembered, that there are frequent Occaſions, in which the Breaſt is diſtracted by two different Paſſions at once, both working the Heart-ſtrings in one mixed Emotion. Theſe complicated Agitations of the Mind are often imperceptible to a ſkilful Obſerver, and, therefore, as the Actor's chief Difficulty lies in this Point, a feeling Expreſſion of it will always be a Proof of his Excellence, and Strokes of this Nature well executed will impreſs upon his Auditors the livelieſt Senſations.

It often happens in mere deſcriptive Poetry, that the Writer obſerving ſome ſurprizing Agreement between Things, which in their Natures ſeem totally inconſiſtent with each other, from thence takes Advantage to reconcile Contrarieties in ſuch an agreeable Aſſemblage, that the taſteful Reader is entertained with a Picture, which at once amuſes his Fancy and convinces his Judgment. *Virgil* has many delicate Touches of this Nature, and *Horace*, who had Art enough for every poetic Embelliſhment, has heightened his Odes with ſeveral Beauties of this Nature. In this Claſs of Elegancies may be reckoned the following Paſſages;

Urit grata Protervitas;———

Pignuſqué direptum lacertis
Aut Digito benè pertinaci.
——— *Tityoſqué vultu*
Riſit invito. ———

MILTON alſo, who has every ſofter Delicacy in minute Deſcriptions, as well as every lofty Image in the ſublime, has inſerted many beautiful Colourings of this Species in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, and his *grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly Smile*, is an admirable Inſtance. Mr. *Addiſon* has given to Thoughts of this Nature the Title of *thwarting Ideas*; and he adds, that they are ſome of the fineſt Strokes in the whole Compaſs of Poetry. If I might be allowed to carry this Hint further, I ſhould call all Strokes of this Kind, where the Mind is worked into a Ferment, by the Name of *thwarting Paſſions*, and I will venture to ſay, that they will be univerſally acknowledged much more beautiful than that mere Claſh of Ideas, which the eminent Critic juſt mentioned has ſo much inſiſted upon; becauſe they not only ſurprize with a ſeeming Contraſt, but alſo intereſt the Heart; which is the Perfection of Poetry. The *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, and indeed the fine Writers among the Moderns, are full of theſe pathetic Repreſentations of human Nature; but among them all, I do not remember a finer Inſtance, than a Paſſage in Mr. *Whitehead*'s *Roman Father*, when that Hero is reflecting on the Combat, which is to decide the Fate of *Rome*.

—— *Had I a thouſand Sons in ſuch a Cauſe,*
I could behold 'em bleeding at my Feet,
And thank the Gods with Tears.——

To expreſs theſe complicated Senſations, where ſeveral Paſſions at once agitate the Soul, requires ſuch a Command of Countenance and Voice, that it is certainly the greateſt Perfection of an Actor, and with a Kind of magic Power it always leads an Audience into the moſt pleaſing Diſtreſs.

If the Bounds of my Paper would admit it, I ſhould here indulge myſelf in examining our preſent firſt-rate Performers, with Regard to the three Diviſions of Paſſions above eſtabliſhed. To one I ſhould perhaps aſcribe the Merit of expreſſing with proper Vehemence, the conflicting Emotions of a *Zanga*; in another I ſhould chiefly admire the graceful Tranſition from Rage to Tenderneſs, and probably I ſhould not heſitate to ſay, that a third is Maſter of them all; but that in mixed Senſations he penetrates to the very Soul of his Hearers; and, were I to add, that, in many Situations, I have experienced the ſame from Mrs. *Cibber*, it would be but barely doing her that Juſtice, which her excellent Art deſerves.

After what has been obſerved, it would have the Appearance of an Anti-climax to deſcend to *Rules* for Speaking, and proper Delivery; *Quintilian* has a juſt Remark on this Head; "As *Poets*, "ſays he, profeſs to ſing their Works, Verſe ſhould be repeated "in a Manner ſomewhat elevated above common Diſcourſe, with "a Sweetneſs properly tempered by Diſcretion, and not thrilling into "a wanton Luxuriance of Sound, as if the Throat had been gargled "for the Purpoſe." To this it will be ſufficient to annex, that a lively Imagination is the Talent which an Actor ſhould principally cultivate, as it is that which excites thoſe pathetic Feelings, without which no Man will ever ſucceed on the Stage, and with which it is hardly poſſible to fail. Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter Office, 20*th Oct.* 1753.

I Have received of late ſeveral Letters, from ſundry different Correſpondents, each of them wrote, as the different Caſt of the Writer's Imagination ſuggeſted, either in a Vein of Pleaſantry, a Strain of Compliment, or in a ſerious manner diſcuſſing ſome great Topic. As theſe Gentlemen are all Eſſay-writers, They muſt not expect to appear in this Diviſion of my Lucubrations; but the conciſe, laconic Tribe, who never undergo the Fatigue of Expatiating upon a Subject, and deal out their Prettineſſes of Fancy in ſhort Epiſtles, may properly be ſaid to fall in with this part of my Deſign, and I ſhall therefore acquit myſelf to them all this Day.

To Charles Ranger, *Eſq*;

Sir,

I Found your Eſſay upon Female Beauty upon the Toilet of an intimate Acquaintance, and read it thro' with great Attention, but fairly muſt tell you I am not one Pinch of Snuff the better for it. A Fiddleſtick *for your being good humoured for a Complexion*; I can't be good humoured; I am on the wrong ſide of Thirty, and the Men take no notice in Life of me. Pray give me ſome other Advice, or I ſhall be poſitively ruined, and your Compliance will for ever oblige me to be,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant,

Penelope Paleface.

I cannot adviſe this Lady better, than by bidding her *Marry for a Complexion*.

To Charles Ranger, *Eſq*;

Dear Ranger,

I Swear you are a ſtrange Creature to think of ſitting down to write and reſtraining your frolickſome roving Diſpoſition, you wild Devil you, with a Parcel of Printers and Publiſhers. Anſwer me but one Queſtion, how old are you?

Yours Unknown.

I can not reſolve this Queſtion from my fair Incognita, until ſhe replies to my requeſt; "*Pray, Ma'am, how old are* You?

To Charles Ranger, *Eſq*;

PRAY, Sir, are you any Relation to *Ranger* on the Stage; he's a dear Man, and I ſhall love you the better for his Sake; ſo anſwer me immediately, if you have a mind to be in the good Graces of,

Charlotte Ramble.

To Miſs CHARLOTTE RAMBLE.

MADAM,

IF you mean *Harlequin Ranger*, let what will be the Conſequence, I muſt diſown the Kindred; but if you intend Mr. *Garrick's Ranger*, it is with pleaſure I inform you, that we are nearly related; and to ſhew you how deſirous I am of your Eſteem, I wiſh it were in my Power to make as ſtriking a Figure in my Province, as that Gentleman does in his; and ſo, Madam, as my Couſin ſays, "My Service to your Monkey."

I am, Your moſt obedient Servant,
CHARLES RANGER.

To Mr. RANGER.

SIR,

AS you are a Critic I want to know from you, whether Mr. *Roſs* does not play *Caſtalio* with all the Tenderneſs of a young Lover?

I am, Sir, Your conſtant Reader,
WILLIAM BELLMOUR.

To Mr. *Bellmour* I ſhall reply in the Words of Lord *Foppington*; "ASK THE LADIES."

Drury-Lane Play-Houſe, Oct. 20.

This Day Mr. *Foot* will introduce his laſt New Piece, call'd the *Engliſhman in Paris*, when the ſame Intelligence adds, Miſs *Macklin* is to appear before the Public. As this young Actreſs has already given Proof of her Abilities, it is entirely ſuperfluous to offer any Thing at preſent in the way of Recommendation; thus much *Ranger* thinks proper to obſerve, that, though the Company of this Theatre is already very ſtrong, it will receive no ſmall Addition from one, who has a genteel Figure, a well-turned expreſſive Countenance, and many Accompliſhments, which, if they are not entirely Strangers to the Theatre, are certainly very far from being uſual in thoſe Regions.

Covent-Garden Theatre, Oct. 20.

Nothing material done ſince our laſt.

On Wedneſday laſt a Report prevailed, that an Action of ſingular Spirit and Generoſity was done at *White's Chocolate-houſe*, but upon tracing the Affair, we find that a certain Nobleman was not there on that Day, and therefore we are apt to think it is without Foundation.

Same Day a Man was found ſtretched on the Ground, at the Corner of Friday Street, and for ſome Time he was thought to be dead; but upon a clear Examination, it appeared to be a *Jew* drunk with *Calvert's entire Butt.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

LAtely arrived in this Town *Abraham Groteſque*, Stay-maker, who engages with the Ladies to ſhew more of their Charms, and much lower than has hitherto been done by any of the Trade: He alſo makes them appear ſo big about the Waiſt, that they have all the Pleaſure of appearing with Child, without the Burden of being ſo; and the moſt Innocent, by his means, ſeems to be within a Month of her Time.

N. B. He lives at the *Indian Queen*, in *Pallmall*; and alſo ſells an Excellent Waſh for the Neck.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noſter-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 5. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Oct. 27, 1753.

Sunt Lacrymæ Rerum, & Mentem mortalia tangunt.
VIRG.

PEOPLE of high Spirits are ſubject to occaſional Depreſſions, and Gaiety often ſubſides into a penſive Mood, which opens to the Mind new Scenes of Contemplation, and affords a Pleaſure, tempered with a Degree of Serioufneſs, perhaps not unequal to the ſprightlieſt Excurſions of Fancy, and productive of Suggeſtions, frequently more uſeful than the brighteſt Sallies of Wit and Humour.

THIS Truth I experienced the other Evening, when, inſtead of attending to the Allurements of a Rout, or the more rational Entertainments of the dramatic Scene, a ſolitary Turn of Thought induced me to viſit *Weſtminſter-Abbey*. I there indulged myſelf for ſome Time in a Survey of the ſeveral Monuments erected to the illuſtrious Dead, and enjoyed a melancholy Luxury, which made ſuch deep Impreſſions on my Mind, that I found myſelf entirely abſtracted into Eternity, and the creative Power of Imagination inſtantly ſhadowed forth an awful Proſpect of all thoſe memorable Perſonages, who have made a conſpicuous Figure on this evaneſcent Scene of Life.

Fond of dwelling upon Images of this Nature, I retired home to my Chambers, and, in order to comply with my preſent Diſpoſition, had Recourſe to that Part of the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*'s *Telemachus*, where the young Hero deſcends in queſt of his Father to the infernal Regions. In this Epiſode the excellent Prelate diſplays the Piety of a Chriſtian Philoſopher, and an Imagination not inferior to that of *Homer*; his Deſcriptions are all ſtrong and daring; a fine Vein of Morality runs through the whole, and he deals out his Rewards and Puniſhments with the Air of a tremendous Judge. I admired the Juſtice of the Sentence, which dooms to Torture the *Ingrate*, the *Perjured*, the *Hypocrite*, the *malignant Critic*, who endeavoured to blaſt his Neighbours honeſt Fame, and the Race of bad Kings, who made their Subjects groan under the Weight of their Oppreſſion. Fired with an honeſt Indignation againſt the Perpetrators of ſuch immoral Actions, my Heart glowed within, me, until at length I came to a Paſſage, which made an Impreſſion upon me very different from any Thing which I had felt before. "What chiefly aſtoniſhed *Telemachus*, ſays my "Author, was to perceive in that Abyſs of Wickedneſs, Darkneſs and Deſolation, a Number of thoſe Kings, who had paſſed "on Earth for a good Set of Rulers, and were now adjudged to "the Pains of *Tartarus*, for having ſuffered themſelves to be "guided by ſelfiſh and ill-deſigning Men; and though they were "not now in Torture for their own Miſdeeds, they were accountable for thoſe Ills, which they had permitted to be done under "the Sanction of their Authority."

Here I threw aſide the Volume unable to controul myſelf from purſuing a Train of Reaſoning, which this Reflection had diſcloſed to me; and, after pauſing upon the Matter with ſufficient Attention, and after making ſome few Exceptions, I ſubſcribed to the Equity of the Poet's Determination. For certainly, in all Politic States, ſo many Things of the utmoſt Moment depend upon the Virtue and Conduct of the Sovereigns, that it is abſolutely incumbent on them to exert a proper Spirit and Reſolution, to make themſelves acquainted with the Conſtitution of their Government, together with the Intereſt of their Subjects; and, whenever they find themſelves beſet by Men, of evil Hearts and ſiniſter Views, it is their Buſineſs to break through the Band of Courtiers, and manifeſt the Virtues, which ſhould be inherent in the Father of a People.

——— *Per obſtantes Catervas,*
Explicuit ſua Victor Arma. Hor.

At

I AM not for enforcing the Rigor of the Sentence mention'd above, without ſome Reſtrictions; I muſt avow, that I have all the Compaſſion in the World for Kings; I look upon them to be the moſt wretched of human Kind; I pity their ſplendid Miſery, and, while others are dazzled with the Luſtre of the Diadem, I conſider the galling Preſſure of its Weight upon the Regal Brow; it muſt be owned too, that tho' Juſtice may require, that they ſhould be anſwerable, not only for their own Imbecillities, but alſo for the Miſconduct of others, and though there may be a Concurrence of politic and moral Reaſons for it, it is ſtill hard upon thoſe who perhaps during their Lives meant well to the whole human Race.

To be born to a Crown, is in my Opinion to be the Heir Apparent of Miſery, and to have an hereditary Reverſion of more Sorrow and Anxiety, than is likely to be the Lot of any other human Being. PRINCES, from their very Childhood, are beſieged by Fallacy, Perfidy and Fraud; Flattery uſurps the Place of honeſt Simplicity, and like fine Women, they are ſure of never hearing a Syllable of Truth from the inſect Train that buz about them; the young Affections, which appear to be predominant in their Breaſts, are encouraged by the Pimps of State, by which Means, in their riper Years they attain an entire Prevalence over Reaſon, and the Mind thus train'd to Error, and which was never taught to judge of Men and Manners, is left a Prey to the Artifices of a Court.

HISTORY will further ſuggeſt to us many Inſtances of Kings who have been compelled to the worſt Extremes by the Ambition, and the turbulent Politics of their Miniſters, and thoſe who have arbitrarily made themſelves the Delegates of Power. The Time has been, when Men of Intrigue have artfully form'd themſelves into a Cabal to maintain their ill-gotten Power, and ſupporting themſelves by a Confederacy in Vice, Proſtitution and Venality, have inſolently obtruded themſelves upon their Sovereign, have obſtructed his Choice of the People, whom he would have about him, have wreſted the Reins of Government by Violence and Force, erected themſelves into petty Monarchs, made a Cypher of that Authority from which they derive their Commiſſion, and have precluded every Avenue, by which the Throne might be acceſſible to Truth, to Virtue, to Honour, and to public Spirit.

IN this Caſe, it is really hard, that a King ſhould be accountable for Mal-Adminiſtration, when, in the Nature of Things, it is impoſſible for him to diſcover the Truth, or receive any

Information of the Tempers, the Diſpoſitions, or the Greivances of his Subjects, while the Invaders of the Prerogative, in Order to render their Places and their Holds more tenable, and to defend the Errors of their Conduct, are daily entrenching themſelves behind a thouſand evil Actions, and obſtinately perſiſt in every wrong Meaſure, they have taken, rather than comply with a popular Clamour, for Fear of giving a Precedent to the People to watch their Motions, and call out for a Redreſs of Grievances, whenever any thing ſhould be done againſt the general Intereſt and Senſe of the Nation. Inſolent Arrogance! for one Man, or any Knot of Men to ſet up their own private Deſigns againſt the declared Sentiments and repeated Remonſtrances of an entire Kingdom. There is a Paſſage in the Writings of the late Dr. *Swift*, which mentions, the Lords Juſtices, the Houſe of Lords and Commons, and the whole People of *Ireland*, *Plantiffs*, and *William Wood*, Hardwareman, *Defendant*. The monſtrous and ridiculous Abſurdity of ſuch a Suit appears at once in the moſt glaring Colours, and the Ridicule will be the ſame, whenever the ſame Circumſtances co-operate in any other Country, whenever any one ſhall have the Haughtineſs and the Obſtinacy to be the Opponent of his Countrymen, whether he be Secretary of *State*, or Chancellor of the *Exchequer*; and let what will be the Cauſe of Contention, whether it be the Introduction of *Halfpence* in one Place, or *Jew-Pedlars* in another, the Adminiſtration of the Sacrament in *France*, or a repeal of the ſacramental Teſt in Favour of a few any where elſe; or, in ſhort, whether it be a ſpecious Appearance of promoting the Chriſtian Religion in one Country, or totally extirpating it in another.

In ſuch a Situation, thus environ'd, and thus compelled, it would be cruel that a Monarch ſhould be liable to Puniſhment for the Tranſactions of his Miniſtry, eſpecially when it is not compoſed of Men of his own Appointment; and therefore in ſuch a Caſe, I am apt to think, that if *Fenelon*'s World was prepared for departed Souls, and he to be made the *Rhadamanthus* of the Place, he would abate ſomething from the Rigour of his Sentence, in Behalf of thoſe Kings, who are bullied by their Courtiers, and, I believe, he would invent ſome new Species of Torture for thoſe evil Counſellors, who ſhould dare to hurt the Conſtitution of their Country either in CHURCH or STATE.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter Office, 27th Oct. 1753.

SINCE my laſt I received a Letter from a Perſon, who ſigns himſelf ANTI-DRAMATICUS, by which I find, that this Gentleman and I have conceived different Ideas of our Theatrical Entertainments. As there is, in his Stile, a motly Mixture of the *French* and *Engliſh* Idiom, I ſuppoſe my Correſpondent has imbibed his Notions in ſome provincial Town abroad; but muſt inform him, that we think differently in this Country of Men of Merit in their Profeſſion, and Genius, in whatever Sphere it appears, is ſure of meeting with due Applauſe from every *Briton*. On this Account I ſhall think our Dramatic Entertainments, a proper Subject to animadvert upon, from Time to Time, in theſe Lucubrations, in which I but follow the Example of ſo fine a Gentleman as Mr. *Addiſon*; and, by way of diverſifying Matters, and for the Satisfaction of my Friend ANTI-DRAMATICUS, I ſhall occaſionally examine, how *Gentlemen off the Stage act their Part*, and the Reader will in that Caſe judge, which comes off beſt in the Enquiry.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, 25th *Oct.*

The Odds upon all Bets relating to the Jew-Bill, have been conſiderable for a long Time paſt, the knowing Ones laying Ten to One that it will not be repealed, but this Day Matters took another Turn, upon a Gentleman's making an even Bet that it well be recalled, and declaring that he was ſure of winning the Wager, "*Becauſe*," ſays he, "*the* Jews *themſelves are to* "*petition a certain great Man for a Repeal, and I am ſure they have Intereſt enough with him to obtain any Thing.*

Drury-Lane Play-Houſe, Oct. 26th, 1753.

On Saturday laſt Mr. *Foote* appeared for the firſt Time this Seaſon on this Stage, and ſpoke upon the Occaſion, the following Prologue, written by Mr. *Garrick*, which afforded very high Entertainment to a ſplendid Audience on that Night and ſeveral Times ſince. This Performer has ſince appeared in the Character of *Pondlewife*, in which Part he diſcovered by ſeveral nice Strokes that humourous Inſight into Nature, for which he is remarkable. The Reader in the Peruſal of the Prologue will admire the ingenious Turn of the Author, and the Pleaſantry of the Speaker, who entertained the Public with ſo delicate a Piece of Raillery on himſelf.

PROLOGUE.

THE many various Objects that amuſe
Theſe buſy curious Times, by Way of News,
Are, Plays, Elections, Murders, Lott'ries, *Jews*;
All theſe compounded fly thoughout the Nation,
And ſet the whole in one great Fermentation!
True *Britiſh* Hearts the ſame high Spirit ſhow,
Be they to damn a Farce, or fight a Foe.

One Day for *Liberty* the *Briton* fires,
The next he *flames*—for *Canning*, or for *Squires*.
In like Extremes your laughing Humour flows;
Have ye not roar'd from Pit to upper Rows,
And all the Jeſt was,—what?—a Fidler's Noſe*.
Purſue your Mirth; each Night the Joke grows ſtronger,
For as you fret the *Man*, his Noſe looks longer.
Among the Trifles which occaſion Prate,
Even I Sometimes, am Matter for Debate.
Whene'er my Faults, or Follies are the Queſtion,
Each draws his Wit out, and begins Diſſection.
Sir PETER PRIMROSE, ſmirking o'er his Tea
Sinks from himſelf, and Politics to me.
Papers Boy.——*here* Sir! *Tam* what News to-day?
Foote, Sir, is advertis'd——what—run away!
No, Sir, he acts this Week at *Drury-Lane*;
How's that (cries FEEBLE GRUB) *Foote* come again?
I thought that Fool had done his Devil's Dance;
Was not he hang'd ſome Months ago in *France?*
Up ſtarts MACHONE, and thus the Room harrangu'd;
'Tis true, his Friends gave out that he was hang'd,
But to be ſure, 'twas all a *Hum*, becaſe
I have ſeen him ſince, and after ſuch Diſgrace
No Gentleman would dare to ſhow his Face.
To him reply'd a ſneering bonny Scot;
Yow raſin reet, my Frynd, haunged he was not,
But neither you nor I can tell how ſoon he'll gang to Pot.
Thus each, as Fancy drives, his Wit diſplays,
Such is the Tax each Son of Folly pays.
On this my Scheme, they many Names beſtow,
'Tis Fame, 'tis Pride, nay worſe——The Pockets low.
I own I've Pride, Ambition, Vanity,
And whats more ſtrange, perhaps, you'll ſee
Tho' not ſo great a Portion of it---Modeſty.
For you I'll curb each ſelf-ſufficient Thought,
And kiſs the Rod, whene'er you point the Fault.
Many my Paſſions are, tho' one my View,
They all concenter, in the pleaſing you.

---

* The Perſon here intended, is Monſ. *Cervetti*, who has been a ſtanding Joke with the Upper-gallery, for a long Time paſt, on Account of the Length of his Noſe; but, as I am informed, that no Feature of his Mind is out of Proportion, unleſs it be that his good Qualities are extraordinary, I take this Opportunity to mention that it is cruel to render him uneaſy in the Buſineſs, in which he is eminent and by which he muſt get a Livelihood.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noſter-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 5. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Nov. 3, 1753.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus. JUV.

SOME Time ago I entertained the Public, with a Scene from a Dramatic Piece, entitled the TEMPLE *of* LAVERNA, which was ſo favourably received, that I am inclined to think the Readers of the GRAY's-INN-JOURNAL will not be diſpleaſed to ſee ſomething more of that Performance,

SCENE. II.

A Number of JEWS *circumciſed and uncircumciſed form a Cluſter in the Middle of the Temple, from whence the following confuſed Sounds iſſue*, viz.

TICKETS—Tickets—Lottery-Tickets—come, who buys 300 for all this Month?—I ſell a hundred for next *Monday* at 15*s.* 6*d.*—What do you ſay, *Adam?*

Adam. Come I'll give you 15*s.* for a 100 next *Monday*—

—— No Maſter *Adam*, I have my Eye-Teeth as well as you, or any Man in the Houſe; do you think I don't know, what is a doing? Altho' Mr *Slyboots* lies by, I can ſmoke his Agents.

Moſes Noiſy. I tell you what, I want 500 for *Wedneſday* Morning to compleat my Commiſſion, and in a Word I'll give 14*s.* 6*d.*

All. Hoot him, hoot him, mind *Noiſey*, mind *Moſes.*

Enter a Country Gentleman, in Boots with his Friend.

Country Gent. Is it here?

Fr. Yes, Sir.

Country Gent. Woons, what a Place it is!

Fr. Come Sir, you had better ſit down, and make your Obſervations upon this Scene, which you were ſo very deſirous to be a Spectator of.

[*As ſoon as they are both ſeated the Waiter comes up and demands Sixpence each.*]

Country Gent. Six-pence Mon! for what? to ſee theſe Monſters, I ſuppoſe.

Waiter. Sir, it is uſual, every Gentleman pays Six-pence, who ſits down.

Country Gent. Nay, Friend, I ſhan't diſpute it with you—It is not the firſt Tax you have raiſed upon me.

Fr. Hark ye, Mr. *Trueblue*, you had better not ſpeak in that Manner; ſee how they ſtare.

Country Gent. S'blood! let'n ſtare? what care I? I expect no Place; and, woons! I think a Mon, who pays half his Eſtate in Taxes, ſhould at leaſt be allowed to ſpeak his Mind.

Fr. Not quite ſo loud, I beg, Mr. *Trueblue*—You don't mind them but they all know me, and I would not willingly draw upon me their Ill-will.

Country Gent. Well, well, well—to oblige you—But, which is the Mon, who does what he pleaſes with the great Mon at the other End of the Toon—Woons I cannot remember his Name—Lord, we drink Confuſion to him very often in the Country—He is richer than a *German* Prince, they ſay—

Fr. Caiphas, you mean?

Country Gent. Ay, ay, *Caiphas* is the Mon—which is he, pray?

Fr. He is not come yet, but it is probable, you will ſee him preſently.

[*Here the Jobbers grow very clamorous crying in harſh diſſonant Tones*,—Tickets—India-Bonds—Reſcounters—Conſolidate.]

Country Gent. As I am an *Engliſhman*, this is a perfect *Babel*—*Reſcounters*, *Conſolidate*, woons, theſe Fellows have certainly made a Compact with the Devil, and thoſe are the Words by which they call him to their Aſſiſtance.

Fr. No, Sir, no—Thoſe are the Names of the ſeveral different Stocks.

Country Gent. Bleſs me, Friend *Worthy*, it is a melancholy Thing that our poor Country ſhould be drained of her Wealth and Power, by ſuch infernal Leeches. Ah! many a Time and oft, have my Lord *Turncoat* and I talked over theſe Things in the Country— We have ſat together, and drank *The true Intereſt of Great Britain*, and *Old England without Taxes*, until we have been both ready to cry — But no Mon is to be depended upon I ſee — he is gone off, and as deep, I warrant in the Mire, as any of them.

Fr. I believe Mr. *Trueblue*, you never ſaw ſo many *Jews* together before.

Country Gent. No, never to be ſure — but we ſhall ſoon have them ſwarm in all Parts of the Kingdom now, that they are naturalized — Woons! if they come among us, I know what—Let them take care Care of themſelves, I ſay; their Betters have been properly treated there, I can tell them—Let them look to it—but prithee, Friend *Worthy*, is the Report we have in the Country true? why, they ſay, Mon, that there will ſhortly be laid a Fine upon any one, who is convicted of going to Church. Woons! if that ſhould be the Caſe, notwithſtanding the Love I have for *Old England*, I am determined to ſell my Acres, and retire to ſome *Chriſtian Proteſtant* Country, for I would not become a *Jew*, no not to be a Miniſter of State.

Fr. Huſh! who have we here?

Enter Lord Bowſprit, *and Mr* Servile.

L. Bow. (Looking at his Watch.) No, he is not come yet; it is not quite Twelve.

Servile. Pray, my Lord, how long have you been acquainted with *Caiphas?*

L. Bow. Ever ſince the Year forty-ſix. I leave a Sum of Money in his Hands, which he jobbs for me, and furniſhes me with an Account at the Years End. I would have you do the ſame.

Servile. I ſhould like it very well, my Lord; but it does not ſuit me to lodge a large Sum with him.

L. Bow. If that be your only Objection, he can act for you in another Shape, he can buy and ſell Stock, for your Account, without Money, this we call *Bulls* and *Bears*.

Servile. Yes, but, my Lord, I think there is an Act of Parliament againſt that, is not there?

L. Bow. Yes, there is ſomething of that Kind; Sir *John Banard's Act* they call it; Sir *John* you know is a particular Sort of Man, and conſults the Intereſt of the Public, but thoſe chimerical Projects of his do not coincide with the preſent Syſtem, by any Means — He is a very ſingular Sort of Man, what they call a Patriot; indeed he has been always the ſame.

Servile. I wonder what he gets by that, I was my ſelf a Patriot for two Seſſions, but I found there was nothing to be got by it, and ſo I entered a Volunteer under the oppoſite Banner.

Enter Caiphas, *(upon which a general Silence enſues.)*

Caiphas. Has any Body enquired for me?—Hah! my Lord! Yours!

L. Bow. Mr *Caiphas*, I am your moſt obedient humble Servant —Give me Leave, Sir, to introduce this Gentleman to your Acquaintance, he is a particular Friend of mine, Mr *Servile.*

Caiphas. I am glad to know any Friend of your Lordſhip's — Has this Gentleman any Inclination to do any Thing in our Way? you need but let me know.

Servile. Under your Direction Mr *Caiphas*, I ſhould like to job a little.

Caiphas. Its enough — call upon me To-morrow Morning — I'll put you in the Way.

Servile. I ſhall be for ever obliged to you, Mr *Caiphas.*

Caiphas. Say no more — You are my Lord *Bowſprit*'s Friend that's enough.

Fr. to the Country Gent. Well, Sir, what think you of the renowned *Caiphas*, that is the wonderful Perſonage, whom you have heard ſo much of.

Country Gent. I proteſt, I cannot conceal my Aſtoniſhment — why, I expected to ſee a Giant, Mon — woons, is it poſſible that *Old England* ſhould be bamboozled thus!

L. Bow. Mr *Caiphas* I am glad to hear that you begin to be pretty quiet in the City now. The Clamour againſt your People ſubſides, I am told, you need not be under any Apprehenſion, it will die away entirely in a little Time, I dare ſay,

Caiphas. I do not care much, my Lord, whether it dies away or not, Money is my Religion; and if I can but bring together enough of that, I dont' care a Pinch of Snuff for any Sect, or any Party whatever.

[*Several* Jew-Brokers *ſhew great Surprize, at over-hearing this, upon which* Caiphas *turns about, puts out his Tongue, and winks at them.*]

L. Bow. Nay, I think you would be right in that, Mr *Caiphas*, for why ſhould a Man of your Senſe lie under any Diſadvantage, for Punctilio's or Form? We have done all we could to ſerve you; we are not ſo tenacious of Religion, but we can admit yours among us; and Money certainly is a very good Religion — that is the Maxim of a wiſe Man.

Caiphas. Well, well, we will talk more of this another Time — will you dine with me at the KING's-ARMS? I am obliged to go now to the *South-Sea-Houſe*, but, I have ordered an excellent *Ham* for Dinner, and if you and your Friend will dine with me, we will be joyous.

L. Bow. Ham, Mr *Caiphas!* Come, come, that is a good Sign— I find you are coming over to us — you will ſoon be as good a *Chriſtian* as any of us.

Caiphas. Nay, my Lord, thoſe Things I laugh at — I tell you what, it is clear to me, that *Moſes* never was in *Weſtphalia*, or he would not have prohibited *Pork*, ha! ha! ha!

L. Bow. Ha! ha! ha!

Servile. Ha! ha! ha!

Caiphas. Well, my Lord, your Servant, Mr *Servile*, your's [*exit* Caiphas.]

L. Bow. Now that you know him, *Servile*, be ſure to cultivate your Acquaintance with him, depend upon it, you will find it your Intereſt.

Servile. I ſhall not neglect it, believe me, I will be at his Houſe To-morrow Morning by eight o'Clock — but we have no ſarther Buſineſs here, let us go.

L. Bow. With all my Heart.

[*exeunt L.* Bowſprit *and* Servile.

Country Gent. Woons! this Place has ſtruck ſuch a damp upon my Spirits, that I ſhall not be myſelf again, until I get into Company with a Set of honeſt Fellows, and drink THE OLD CONSTITUTION, in a Pint-Bumper.

Fr. Come, come, if you grow melancholy, we muſt quit theſe Gentry.

Country Gent. Woons! I wiſh, I could blow them all up, and then I ſhould have a clear Eſtate — Let me give them one hearty Curſe, and then we will go.

Fr. No, no, no, let us leave them quietly.

[*Forces the* Country Gentleman *out, upon which the Scence cloſes.*

* * *

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter Office, Nov. 3, 1753.

THIS Week was iſſued from the Preſs, a very notable, curious, elegant, polite and ſenſible Pamphlet, in which the Author has found the Means of conferring his Praiſe and his Cenſure in the oppoſite Extremes of judicious Extravagance, which, without Doubt, will moſt certainly anſwer his Purpoſe of exalting his Favourites and depreſſing the Objects of his Severity. In this extraordinary Production many delicate Animadverſions are indiſcriminately thrown out upon three Characters, all highly eminent in their Profeſſion, and (if I may indulge myſelf in a little Vanity) the Author of this Paper is diſhed up at the End of it, *Pour faire bon bouche.* This Part however

ever of the Performance is ſhort of the Delicacy which runs through the reſt of his Raillery, as in this Place, he has not heſitated to offer to the Public an impudent and ſcandalous Falſehood. The Writer of the GRAY's INN-JOURNAL is above entering the Liſts with a Man who dares to think one Thing and tell another; He will juſt obſerve to Miſs *Noſſiter*, that ſhe had better let *Honeſt Ranger* kiſs her Hand than any Fellow of them all; and he diſdains to make any other Reply to the Perſon, who has once been guilty of an Impoſition on the Public, as it is not to be doubted but he, who can publiſh a Falſity upon one Occaſion, will entrench himſelf at all Times behind a thouſand others;

Deſtroy his Fib and Sophiſtry in vain;
The Creature's at his dirty Work again.

POPE.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe, Nov. 2, 1753.

Wit and Humour, and Sprightlineſs, and Pleaſantry have ſubſiſted here for a long Time paſt, until ſome certain Wits interrupted the Stream of our Happineſs by diſplaying a good Deal of *falſe Fire*, and obtruding upon the Company ſome *Flouriſhes*, which were not at all approved by the ſenſible and judicious. It is however hoped, that theſe contending Genius's will adjuſt their Differences, without diſturbing the Harmony ſubſiſting between the Reſt of the Gentlemen who frequent this Place.

Drury-Lane Play-Houſe, Nov. 1, 1753.

On *Monday* Night laſt was preſented here, the Tragedy called VENICE PRESERVED, when Mr *Moſſop* performed the Part of *Pierre* with that Gallantry and heroic Ardor, which is the Characteriſtic of that Conſpirator, and Mr *Garrick* and Mrs *Cibber* mutually excited their excellent Art, at touching the compound Paſſions of the human Heart; and, it is no Wonder that in ſome Scenes the Emotions of the Audience run ſo extremely high, as they were acted upon by the two beſt Tragedians in the World. Since that Mr *Foote* has again drawn together a very ſplendid and numerous Audience, by his appearing in the Character of *Fondlewife*, which whole Incident is repreſented by this Performer and Mrs *Pritchard*, with as much Pleaſantry as has been known on the Stage.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noſter-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 7. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Nov. 10, 1753.

> *Falſus Honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret*
> *Quem niſi mendoſum et mendacem.* HOR.

MY Readers will obſerve, that I frequently ſelect Mottos, for my Papers, from the Author, whoſe Name I have prefixed to this Day's Eſſay; the Reaſon of it is, his Senſe is ſo refined, his Judgment ſo ſound upon every Topic, and the Turn of his Expreſſion ſo peculiarly delicate, that his Remarks are intermixed with my own ordinary Ideas, in ſuch a Manner, that they recur to me, upon almoſt every Occaſion that can offer in Life. *Horace* is ſo ſenſibly and elegantly ſententious, not only in his Epiſtles and Satires, which are profeſſedly moral Diſcourſes, but alſo in his lighter Odes, and his gayeſt Excurſions of Fancy, that I have often thought, an excellent Syſtem of Morallity, and a fine Set of Rules for a virtuous, and cheerful Enjoyment of Life might be extracted out of his Writings; I have even carried this Hint ſo far, as to think ſeriouſly of publiſhing a Tranſlation of all his excellent ethic Obſervations, which would, in my Opinion, be the beſt Collection of Thoughts on various Subjects, that has ever been offered to the Public, and would greatly excel the quaint *Antitheſis*, the pointed Turn, and the affected Wit of *Rochfaucault*.

The Obſervation, which in the accidental Circulation of Ideas preſented itſelf to be diſcuſſed in this Lucubration, contains a beautiful moral, and is worthy of the Attention of the judicious. "Who is there," ſays the Bard, "that can deſire an Acceſ-"ſion of falſe Honour, who is not ſenſible of ſome inherent "Defect? and who can be alarmed at the Blaſts of Calumny "and Detraction, who bears in his own Heart a Regard to "Truth?"—This Sentence contains ſuch indelible Marks of a virtuous Diſpoſition, that it ſhould be written in Letters of Gold, and impreſſed in deep Characters on the Heart of every Man, who would paſs through Life with an honeſt and fair Fame, as it ſuggeſts a juſt Contempt for all ill-grounded Applauſe, and furniſhes the Man of upright Heart with the proper Weapons of a noble Diſregard for the mean Deſigns of Slander and Malevolence.

Hypocrisy is conſidered, by all Moraliſts, as the moſt deſpicable and infamous Diſeaſe of the Soul; it diſcovers a Senſe of the Grace and Beauty of a fair Character, but generally carries with it a total Abſence of all thoſe good Qualities, by which a Reputation is obtained, and it aims at Eſteem, by artfully concealing the latent Imperfections, and exhibiting to the public Eye a gloſſy Appearance of ſomething amiable and honeſt. *Contemptu famæ contemni Virtutes*, is, if I remember right, the Obſervation of *Tacitus*, and is perfectly juſt; for certain it is, that a Diſregard for Fame will naturally induce an indolent Indifference for Virtue; but it does not follow, that he, who courts a public Reputation, has implanted in his Mind a due Reverence for thoſe Principles, without which Fame will be always a Fugitive to him, who thinks of purſuing her in any other Path, than that of Generoſity and Truth. I believe, there are frequent Inſtances of Men, who are turbulently careful of their Character in Public, and yet have never ſufficiently endeavoured to eradicate out of their Breaſts every Thing ſordid, and to enrich the Soil with the Seeds of thoſe Qualities, which alone can ſhoot up and ripen into real Honour. Unleſs the Mind is thoroughly weeded, inſpight of every artful Diſguiſe, the lurking Miſchief will, one Time or other, break out, and as *Perſeus* expreſſes it, like a wild *Fig-Tree*, force its Way through the very Liver;

——Quæ ſemel intus
Innata eſt, rupto jecore exierit Caprificus.

Since I have mention'd this Satiriſt, it coincides with my preſent Scope, to obſerve, that there is not in any Author ancient or modern, a nobler Deſcription of a Man of real Honour, than what is found in two Lines of his Writing; I ſhall tranſcribe his Words, becauſe the Paſſage is highly beautiful, and for the Sake of the mere *Engliſh* Reader, I ſhall add Mr. *Dryden*'s looſe Tranſlation.

Compoſitum jus faſque Animi, ſanctoſque Receſſus
Mentis, & Incoctum generoſo Poetus honeſto.

A Soul, where Laws both human and divine
In Practice more than Speculation ſhine;
A genuine Honour, of a vigorous Kind,
Pure in the laſt Receſſes of the Mind.

CERTAIN it is, that for the Formation of a right Character, it is requiſite to have a perfect Knowledge of Right and Wrong ſettled in the Mind, Virtue ſhould be lodged in the Soul, and the Heart ſhould glow with generous Truth; but as the World now goes, there is more Art to acquire the popular Opinion, than Merit to deſerve it; and the general Method, by which People graſp at Fame, conſiſts in depreciating ſome Neighbour's Character. Thus the female Beauty aims at being a general Toaſt, by detracting from ſome other Fair one; and if her Rival outſhines her FLIRTS and FIDGETS by an EASY DEPORTMENT at an Evening Aſſembly, her Word is, "*I ſaw her this Morning, and* "*ſhe looked very pale.*" The Merchant likewiſe extends his own Credit and Correſpondence by an artful Propagation of Suſpicions to another's Diſadvantage; and the Men, who aſpire to a Reputation for Valour, are frequently known to recommend themſelves by mean Innuendo's, to the Prejudice of ſome Antagoniſt; but, as in the former Inſtance, the Merchant who can diſcharge his Bills, when properly drawn upon, is ſure of ſtanding his Ground, ſo the Gentleman, whoſe Integrity remains unimpeached, whoſe Candour is unſtained, and whoſe Firmneſs of Temper continues unſhaken, will be always ſure of being looked upon in a proper Light by the valuable Part of Mankind.

CICERO obſerves, that for one Man to detract from another, and to think of aggrandizing himſelf at the Expence of his Neighbour, is more againſt Nature, than Death, than Grief, or any other Calamity incident to human Life. And indeed there cannot be a ſtronger Indication of a narrow Mind, than a Deſign of erecting one's ſelf into a vain Popularity, by artfully making Uſe of falſe Appearances, and Building an imaginary Reputation upon the intended Ruins of a Character, hurried by Precipitancy and Warmth into a Situation, of which ill-deſigning Men might avail themſelves by a malicious Miſconſtruction of his Conduct. The Realms of Fame are not to be explored by *Doublings* and *Shiftings*, and, whenever any would arrive at thoſe Regions, Honour, Truth, and Generoſity muſt freight the Veſſel; the Breath of voluntary, impartial Applauſe muſt ſwell the Sail, and the Courſe muſt be direct, bold, and open to the Eye of the World. For my own Part I cannot conceive what kind of Self-complacence can be deduced from a Miſrepreſentation of Circumſtances; that Mind muſt be really very illiberal, that can attempt a vain-glorious Triumph, eſpecially as it cannot be deaf to the Suggeſtions of its own inward Conſciouſneſs, and more particularly, if it happens (as it ſometimes will happen) that there is more than one Gentleman in the World in the Secret.

A REPUTATION thus obtained muſt certainly afford very little Satisfaction, and it will ſtill adminiſter leſs, when we conſider, that it is gained from the ignorant, the prejudiced, the mean, and the contemptible; *Tollat ſua munera Cerdo*, ſays a Writer already quoted; let the Underlings of Mankind keep their Commendations to themſelves; for the Praiſe of ſuch is beneath the Ambition of a Gentleman, and by Parity of Reaſon, their Cenſure, their Diſapprobation, their Cabals, their Intrigues, their Tattles, their daily Compotations, and their Midnight Clubs, are to be deſpiſed by any Man, educated to Honour, trained to Truth, and known, by the Openneſs of his Temper, to have a juſt Contempt for every Thing mean and little.

To draw to a Concluſion; falſe Honour is not worthy of any one's Purſuit, and Calumny is not to be regarded by the Perſon who makes Truth the Guide of his Words and Actions. The uncertain Tide of illuſive Popularity is ever known to fluctuate, to ebb, and to ſubſide, and then the *Shallows* are diſcovered, the *treacherous Quickſands* are revealed, and the *Bottom* lies betrayed to Sight. In like Manner giddy Detraction ſpends and exhauſts itſelf; the Storm howls for a Time, and then decays into the Murmur of Obloquy, which at Length dies totally away; the Scene clears up; the Luſtre of the Character intended to be be defaced, remains unſullied, and Infamy, inſtead of adhering where it was directed, returns to its native Spring.

Z.

****

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter-Office, Nov. 10, 1753.

BEFORE I proceed upon the Plan, which I have chalked out to myſelf for this Part of my Paper, ſome late Contingencies have determined me to prefix the following ſhort Letter.

To Mr. LUN.

SIR,

THE next Time that you, at the Head of your *Company of Comedians*, take a fancy to make free with a certain Gentleman, he begs the Favour of you to carry on Matters as theatrically as poſſible; and, if it is intended that he ſhould fall, he requeſts it of you, to bring out one of your Playhouſe Carpets, that he may entertain his Fate with Decency. Your Compliance will oblige,

Your Admirer,

CHARLES RANGER.

Having premiſed thus much, I now judge it not improper to make public a Syſtem of Rules, which I recommend to the Managers of the Playhouſes, to hang up in a Frame behind the Scenes, for the better Inſtruction of the mimic Tribe in the Knowledge of themſelves, the Duty they owe the Public, and the Behaviour which it behoves them to obſerve to Gentlemen in all public Places, as ſome late Tranſactions have made it manifeſt, that they ought to be reſtrain'd within proper Bounds.

A Syſtem of RULES, *&c.*

I. That no Player ſhall, during the Performance, ſtand with a vacant Face, making a Tour with his Eyes round the Houſe, or ogling the Ladies in the Green-Boxes, but that he ſhall, to the beſt of his Power, be attentive to the Buſineſs of the Scene to which he is engaged.

II. That no Player ſhall come on, imperfect in his Part, or take the Liberty to inſert his own Jokes and Witticiſms, in the Productions of thoſe Geniuſes, for whom he ſhould have the proper Reſpect due to the Superiority of their Parts.

III. That no one ſhall miſtake Bawling for Expreſſion; Strutting and Swaggering for Deportment; twiſting the Body and looking Cunning for Sprightlineſs ; pinching of Hats and ſtanding on Tiptoe, for graceful Attitude ; wry Faces for Humour, &c. but that each Performer who cannot arrive at EXCELLENCE, ſhall at leaſt pay ſome Regard to DECENCY.

IV. That Murder ſhall always be committed on the Stage, without being comical.

V. That when any Gentleman thinks proper to enter the Green Room, no Arch-wag ſhall endeavour to diſconcert him before the whole Company, by crying He—Hem ! or by making uſe of any other Interjection equally witty and polite, with the one already mentioned.

VI. That each Player recollect, that going on the Stage cannot exalt him from his former Station, to the Rank of a Gentleman, it being only allowed, by the *Courteſy of England*, that he, who was known to be a Gentleman before he appeared, ſhall not be degraded by it, while in his Conduct he preſerves the Traces of a genteel way of thinking.

VII. Laſtly,---That no *Poſſe* of Players ſhall go together in Cluſters to Coffee-houſes *biting their Thumbs* at Gentlemen ; and, if an unlucky Difference ſhould ariſe between People in another Sphere, that no *mouthing Tragedian* have the Self-ſufficience to intermeddle, upon pain of being thought, by the cool and the ſenſible, to offer an Affront to every Gentleman preſent.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe, Nov. 8, 1753.

It is now confidently ſaid here, that the Pamphlet, which occaſioned ſome Diſturbance laſt Week, is the Production of a certain Enthuſiaſt, who, as we are informed by an humorous and pleaſant Writer, in the Ebullition of his Zeal, leaped off *Eſſex-bridge* in *Dublin*, for LIBERTY. The ſame Advices add, that he intends to harangue all the Corporations of this Metropolis upon the Subject of his late Pamphlet, and then will leap from off the Battlements of the upper Gallery, for the Cauſe of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. In this Caſe, it is believed, he will have *two little Wiſhes*; firſt, *That he were a Bird*, to ſave him from the Fall ; ſecondly, *That he were* Juliet'*s Bird*, that he may inſtantly fly *to kiſs her Hand*.

CASUALTIES.

Romeo ; —— Ill of the *Green-Sickneſs*.
Othello ; —— Jaw-fallen.
Hamlet ; —— Loweneſs of Spirits.
Earl of Eſſex ; — Fallen from a *Scaffolding*.
Jaffier ; —— taken up for ſtolen Goods.
King Lear —— Ill of *Indigeſtion*.
Capt. Plume;——Loſt his Stomach for *Roaſt Beef*.
Romeo's Apothecary ; Bruiſed.

By the particular Deſire of ſeveral Gentlemen.

On *Saturday* next this Author will reaſſume his former Good-humour ; and, as his Muſe may be ſaid to be *haggard* at preſent, he will *whiſtle her off*, and *let her down the Wind to prey* at nobler Game for the Future.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street ; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noſter-Row ; where Letters to the Author are taken in.

THE
GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 8. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Nov. 17, 1753.

> —— *Superis Deorum*
> *Gratus et imis.* HOR.

MY Friend Mr *Candid*, whom I have formerly introduced to my Readers, as a Member of the Club, to which I belong at the *Devil-Tavern* near *Temple-Bar*, called upon me the other Morning, and informed me, that having ſeen the Tragedy of *Macbeth* inimitably performed the Night before, he had thrown together ſome curſory Obſervations on that Production, which he deſired I would communicate to the Public, through the Channel of this Paper. As I make no doubt but they will prove acceptable, I ſhall ſubmit them to the Peruſal of the Critics, in the looſe Form which the Writer obſerved in putting them together.

IN order to calculate the Merit and Abilities of an Author with any Degree of Exactneſs, it is highly neceſſary to conſider the Genius of his Age, and to examine the Opinions of his Cotemporaries. If a Poet, now-a-days, ſhould make the entire Action of his Tragedy depend upon Enchantment, and the principal Incidents reſult from the interpoſition of ſupernatural Agents, he would undoubtedly be cenſured, as tranſgreſſing the Bounds of Probability. He would be baniſhed from the Stage to the Nurſery, and condemned to write Fairy Tales inſtead of Tragedies. But *Shakeſpear* was in no Danger of ſuch Cenſures; for if we ſurvey the Notions that prevail'd when *Macbeth* was written, it will appear that he only turned a Syſtem, univerſally admitted, to his Advantage; and did not, in the leaſt, overburthen the Credulity of his Audience.

The Reality of Witchcraft and Enchantment has in all Ages been credited by the common People, and in many Countries even by the Learned. In Proportion as the Darkneſs of Ignorance was more groſs, theſe Phantoms have appeared more frequently; but the brighteſt Beams of Knowledge have never been ſufficient to drive them throughout the World. In the Time of our great Dramatic Genius, the Doctrine of Witchcraft, was by the Law and Faſhion equally Eſtabliſhed. As Prodigies therefore are always ſeen, whenever the Imagination is prepoſſeſſed with them, Witches were diſcovered daily, and in ſome Places increaſed ſo much, that a learned Biſhop takes notice of a Village in *Lancaſhire*, where their Number exceeded the Number of Houſes.

Upon this epidemical Phrenzy *Shakeſpear* might well be permitted to Build a Play; eſpecially ſince he has with great Exactneſs followed the Hiſtories, which were then deemed authentic; and I do not doubt, but the Scenes of Enchantment, were thought by himſelf and his Audience, very awful and affecting.

This Tragedy may be conſidered in a twofold View; with regard to the imaginary Exiſtencies introduced, and likewiſe with reſpect to the Characters drawn from the Page of human Nature. In this latter Senſe, it muſt be allowed to teach a very important Leſſon, *viz.* the intoxicating Power and rapid Progreſs of Vice. In the Perſon of *Macbeth*, we ſee a Mind enriched with many noble Qualities, and, after a ſevere Conflict, ſubdued by Invincible Ambition, in ſpite of the Suggeſtions of a Conſcience naturally tender and ſenſible. All his Sentiments of Loyalty, Gratitude, and Hoſpitality give place, by imperceptible Degrees, to his unbounded Luſt of Power, and to the Inſtigations of a wicked Woman, till at length he is transformed from a Man of many moral Virtues, to as great a Monſter of Iniquity as ever debaſed human Nature. Who is there that does not Startle at the Moral here inculcated? Who, though adorned with every amiable Quality, can reflect on *Macbeth*'s unhappy Fate, without Shuddering to think, on what a precarious Tenure, he holds the moſt valuable of all his Poſſeſſions?

Macbeth (ſays an ingenious Author) is the ſame in *Shakeſpear*, as in *Boetius* and *Buchanan*. The Poet conforms his Fable and Characters to the Traditions of his Hiſtorians. "Animus etiam " *Mecbethi* per ſe ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis conjugis (quæ " omnium Conſiliorum ei erat conſcia) ſtimulabatur." "*Macbeth*, fierce of himſelf, was ſpurr'd on by the almoſt daily Re" proaches of his Wife, his Boſom-Counſellor in all his Deſigns." How nobly has *Shakeſpear* improved this Hint; and how finiſhed are his Characters of this wicked Pair, through every Stage of Guilt, unſteady and reluctant in the Man, ready and remorſeleſs in the Woman?

The Incantations in this Play have a Solemnity admirably adapted to the Occaſion; they are part of the Story itſelf, and therefore properly uſed by the Poet, in a Buſineſs, of itſelf Dark, Horrid and Bloody. But Subjects of this Kind (which are perhaps in themſelves diſagreeable) cannot, at any Time, become Entertaining, but by receiving a Tinge from an Imagination, like *Shakeſpear*'s; for which Reaſon Mr *Dryden* would not allow even *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* to imitate him in this Point.

But Shakeſpear'*s Magic could not copied be*;
Within that Circle none could walk but he.

Our Author could not only bring his *Ariel* from the Ætherial Regions, but could alſo ſummon Ghoſts from below, and had an equal ſway in the Upper and Lower World. The noble Extravagance of Fancy, which he had in ſo great Perfection, made him capable of ſucceeding, where he had nothing to ſupport him, beſides the Strength of his own Genius. There is ſomething ſo wild, yet ſo ſolemn, in the Speeches of his imaginary Perſons, that we cannot help thinking them Natural, and muſt confeſs, that if there are ſuch Beings, it is highly probable, their Manners and Vocations, their Sports and Paſtimes, their Delights and Reſentments, muſt be ſuch as he has repreſented.

Through all the Scenes of Inchantment, it is obſervable, that *Shakeſpear* has ſelected his infernal Ceremonies with the utmoſt Judgment. He artfully conforms to vulgar Opinions and Traditions, and multiplies the Circumſtances of Horror, upon an Occaſion in which the Fate of a King is involved, with the moſt amazing Solemnity. The *Babe*, whoſe *Finger* is uſed, muſt be *ſtrangled* in its Birth; the *Liver* of a *blaſpheming Jew* muſt make part; the *Greaſe*, muſt not only be *human*, but muſt have dropped from a *Gibbet*, and that too, the *Gibbet of a Murderer*; and even the *Sow*, whoſe Blood is infuſed, muſt have offended Nature by *devouring her own Farrow*. Theſe are touches of the greateſt Judgment and Genius.

After this general View of *Macbeth*, I muſt beg leave to mention ſome particular Paſſages, which are always ſure to ſtrike very forcibly on my Imagination. The Scene, wherein Lady *Macbeth* endeavours to work her Huſband to the Execution of her treacherous Deſign on *Duncan*'s Life, ſeems to deſerve particular Notice. The Arguments, which ſhe urges, evidently demonſtrate the Poet's Knowledge of the human Heart. She artfully dwells on the Excellence and Dignity of Courage, which Ideas have, in every Age, dazled Mankind, and animated by turns the victorious Hero, and the midnight Ruffian. *Macbeth* deſtroys the Fallacy, by diſtinguiſhing between true Courage and falſe Spirit;

I dare do all that may become a Man,
Who dares do more is none. ———

The judicious Critic will perceive, that this Topic is inſiſted upon with the utmoſt Propriety; for as Courage is the principal Virtue of a Soldier, the Reproach of Cowardice cannot be borne from *a Woman*, with any Degree of Patience.

When *Lady Macbeth* is confirming herſelf in her horrid Purpoſe, ſhe breaks out into a Wiſh (amidſt the Violence of her Emotions) very natural to a Murderer.

——————— *Come thick Night,*
And pall thee in the dunneſt Smoke of Hell,
That my keen Knife ſee not *the* Wound *it makes,*
Nor Heav'n peep thro' the Blanket of the Dark,
To cry —— Hold! —— Hold! ——

In this Paſſage is exerted all the Force of Poetry. The Night is invoked, not inveſted in common Obſcurity, but the *Smoke of Hell*; and we cannot but ſympathize with the Horrors of a Wretch about to murder her King, her Friend, her Benefactor, and her Gueſt. Lady *Macbeth* dreads leaſt the Sight of the intended

Wound ſhould withold her Knife, and ſhe proceeds to wiſh, in the Madneſs of her Guilt, that the very Inſpection of Heaven may be intercepted, and that ſhe may (veiled in infernal Darkneſs) eſcape the Eye of Providence. This is the higheſt Extravagance of determined Wickedneſs.

When *Macbeth* is preparing for the Murder of *Duncan*, his Imagination is big with the Horror of the Deed; *within*, his Soul is diſmay'd at the Guilt of the Enterprize, and *without*, every thing is diſmal and affrighting. His Eyes rebel againſt his Reaſon, and he ſtarts at Images, which have no Reality.

Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,
The Handle tow'rd my Hand! come, let me clutch thee —
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.

He then endeavours to ſummon his Reaſon to his Aid, but in vain; the Terror ſtamped on all his Powers will not be ſhaken off;

I ſee thee yet, in Form as palpable
As this which now I draw. —

Here enſues a new Attempt to reaſon himſelf out of the Deluſion, but it is too ſtrong;

I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy Blade and Dudgeon gouts of Blood,
Which were not there before. ——

At length the Chimera vaniſhes;

—— There's no ſuch Thing. ——

The whole Deluſion is carried on in ſo ſkilful a Manner, that the Audience ſtart at the viſionary Dagger, and ſhare the Conſternation. The Contraſt between *Macbeth* and his Wife is finely marked, by the Remorſe of the Man, and the hard-hearted Cruelty of the Woman; the leaſt Noiſe, the very ſound of their own Voices is affrighting, and the Mind is alarmed every inſtant with new Conjectures, and freſh Ideas of Perturbation.—

Hark! Peace!
It was the Owl that ſhrieked; — that fatal Bellman
That gives the ſtern'ſt Good-night — he is about it —

and again,

—— Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd;
And 'tis not done; — th' Attempt, and not the Deed,
Confounds us — hark! — I laid the Daggers ready,—
He could not miſs them.—

In ſhort, the Murder is repreſented in the ſame affecting Horror, which would ſeize the Heart upon actual Commiſſion; every Image ſeems Reality, and alarms the Soul; the very Blood curdles, and runs cold, through the utmoſt Horror and Deteſtation of the Deed.

Shakespear is almoſt the only Poet, who can boaſt the peculiar Art of inſerting Poetical Deſcription in the moſt ſerious Part of his Drama with Propriety. Paſſion, Sentiment, and Poetry are frequently united by him, in the moſt agreeable Aſſemblage. Amidſt *Macbeth*'s ſlaughterous Thoughts, the following Lines are introduced with a ſolemnity ſuitable to the Occaſion, and carry with them a pleaſing kind of gloomy Imagery.

——— E're the Bat hath flown
His cloyſter'd Flight, e're to black Hecate'*s Summons*
The ſhard-born Beetle with his drowſy Hums
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful Note.———

It is impoſſible to reflect on the Character of *Macduff*, without obſerving the ſingular Art, with which the Author paints the domeſtic Virtues, or thoſe Affections of the Soul which regard the Preſervation of a Wife and Children. Such Sentiments, as are there expreſſed, reſult from the Suggeſtions of Nature, at all Times ſo uniform in her Workings, that nothing but a perverſe Affectation of pompous Language and luxuriance of Diction, can hinder ſo many Writers from reaching a more exact Similitude in their Repreſentations.

I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that the firſt great Inſtance of a Dramatic Genius conſiſts in the Formation of Characters. In this Field *Shakeſpear* remains unrivalled. It is his great Excellence to mark every Character, with Manners and Sentiments properly adapted, and to maintain the Propriety of each, in all Circumſtances of Action. Guilty Ambition moves in a Sphere ſo narrow in itſelf, that it ſeems almoſt impoſſible to Diverſify it; and yet we ſee it differently modified in four Characters of our Author. If we view *Hamlet*'s Father-in-Law, how different is the Remorſe of the *Dane*, from the *Scot*'s Diſtraction? The Confuſion of *King John* how diſtinguiſhed from both? While the cloſe, the vigilant, and the jealous Guilt of *Richard* is entirely peculiar to himſelf.

X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter-Office, Nov. 17.

I Have lately received a Letter, from a Correſpondent at *Oxford*, by which I find that my Lucubrations viſit that Seminary of Taſte and Learning. My Friend complains that, now and then, ſome Paſſages are found in my True Intelligence, which ſeem to carry with them a Ray of Light, which however in thoſe Regions occaſion nothing but *Darkneſs viſible*. This was more particularly the Caſe with my laſt *Saturday*'s Production; but I muſt beg leave to impute it to the narrow Conceptions of the Gentlemen of the Univerſity, who have derived their Ideas of Players from *Theſpis* and *his* Cart, and, of courſe, have no notion of our preſent modern Improvements. They therefore little imagine that People, eſcaped from the loweſt Stations in Life, and received by the Town on account of ſome ſuperficial Endowments, without one ſingle gleam of Genius, Imagination, Learning, or Taſte, aſpire to be thought Men of Conſequence, Faſhion, and Politeneſs. To reſtrian this Impertinence was the Scope of my laſt Paper; but not to dwell any longer upon this Subject, I ſhall here ſubmit to Peruſal a Copy of Verſes (ſent to me from the above mentioned Univerſity) which, I make no doubt, will be thought to have a great deal of Delicacy both in the Thought and the Expreſſion.

On Travelling with a LADY.

As at my pretty Pilgrim's Side,
Along the ſultry Day;
A timorous, but a faithful Guide,
I choſe the dubious Way;

With anxious Care, and watchful Pace,
The ſmootheſt Paths I trod;
Contriving pleaſant Tales to eaſe
The tedious irkſome Road.

I told of gallant Knights, who fir'd
By gentle Ladies Eyes,
To more than mortal Feats aſpir'd,
Their Love the precious Prize.

I watch'd from far the black'ning Storm,
And wafted off the Air,
That preſs'd with rude Aſſault to harm
My fearful Traveller.

Now ſtopping, with unheeded Stealth,
I catch'd her wand'ring Eyes,
Whilſt the dear Queſtion of her Health,
A kind Pretence ſupplies.

To Proſpects that from far invite,
I teach her Eyes to roam,
While raviſh'd with no other Sight,
I feaſt my own at Home.

If chance ſome lonely Cot I ſpy;
Retreat of happy Pair;
I ſigh, and ſay, how bleſt, were I,
Was *Cælia* Miſtreſs there.

When thro' ſome ſtragling Town we go,
Their honeſt Joy I ſhare;
As round the gaping Ruſtics Bow,
In Homage to my my Fair.

Thus for ſo dear a Partner's ſake,
Might I for ever rove.
And Life's long tedious Journey make
A Pilgrimage of Love.

Drury Lane, Nov. 17.

A new Tragedy, entitled *Boadicea*, is now in Rehearſal at this Theatre, and will be exhibited about the End of this Month. Mr. *Garrick*, Mrs. *Cibber*, Mrs. *Pritchard*, and Mr. *Moſſop*, are to perform the Capital Parts, and from ſuch Performers it is not doubted, but the Public will receive a great addition to their Entertainments, eſpecially as this Piece is the Production of Mr. *Glover*, Author of *Leonidas*, an Epic Poem, in which are diſplayed all the Graces of pure and elegant Diction, and many incidents entirely of a Dramatic Nature, in which the Reader cannot help feeling the tendereſt Senſations.

Covent-Garden, Nov. 16.

The Appearance which Miſs *Noſſiter* made in the Character of *Belvidera*, is a further Confirmation that ſhe is, upon many Occaſions, Miſtreſs of ſurprizing Attitude and Action, and it leaves no kind of room to doubt what Mr. *Ranger* has before obſerved, that ſhe will prove a very excellent Actreſs, when her Voice acquires Strength from Practice, and when, by Experience, it mellows into more Harmony and Softneſs. The prevailing Manner of Marking, as it is called, may be the Source of very harſh and diſſonant Utterance, unleſs properly governed by the Energy and Force of, what a Quack Writer calls, the *operative* Words. The attempting to lay an *Emphaſis* in too many Places is an Error ſtigmatiz'd by *Quintilian*, who certainly was an unqueſtionable judge of Elocution. That great Critic obſerves, that too violent a Streſs on Words of no great import, is full as bad as no Emphaſis at all; and this forcible Manner of Speaking ſhould be uſed ſparingly, and reſerved for, what *Cicero* calls, *glowing Expreſſions (verbum ardens)* where the Poet means to enforce ſome bright Image, or to ſtrike at the Paſſions of his Auditors.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street; and J. BOUQUET, in Pater-Noſter-Row; where Letters to the Author are taken in.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 9. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Nov. 24, 1753.

> —— *Quid non mortalia Pectora cogis*
> *Auri ſacra fames?* VIRG.

THE Deſire of acquiring Money has in all Ages actuated Mankind, and influenced their Conduct in various Shapes, ever ſince civil Polity framed different States and Republics, and ſince Convenience ſtamped an imaginary value upon yellow Dirt, which ſoon render'd it by general Conſent a proper Exchange for the reſt of the Commodities of the Earth. By the ſame Means that it became uſeful in the ordinary Neceſſaries of Life, it alſo in Proportion adminiſtered to the Luxuries and magnificent Enjoyments of Society. The Gameſter ſoon learned to carry a thouſand Head of Cattle by Proxy to the Dice Room; ſo many Pieces of Ore became the Repreſentatives of an adequate Number of Trees, and Things went on in this Progreſſion, till at length a modern Beau could carry as many ſparkling Acres upon his little Finger, as would have ſtrained a thouſand *Ajaxes* and *Hectors* of the Days of *Homer*. This laſt Remark I am proud to have an Opportunity of making, as the elegant Species, juſt mentioned, have for ſome Time unjuſtly been expoſed to the Raillery of the Epilogue to the *Diſtreſſed Mother*; whereas by this Account the pretty Fellows of theſe Times have very viſibly a Superiority over the Proweſs and Vigour of the antient Heroes, equal to the Pre-eminence which is due to them in Point of Delicacy, Refinement, and every other genteel Accompliſhment.

AN Ambition to amaſs Riches is certainly very laudable, when it does not trangreſs the Bounds which are preſcribed by Reaſon to all our Paſſions in the general. While it is conducted with a View to a Competency, and the Enjoyment of the Requiſites for Subſiſtence and Comfort; while it operates with a Propenſity to a Man's Friends, Relations, and, as *Milton* has it, all the Charities of Father, Son and Brother; and while it is the Source of Generoſity, and an extenſive Power of diſtributing Benefits to Mankind, it is, without any Manner of Doubt, a juſt Principle of Action; and though ſelf-love is the Pebble which ſtirs the Lake, the Circles, which it occaſions, will always be pleaſing and beautiful to the moral Senſe.

But the Misfortune is, this Affection of the Soul generally degenerates into Meanneſs, and has a fatal Tendency to ruin the Underſtanding, and to corrupt the Heart. The intellectual Soil muſt not lie fallow for any long Time together, and it is by Freedom of Converſe, and an habitual Intercourſe with the enlightened Part of the World, that a mental Vigour is to be acquired; and when the Imagination is conſtantly attached to a particular Set of Ideas, it becomes narrow by inſenſible Degrees, and for Want of that general Survey of the different Objects, which are continually paſſing on the Scene of Life, it is confined to a ſmall Compaſs, and never ventures to make the leaſt Excurſion further. From this cloſe Habit of Thinking, the Heart, too frequently, contracts a lazy Apathy, and grows entirely callous to all Manner of Senſation. Our Paſſions are involuntary, and are nothing elſe than the Impreſſions which external Objects uſually make upon the human Imagination, from the Operations of which we feel thoſe ſundry Emotions, which are Incitements to ſpur us on from Theory to Practice, and which diſcloſe themſelves in our Actions, and are thence known to belong to the amiable Train of *Benevolence*, or to be of the hateful Family of *Selfiſhneſs* and *Ill-nature*. In Proportion therefore as the Ideas which paſs in the Mind are Scanty, the Affections, wkich agitate the Heart, will be fewer and both muſt at laſt ruſt to a Point, and fix in a State of unfeeling Indolence.

A Love of Money, is at once the Source of thoſe Deeds, which carry with them a ſplendid Appearance, and thoſe alſo which are at firſt Sight, mean and contemptible. This Paſſion has made many a Writer of Eminence, and many Scriblers in a Garret; it has animated the General at the Head of an Army, and the Clipper of Coin in his Twilight Room; it has for many Ages thundered in the Senate, wrangled at the Bar, and lulled from the Pulpit. To this it is owing that the Merchant boldly traverſes the Globe, truſting to all the Dangers of the turbulent Element, and that *Buckhorſe* will receive as many ſevere Strokes of a Cane as you pleaſe, for Six-pence a piece.

The Art generally practiſed by People, who are deſirous either to amaſs an over-grown Fortune, or to glean up a Livelihood, without the Talents to recommend themſelves by ſtriking out ſome new Diſcovery, or cultivating ſome advantageous Branch of Trade and Commerce, is to impoſe upon the Credulity of Mankind; and by obtruding falſe deluſive Circumſtances to excite their Curioſity, raiſe their Admiration, fill them with Aſtoniſhment, and thus gull them to comply with their Artifices of Fraud and Impoſition. This Metropolis has never wanted a ſufficient Number of theſe Projectors, and, at preſent, I believe I may affirm, that it abounds with Cheats and Impoſtors, in every Station, in every Art and Science, and in every Circumſtance of Life. The ſolemn Phyſician, the ſpecious Lawyer, the wordy Critic, and the bombaſt Poet, are found in all Quarters of the Town; and tho they all muſt be allowed to be very notable Maſters of Deceit, I have lately made a Diſcovery of a perſonage, who greatly excels them all in their own Trade of Deluſion and Hypocriſy. The Scheme of diſtributing Hand-bills, importing that in *Ivy-Lane*, *Magpye-Alley*, or any other Quarter of the Town, LIVETH a regular Phyſician, who has ſpent many Years abroad, travelled all over *Meſopotamia*, and is returned home north about to practiſe his Profeſſion for the Benefit of his Countrymen is now entirely out of Vogue, and the Cheat is laughed at by all Degrees and Ranks of People. It is true, there are many other Plans on foot at preſent, which are ſomewhat more plauſible than that which I have now touched upon; but among them all, I do not remember any Plan ſo well calculated to elevate and ſurprize, to keep up a Stare, as a new one which came into my Hands the other Day, as I was walking down *Ludgate-hill*. A tall meagre Man, with great Solemnity of Aſpect, and ſtrong Expreſſions of Argument in his Countenance, preſented to me the following Billet, which many of my Readers can bear me Witneſs is tranſcribed faithfully and exactly.

Mrs. *SERMON*

" Is removed from *Whitehorſe-yard*, *Eaſt-Smithfield*, to the *Sign*
" of the *Blue Ball*, in *Naked Boy Court*, *Ludgate-Hill*; you may
" turn in by the *Salmon with a Drop in his Mouth*, the ſecond
" Houſe in the Court.

" WHO reſolves all Queſtions in Aſtrology, whether by Sea,
" or Land. She likewiſe gives *gratis* to poor People, a Draught
" for the Stomach, the Powder for the Tooth-ach, and an Eye-
" Water.

N. B. *Cures the* Ague *at the Second Cup* gratis.

I HAVE heard that the preſent celebrated Dr. *Woodward* cures the Rupture, for any Perſon whatever, by wearing his own Bandages, which indeed hath frequently been Matter of Aſtoniſhment to me in my Hours of Reflection; but I muſt declare, in favour of Mrs. *Sermon*, that I think ſhe performs greater Wonders than any of them, and that her Undertaking is more likely to do Honour to our Country, than that of any other Schemiſt now in being. Sure I am that ſhe cannot fail of due Encouragement, as her Bill ſtrikes very forcibly at the Paſſions of Mankind. The Circumſtance of her living in *Naked Boy Court* is well inſerted to raiſe Curioſity, and the Convenience of turning in by the *Salmon with a Drop in his Mouth* will prove inviting, eſpecially as every one will be deſirous of ſeeing that curious Animal. How ſhe contrives to anſwer Queſtions in *Aſtrology* is beyond my Comprehenſion, but if well performed, muſt be highly uſeful to his Majeſty's Subjects. She does it alſo by *Sea* as well as *Land*, which is greatly advantageous to a trading Nation; and then her Spirit of Benevolence muſt tend greatly to endear her to ever generous and humane Mind.

THE *Draught for the Stomach*, the Powder for the *Tooth-ach*, and the *Eye-Water*, given *gratis*, are ſtrong Indications of a public Spirit, and a Temper above all mercenary Views. Add to this that ſhe cures the Ague at the ſecond Cup for nothing; what kind of Cup it is, I can't take upon me to ſay; thus far I will hazard my Judgment, that ſhe really deſerves a *Cup of Thanks*. Upon the whole Mrs *Sermon* is in my Eye a very extraordinary Perſonage; and were I to decide the Precedence between her and all the Empyrics, Projectors, Fuſtian-Poets, Diſcoverers of the Longitude, *&c.* of the preſent Age, I ſhould not heſitate to pronounce Mrs *Sermon* the moſt notable amongſt them all.

X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 24, 1753.

MY Rambles, through the ſeveral Quarters of this Metropolis, have been as frequent as ever, and many Incidents of an extraordinary Nature have fallen under my Obſervation in all Parts. I ſhall not however give any Narrative of my Proceedings at preſent, having been lately at a celebrated Society, where a Queſtion of ſuch Moment was diſcuſſed, that I think a Peruſal of the whole Debate, exactly as it was managed, will not be unentertaining to my Readers.

Robin-Hood Society, *Nov.* 19.

This Place continues to be the Seat of Learning, Taſte, Politeneſs, Truth, and ſound Judgment. The Logicians attend the Diſputations with great Punctuality, and their Reſearches after Truth are always carried on with great Perſpicuity and Diſcernment. The Gentlemen of the Academy have nothing ſo much at Heart, as the Advancement of real Knowledge; and with this View, their Speculations are not confined to any one Branch, but they extend to the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences; and, as nothing is more becoming the Dignity of rational Agents, than following the Suggeſtions of their own private Judgment, the noble Syſtem of Free-thinking is here diſplayed in its genuine Luſtre.

About Six o'Clock this Evening the Students met, and ſpent their Time till Seven in various Moods of Contemplation, ſome being faſt aſleep, none awake, ſome with their Eyes half ſhut, ſome with their Eyes half-open, ſome whiſtling, ſome biting their Nails, and others making ſuch vigorous Application to the Mugs of Porter, and drawing from thence ſuch copious Draughts, that it might be well imagined, the Students ſuppoſed Truth to be in the Bottom. At Length the Arrival of the Preſident gave Signal of the approaching Conteſt. With great Serenity and Compoſure he ſeated himſelf in his Chair, and after having ſpent ſome Time in mental Prayer, he aroſe with a Gravity mixed with a Degree of Cheerfulneſs, and ſmiled to his Acquaintance. Then with a clear and firm Voice began, "Silence Gentlemen! --- Pray, Gentlemen, be ſilent —— here are two Queſtions left, Gentlemen, which I will read to you for your Approbation.

Whether Quartern Loaves are not much better than French *Bread?*
Signed An ANTIGALLICAN.

You that are for its being a Queſtion hold up your Hands (*hands up*). You that are againſt it hold up yours, (*hands up*). The Majority is for it.

The other Queſtion is, *Whether Religion is conſiſtent with the Genius of a trading Nation?* *Signed* MONEY-TRAP.

You that are for its being a Queſtion hold up your Hands (*all*). Gentlemen it muſt be a Queſtion.

1ſt. Member. 'Sdeath Sir, what do you throw down the Porter for.

2d Member. An Accident!

1ſt. Member. An Accident! I have it all in my Shoes.

Preſident. Pray Gentlemen be ſilent --- Pray Gentlemen don't laugh --- Gentlemen, let us behave a little better --- Are all the Gentlemen accommodated? --- Gentlemen the firſt Queſtion on the Book is,

Whether Italian *Operas may be ſaid to be a rational Entertainment for an* Engliſh *Audience?* *It is ſigned* GEORGE MANLY.

Is Mr. *Manly* here? if he is I wiſh he would anſwer.

Manly. Sir, the Queſtion is of my propoſing; and my Reaſon for deſiring a Diſcuſſion of it, is, becauſe we have at this Time the Dramatic Entertainments of *Shakeſpear*, *Otway*, and other eminent Writers in ſuch Perfection, that I ſhould be glad to know what Occaſion there is to ſend to *Italy* for an Opera, when our own Diverſions are much cheaper, and I will venture to ſay a great deal better.

Preſident. Does any Gentlemen on this Row chuſe to ſpeak? --- Do you chuſe it, Sir?

Mr. Tinſel. For my Part I am of Opinion, as to this Queſtion, that it is, look ye, indecent and impolite. It is, Sir, throwing a Cenſure upon People of Faſhion; and People of Faſhion ſhould have faſhionable Diverſions, and faſhionable Diverſions are expenſive, and Expence is the Ornament of a Nation. Mr. *Preſident* that is not all; the Opera is the only Place where a Gentleman can ſhew his Cloaths to advantage, without ſoiling them, for really at the Play-houſe, when an Actor has a mind to gratify his Vanity with a full Houſe, they ſend ſo many Orders, I think they call them, to People of mechanic Trades, and the lower Claſs of People, that one is really hedged in between *Breeches-Makers*, and *Barbers*, and *Pawnbrokers*, and their fat Wives; that what with their Greaſe, and the Noiſe they make in crying Bravo at every Start and Stare, that I proteſt---

Preſident, Time, Sir ——

Tinſel. One is really almoſt fatigued to Death.

Preſident. Pray, Sir, be obſervant of the Rules -- Time, Sir, -- Does any Gentlemen there chuſe to ſpeak on this Row? Mr. *Engliſh* it is with you.

Engliſh. Read the Queſtion, Sir, --- (*Queſtion read*) I am of Opinion, Sir, that *Italian* Operas are an improper Entertainment for *Engliſhmen.* It has been, Sir, well obſerved by a witty Writer, that for ought we know theſe People at the Opera are ſinging high Maſs; and, Sir, unleſs we are jealous of our Liberties, they will ſoon fade away; I am always jealous of hearing an unknown Tongue, which I look upon to be quite unconſtitutional. They may be delivering Sentiments of Slavery and arbitrary Power; they may be inſinuating the Luxuries of their effeminate Country. It has already been objected, that many Corruptions have been derived to us from theſe Diverſions; and, as to the Gentlemen's Cloaths, I am not his Taylor, and therefore I have no Uneaſineſs on that Score.

Preſident. Time, Sir —— Does any Gentleman here chuſe to ſpeak? Pray, Gentlemen, be ſilent —— Do you chuſe to ſpeak, Sir?

Mr. *Sly.* Mr. Preſident, I muſt declare againſt the Uſe of ſuch Abominations, and ſuch heterodox Entertainments. It is profane, Mr. Preſident, and only fit for the Ungodly. The Fleſh is apt to rebel againſt the Spirit too ſmuch of itſelf, without ſuch wicked Incitements, and ſo I conclude that I think them looſe, abominable, wicked, and prophane, and they be all of the prophane that do go to them.

Mr. *Luteſtring.* Mr. Preſident, though I am not for the Importation of foreign Luxuries, becauſe I take it, that the Balance of Trade is greatly againſt any Nation that goes that way to work; yet I moſt own, that am for encouraging Operas. I think it ſafer for an honeſt Man to ſend his Wife and Daughter to an Opera, than to the Play houſe, for this Reaſon; Sir, becauſe the Women are apt to take a Fancy to the Players. They count them handſome Men; I was the other Day at a Rout in *Cateaton-Street*, and there was nothing elſe talked of; is not Mr. Such-a-one a fine Man, ſays one, " O, yes, Ma'am, ſays another, and has not Mr. What-do-ye-call him a fine Figure. Oh! I am delighted with him cries a third. In this Manner Mr *Preſident* they go on, ſo that I think it ſafer for Women to go to Operas, becauſe they will hardly fall in love with any Man there, and Players like the Chairmen in this Town, are moſt of them *Iriſh.*

Mr. Macſiummery. Be plaſed to read the Queſtion (*Queſtion read*) As to Operas, Mr. Preſident, I never was but at two, in my born Days, and the firſt of them, I liked it as if Heaven and Earth was coming together; but at the ſecond, I no more cared for it, no, no more nor an Oyſter is like an Egg-ſhell. As to what that Gentleman there ſaid about the Players, I believe none of them are *cut out for Singers*, though ſome of them ſing a good *Spegſhoe* enough. For my own Share on't I had rather hear *Ellin-a-roen* than all their Quivers, and *Carolun* was a better Compoſer than any *Italian* of them all; that's a ſure Thing. As to their not being able to cuckold an Alderman, the Gentleman may have ſome *little Raſons* of his own for being afraid; but for my Part I can't help laughing when I think on thoſe Singers, and I wonder at their Impudence to look a Woman in the face.

Preſident. Time Sir.

Mr. Macfiummery. What is it ?

Preſident. Time Sir.

Macflummery. Time ? What would you have one ſpeak in *Time* like thoſe the Fellows of Singers there ?

Preſident. Pray Gentlemen don't laugh---pray be ſilent, Gentlemen---your five Minutes is out Sir.

Macfiummery. Is that all ? Give me that Porter there---here's my Service to you, and I'll tack a Sentiment to it---Here's all honeſt Hearts and ſound Bottoms.

Preſident. Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh ; do be ſilent, Gentlemen---does any Gentleman there chuſe to ſpeak ?---Mr. *Macpherſon* its with you ?

Mr. Macpherſon. I do not know whether the Gentleman's raſoning be *reet*, about Mr. *Carolun*, but this I cun ſay, that one of *Ramſay*'s Compoſitions ſet by the *Philarmonic* Society at *Dumferlin* would make muckle Entertainment, and by fare exceed the ſqueaking of thoſe Eunuchs, who are, in my Opinion, a Diſgrace to Society. I remember Maſter *Deenis*, in his Book, has many Ideas on this Subject, deleevered with muckle Oratory ; and I would rather, at any Time, ſee the Exhebeetion of the Dramatic Piece of the *Scotch* Ballad, given in the *Haymarket*, two Years elapſed ſince, than have a Dozen Operas exhebeeted for nothing.

Preſident. Time, Sir.

(*Mr.* Macpherſon *ſits down, and ſpeaks the Highland Language, which Mr.* Macflummery *anſwers in* Iriſh.)

Preſident. Pray, Gentlemen, be ſilent. Gentlemen, as to my Opinion on this Subject, I has but little to offer, and I hope that the Propoſer of the Queſtion will give us ſome Arguments againſt the Operas, which will militate ſtronger, than thoſe which has been already offered, With regard to their ſinging high Maſs, I owns that there is Wit in it, but I believes that the Gentry, that frequents them, is too well affected to our preſent Eſtabliſhment, to think of admitting ſuch Exhibitions, as is inconſiſtent with the Laws of this Land. Mr. *Manly* it is now with you Sir.

Mr. Manly . Sir, I am againſt Operas, for this capital Reaſon ; *viz.* becauſe moſt of them are compoſed by People ignorant of the firſt Principle of Compoſition, which is *Counterpoint*, or the Art of placing different Notes, ſounding together in true harmonic Order. Muſic, Sir, conſiſts of *Melody* and *Harmony*. *Melody* is the regular Progreſſion of a ſingle Part ; and *Harmony*, of different Parts united. Now the *Melody* of all the Songs in our late *Italian Operas* is extravagant and unnatural, conſequently unpleaſing and fitter for Inſtruments than Voices. Their Singers are conſtantly endeavouring to ſurprize, by which means, their Songs are all Quirks and Diviſions, and the Performers are ſometimes ſqueaking like Cats at the Top of a Houſe, and ſometimes growling like Dogs in a Cellar. The Energy of the Words is totally neglected, and the Paſſion entirely loſt ; and therefore I cannot help wondering, that, while we have *Handel*, *Arne*, and *Boyce*, the *Engliſh* will laviſh ſums Sums upon a falſe and depraved Taſte, merely to be thought Judges of what they do not underſtand. I ſhall finiſh, Sir, with aſſerting, that an elegant *Drama*, by a good Author, and the Muſic compoſed by either of the Maſters mentioned already, might be an high and rational Entertainment ; it would certainly ſave an immenſe Sum to the Nation, and would excite new Genius's to ſtudy, and excel all other Nations, in manly, ſenſible Compoſitions, where the Sound would be an Echo to the Senſe, and the Paſſions would be agitated by the joint Power of Poetry and Harmony.

Preſident. Gentlemen, it is now late, and ſo I wiſh you all a Good-night.

Adjourned to Monday *the* 26th *Inſt.*

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office Court*, *Fleet-Street* ; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 10. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2d.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 1, 1753.

In omnes ſuperbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior eſt bonis) graſſatus.——
FLORUS.

A WRITER of periodical Eſſays is like one, who goes coaſting from Place to Place, with Intent to lay down a Chart of the Courſe of the Country, the Extent of the ſeveral Parts, the Bearings, Limits and Connections. As the latter ſails along, every minute Object furniſhes him with Matter of Contemplation, and not a Hill lifts its Head, whether cloathed with Verdure and imbowered with overhanging Wood, or wild, barren and craggy, but he inſtantly treaſures it in the Storehouſe of Imagination. Each Receſs of the Land, each Creek, Rock and Harbour demand a particular Notice, and he is frequently induced to pauſe in theſe Reflections, heedleſs of the unbounded Proſpect which the Ocean preſents him. In like Manner the Perſon, who is engaged in a Courſe of Lucubrations to be publiſhed on a ſtated Day, is conſtantly traverſing either abroad, or in his Cloſet, in order to delineate a juſt Repreſentation of the different Scenes of Life, and to gratify his Readers with particular Charts, which may either ſerve to pleaſe the Fancy, or contribute to the Purpoſes of Improvement and Utility. In his Intercourſe with Men and Manners every Occurrence attracts his Eye; and in his Converſe with Books, he often meets with Paſſages, which ſhould not be paſſed by unobſerved, but deſerve to be minutely ſet down in the Account of his Voyage through this Sea of Troubles, that they may ſerve as Lights or Landmarks to thoſe who are bound upon the ſame Adventure,

It is thus the beſt Eſſays are ſuggeſted, and for my Part, I muſt own, I never yet converſed with a Man of Senſe, or peruſed a good Author, but I thence deduced ſome Hint, which afterwards unfolded ſeveral latent Reflections, that might otherwiſe eſcape me. A Friend once adviſed me to make a Collection of the ſeveral *French* Writers of Memoirs and Letters, and by theſe Means he told me, that I ſhould never be at a Loſs for Matter to expatiate upon. But in my Opinion this End is much better anſwered by the *Roman* Authors. The Claſſics diſplay upon all Occaſions ſuch bright Traces of a manly Way of thinking, and abound with ſo many excellent and cloſe Remarks, artfully interwoven with the Thread of their Poem or Narration, that a Man converſant with their Productions will be always able to draw very amply from their Stores.

In peruſing a few Nights ſince *Florus*'s *Compendium* of the *Roman* Hiſtory, I was greatly ſtruck with an Obſervation, in the Character of *Tarquin*, which that Writer, though no extraordinary Maſter of the Graces and Elegancies of Compoſition, has found Means to inſert with his uſual Art, and without going out of his Way to make the Remark. "*Tarquin* (ſays "*Florus*) inſulted all Mankind with an overbearing Pride, which "to an ingenuous Mind is worſe than Cruelty." This ſhort Obſervation moſt certainly carries with it a great Deal of Truth, and deſerves to be enforced with all the Strength of Reaſon and Eloquence.

A witty Satyriſt has called Pride the univerſal Paſſion, and indeed its Influence on Mankind is ſo manifeſt, that there is too much Reaſon to believe the Maxim well-founded. The general Prevalence of Politeneſs ſuppreſſes in ſome Meaſure the Appearance of it among the *French*, but any one, who has been at *Verſailles*, may remember, that after all the Attention, Difference, and Complaſance of the embroidered Gentleman, who undertakes the Office of ſhewing the Curioſities of the Place, the Ceremony is always concluded with a Conſcíouſneſs of their national Superiority, which breaks out in a briſk Queſtion with a Shrug of the Shoulder. "*Eh! bien Monſieur*; *avez* "*vous de pareille magnificence a Londres.* Well Sir, have you "any Thing equal to this in *London*?" In *Italy*, *Portugal*, and *Spain*, their Haughtineſs is manifeſted by the frequent Uſe of Stilleto upon every trivial Occaſion; Pride is there diſplay'd by killing others, and the People of *England* diſcover it by murdering themſelves. The Notion of Independance with which a free-born *Briton* is inflamed, render him untractable and refractory, to all Laws human and divine; *Religion* he makes a Joke of, and he wonders at the Impertinence of the Parliament in attempting to reſtrain his unqueſtionable Right to diſpoſe of his Perſon as he pleaſes.

The famous *Monteſquieu* imputes the Variety of Oddities, which prevail in this County, to the general Infection of the Scurvy; but if he had charged it upon our national Arrogance, I am inclinable to think, he would have aſſigned a truer Cauſe, though, perhaps, at the ſame Time black and ſizy blood may not a little contribute to aggravate the Diſtemper. To ſpeak with Preciſion, Pride is to the Soul what the Scurvy is to the Body, each in their ſeparate Diſtricts the Source of Ill-humours, Maladies and Diſorders. The fatal Effects of the corporal Indiſpoſition, juſt mention'd, have been ſo ſeverely felt for a long Time paſt, that our common News-papers are filled with Advertiſements of Chymical Drops, to eradicate it entirely out of the Blood. This certainly would have been a great Benefit to Society, but, I apprehend, he would deſerve ſtill more who ſhould deviſe a Cure for the Diſeaſe of the Mind. On this Account I ſhould be glad to ſee a Paragraph in the Papers to the following Effect.

To Perſons of either Sex afflicted with any Species of PRIDE.

“ Never were *Pride*, *Arrogance* and *Haughtineſs* ſo frequent as of
“ late Years; nor has any Remedy been found adequate to this
“ pernicious Habit, which occaſioned a Phyſician of the Soul,
“ who employed his Thoughts much concerning them, to adapt
“ a Medicine, or *Moral Elixir*, which is a ſovereign Remedy a-
“ gainſt *Pride*, and all the Variety of Symptoms, by which it mi-
“ mics by Turns, almoſt all the Vices poor Mortals are afflicted
“ with, and have their Riſe from a depraved Selfiſhneſs of
“ thinking, vicious Ferments of Ill-nature, and the Want of
“ Self-knowledge, whence proceed the ſupercilious Brow, and
“ ſurly Moroſeneſs in the Men, and Coquetry, Airs, Fidgets,
“ Tehees and Titters in the Women, which totally deſtroy
“ their Beauty and their Features, and by a Conſent of Parts
“ affects their Heads, and produce direful Views and terrible
“ Apprehenſions; at other Times, Fits, fluſhing Heats, Low-
“ neſs and Sinking of the Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart,
“ Twitchings of the Limbs, with many convulſive Diſorders,
“ which affect Numbers of both Sexes.

“ The above Elixir is a wonderful Alterative, occaſions
“ laudable Humility, and, as ſoon as taken, makes the Patient
“ good humoured, chearful and affable to Admiration, and is
“ good for all Sorts of People to preſerve as well as procure
“ an even Temper of Mind.”

Whenever I meet with a proud Man, I ſhould be glad to know what he takes himſelf for; and I have often imagined to myſelf, that if his inward State of Mind were detected to the Eye of the World, it would afford a ridiculous Contraſt between his ſeveral Foibles and his fancied Elevation above the reſt of his Species. The many ſecret uneaſy Senſations which proceed from his imaginary Dignity would not be unpleaſant to obſerve, and to perceive a Man rendered compleatly miſerable by the very Turn of Thought, from whence he would educe his ſupreme Pleaſure, would, in my Opinion, ſet People on their Guard againſt ſo great an Enemy to their Peace and Quiet. The Perſon who endeavours to indulge this groſs Appetite, abſtracts himſelf from Society, detaches himſelf from all Connections, and excludes himſelf from all the ſociable Enjoyments of Life. Whenever this Paſſion is diſcovered, it is common to ſee the whole Company with-holding their Complacence from Perſons who ſeem to think it a Tribute due to them. For my Part, it never fails to divert me in a very exquiſite Manner, when I obſerve a Man ſit like his Grandſire cut in Alabaſter, as *Shakeſpear* has it,) in order to receive the Compliments of every one, without any real Merit to deſerve them, and without that reciprocal Complacence, which is always ſure to procure Eſteem. I would have ſuch a one made Emperor of the Moon, or removed to ſome other Sphere fitted for his Reception, where Cruelty may paſs for Courage, Oſtentation for Merit, and Pride for Dignity.

Nothing can ſo ſurely demonſtrate a narrow Mind, as an attempt to degrade our Fellow-creatures by an haughty Arrogance of Carriage. *Hamlet* reckons the *Inſolence of Office*, and the *proud Man's Contumely* among thoſe Inſtigations, which might prompt injured Merit to a Deed of extreme Deſpair, and this further enforces the Severity, which is felt by him, who is obliged to ſubmit to it, and the Cruelty of that human Brute, who can think of putting it in Practice.

Notwithstanding all that I have urged againſt this rankling Infection, there is a Degree of Pride, to which every Man is entitled, and that is, a Spirit above Dependance, above Flattery, above an abject Deportment, and above every Thing poor, ſordid and little. There is a Pride, which may ſerve to invigorate Honour, to embolden Truth, and to carry Virtue to an higher pitch of Improvement, than it might attain unaſſiſted by this ſecondary Motive. The Pleaſures reſulting from this Principle are manly and noble, to enjoy the inward Conſciouſneſs of Honour and Honeſty, and to exult in the Conviction of a Perſon's own Integrity, Probity and upright Intentions, is juſt and laudable. Thus much of Pride every one has a Right to, and I know no external Circumſtance, that can reaſonably entitle any Man alive to more.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regeſter-Office, Dec. 1, 1753.

A New Correſpondent has lately ſent me ſome very facetious and witty Paragraphs, which, I ſuppoſe, are intended for Parodies on my own Manner of writing. I am willing to pay the Author the Compliment of imagining this to be the Caſe, becauſe, if they are not drawn up with that Deſign, he is the Dulleſt of all dull Rogues; and, indeed if they are, I do not think there is much to be ſaid for him at any Rate. But as I am inclined to encourage any Attempt at Humour, I will excuſe him for this Time, but muſt aſſure him, that if he does not, very ſhortly, mend his Stile and Manner of Spelling, I will take the Fun out of his Hands, ſave him the Expence of Penny-Poſtage, and do the Buſineſs myſelf.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe, Dec. 1.

A Petition from the College in *Warwick-Lane* was, a few Days ago, preſented to the Critics, praying that two of their Body may be permitted to take their Seats in the Committee at this Houſe; but, upon Application from the Poets, the ſaid Petition was rejected, for the ſame Reaſons that Butchers are excluded from Juries upon Life and Death.

Sam's *Coffee-houſe*, *Change-Alley*, Dec. 1.

The Converſation here has taken a new Turn, within theſe two Days, the Lottery no longer engroſſing the Thoughts of the Gentlemen of this Academy, and the new Play being now the Subject of their Enquiry. It is aſſerted, that a Caravan extraordinary from *Portſoken-Ward*, and ſeveral other Vehicles will be at the *Change* preciſely at Three o'Clock, in Order to receive Paſſengers from this Houſe, from *John*'s; from the *Union*, and other adjacent Places, for their more eaſy Conveyance to *Drury-Lane* Playhouſe this Evening. And it is further added, that the Phyſicians at *Batſon*'s have determined to deſert all their Patients this Day, in Order to judge whether *Boadicea* dies of a natural Death, or whether it might not have been in the Power of the Faculty to ſave her.

Rainbow Coffee-houſe, Dec. 1.

The Board of Prigs met here on *Thurſday* laſt, conſiſting of thoſe Perſonages, whom we have formerly celebrated in theſe Lucubrations, viz. *Billy Spindle*, *Jack Oakſtick*, *Harry Lapelle*, *Bob Nankeen*, *Jemmy Scratch*, and *Nat Pigtail.*

Nat ſignified to the Board, that he underſtood the new Play was to be acted on this Night; "I ſuppoſe it," ſays he, "to be a Tragedy by the Oddneſs of the Name."

Mr. *Lapelle* and *Bob Nankeen*, were of Opinion, it might be a Comedy for that very Reaſon, and then *Jerry* was deſired to conſult his Dictionary. Upon this *Jemmy Spindle* interpoſed, that he had not been very long from *Merchant-Taylors*, and that he believed the Word to be *Latin.* This Point not being determined, they all agreed to meet in *Vinegar-Yard* preciſely at Three o'Clock, when *Jack Oakſtick* declared he would give ſeveral vigorous Proofs of his Valour.

Drury-Lane, Dec. 1.

On *Wedneſday* laſt was performed here, the Tragedy of *Richard* the Third; as there were many Circumſtances in the Battle, which was ſought in the Fifth Act, which are totally unknown to the Audience, it may not be improper to give ſome Account of that Engagement. As ſoon as *Richard* has encouraged the Soldiery by a warm and animating Speech, the Attack was begun by the Left Wing, under the Command of *Lieutenant General Marr*, who *led on his Ragamuffins where they were peppered.*

The firſt Impreſſion was received by *General Raftor*, who had taken the Advantage of the Ground, and diſpoſed ſeveral Men in Ambuſh behind ſeveral of the Scenes, from whence they ſallied out and did conſiderable Execution. By theſe Means *General Marr* was repulſed; he made a ſafe Retreat into the *Joking-Room*, where he rallied his Spirits and his Forces, and then returned to the Charge, which grew fiercer than ever. Upon the firſt Impreſſion upon *Richard*'s Army, *Lord High Conſtable Grey* and his Battalion, having ſet up a formidable Shout, marched with determined Fury againſt *General Raftor*, and would have totally defeated the *Earl* of *Richmond*, had not a Fatality prevented it. For *General Grey* happening to let fall his Staff, great Numbers were embarraſſed by the Accident, and ſome of them tumbling down drew others after them, till at Length the whole was a Scene of Deſolation. Upon this Occaſion *General Marr* fell greatly lamented, and (if we may be allowed to imitate *Salluſt)* the ſame Abſence of Paſſion, for which he was remarkable while living, was legible in his Countenance. *Felix ſi ſic pro patriâ cecidiſſet.* Happy had he ſo fallen for his Country. *General Raftor* alſo, being overpowered by Numbers, gave Proof of his Mortality; he merited alas, a better Fate, but Heaven thought otherwiſe. *General Grey* was taken Priſoner, which was ſaid by his Enemies to be a Judgment on him for the Numbers he had formerly deprived of their Liberty. The *Romeo Apothecary* acting as Surgeon to *Richmond*'s Army, took him inſtantly into his Care, and it is hoped his Wounds are not mortal. We cannot at preſent give an exact Account of the Loſs each Regiment ſuſtained, but we expect a perfect Liſt and a full Detail of the whole Action, in a *Gazette Extraordinary* to be publiſhed by the *Managers* this Evening.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If a ſingle Gentleman is inclined to go to *Drury-Lane* Playhouſe this Afternoon in a Hackney Coach, he may hear of three agreeable Companions, by applying to *Charles* at *Lloyd*'s Coffee-houſe in *Lombard-ſtreet.*

Bill of SUICIDE *for the Month of* November.

Cut his Throat, *Henry Lovegold*, worth 100,000 *l.*——The Reaſon of his committing this raſh Action, was, becauſe he was ordered by the Court of Conſcience to pay five and twenty Shillings to a Breeches-maker; found by the Inqueſt *Lunatic.*

Stabbed himſelf, *John Gloomy*, Eſq;—— He was often heard to ſay he had loſt all Reliſh for Pleaſure, and that it was only the ſame Thing over and over, *Lunatic.*

Shot himſelf, *Captain Dreadnought*,——He ſpent his Evening with ſeveral Friends, and was remarkably cheerful. He then went home, made his Will, and then blew his Brains out, *Lunatic.*

Drowned himſelf, *John Stukely*, an eminent Tobacconiſt; becauſe his Ship arrived from *Virginia* two Days after he enſured, *Lunatic.*

Poiſoned himſelf, *Abraham Stocks*, becauſe Lottery Tickets fell after he had bought half a Dozen, *Lunatic.*

Took a Doſe of Laudanum, *Joſeph Gripe*, becauſe Lottery Tickets roſe after he had ſold ten, *Lunatic.*

Hanged himſelf in a Garret, *Thomas Hopeleſs*, formerly a warm Houſekeeper in *Holborn*, but reduced by a Series of Misfortunes to extreme Miſery, with a Wife and ſeven Children, *Felo de ſe.*

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office Court*, *Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

Numb. 11. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, December 8, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 8, 1753.

——————— *Ut omnis*
Votivâ veluti pateat deſcripta Tabellâ
Vita ——————— Hor.

Tecum habita, & noris quam ſit tibi curta ſupellex. Perseus.

TO endeavour at ſome Degree of Self-Knowledge, was the conſtant Advice of the ethic Writers among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; and this Precept we find inculcated by each of them in Terms that come home to every Man's Breaſt. Among the Moderns, my Lord *Shaftſbury*, has more particularly enforced the Doctrine to the Race of Writers, and has recommended this intuitive Intercourſe to every Author, by deſiring him frequently to enter into a *Soliloquy* with himſelf; by which Means he will probably ſtand informed, whether he can boaſt that intellectual Harmony, which is requiſite for the Formation of a taſteful Mind; whether he is ſufficiently acquainted with the Progreſs of the human Underſtanding, the ſecret Movements of the Heart, the Grace of Character, the Beauty of Virtue, and all thoſe elegant Refinements of Thinking, without which it is impoſſible to reach any Degree of Excellence in a Compoſition. We likewiſe find that *Boileau*, the famous *French* Satyriſt was aware of the Neceſſity of this ſpiritual Retreat (if I may be allowed to call it ſo) and accordingly he has entered into a Review of himſelf in his ninth Satire, which is certainly as pleaſant a Piece of humour and Raillery, as ever was produced by any Writer antient or modern. The Poet addreſſes himſelf to his own Mind, by ſaying, that he wants to hold a little private Converſation with that internal Agent, whom he had too long encouraged in Whims and Frolics, by an indolent Indulgence ; and, now that his Patience is provoked to the utmoſt, he will, once for all, tell him his own.

C'eſt à vous, mon Eſprit, à qui je veux parler ;
Vous avez des defauts, que je ne puis celer.
Aſſez & trop long-temps ma lache complaiſance
De vos jeux criminels a nourri l'inſolence.
Mais puiſque vous pouſſez ma patience à bout,
Une fois en mai vie, il faut vous dire tout.

In Conformity to the Injunction of the noble Writer, and in Imitation of the ſenſible and polite Satyriſt, juſt quoted, I have lately divided myſelf into two Perſons, in order to examine my inward Frame, the Motives of my Actions, the ſecret Spring of my Writings, and to attain a more intimate Knowledge of my ſeveral Foibles, my various Humours, and the whimſical Viciſſitudes of my Paſſions. The Dialogue was carried on with great Warmth on both Sides, as if there was really an inteſtine War within me. As I am willing to diſcloſe myſelf, as well as to diſſect any other Character, that occurs to me in my Rambles, for the more effectual Improvement or Entertainment of my Readers, I ſhall lay the whole *Drama*, before them this Day. The candid, I am convinced, will pardon all ſuch Errors, as ariſe from the Imbecillity of human Nature, and the Enemies of the Author (if he has any) will abate from their Inveteracy, when they perceive that timorous Self-love cannot prevail upon him to conceal his own Infirmities.

SCENE, *the Author's Study ; he ſits down to his Writing-Table, rubs his Forehead, bites his Nails, pauſes for ſome Time in Reflection, and then the Dialogue begins.*

Ranger. — Come, my Soul, or whatever you are, that actuate this Machine ; you and I have long been wrangling, and I deſire now to have a private Conference with you, Pray, what could put into your Head to make me turn Writer?

Soul. How can you aſk me ſuch a Queſtion? You know my original Motive was to make as much waſte Paper, as the Reſt of the Scribblers of the Age. The Town began early to take Notice of my Undertaking, and ſo the Amuſement of it, and a Principle of Gratitude induced me to perſevere.

Ranger. Let me tell you, that you are a buſy, pragmatical, intermeddling, fooliſh Kind of a Being, and when once you take a Fancy into your Head, there is no ſuch Thing as reaſoning with you. Did not I repreſent to you that Writing is a State of Warfare upon Earth, and that the moſt candid and unaſſuming Expreſſion will not ſecure a Man from ſecret poiſoned Arrows, while Malice and Envy, and Ill-nature are ſuch predominant Vices in Mankind?

Soul. True; but did not I always anſwer you, that the wiſe and good will not become Tools to a Party, and that they will never condeſcend to do the dirty Work of Calumny and Detraction? Let me aſſure you, you were a Fool ever to trouble your Head about any Scribbler whatever. Take my Advice for the Future, and laugh at the Impotence of Malice; and whenever any one attempts to wound you with the Weapons of Falſehood, ſmile at the Dart, which, ſhort of its Aim, falls harmleſs at your Feet, and repeat with me from my favourite *Virgil*,

> ——— *Telumque imbelle ſine Ictu*
> *Conjecit* ——— ——— ———

Ranger. This is all fine Talking! But am not I pointed at in the mean Time? Don't I perceive the contracted Brow, the inflamed Eye, the Look that denounces Vengeance?

Soul. Not ſo faſt in your Career; Pray, Sir, have not you brought all this upon yourſelf? what Buſineſs had you to diſcover the Author? Prejudices will unavoidably ariſe againſt a known Writer. But you muſt go and conſult with a few of your Friends, before the Work was commenced; and what was the Conſequence? Did they aſſiſt you? They only whiſpered it about, and in a Month's Time, you were known every where. I often told you, you are of too open a Temper. Obſerve how ſome People lock up their Minds in Company; Snugs the Word; not a Syllable from their Lips, and they make Uſe of all they can extract from your communicative Diſpoſition. Look ye, if you would but keep my Secrets a little cloſer, I don't in the leaſt doubt but we ſhould ſucceed much better. Don't be quite ſo precipitate, and let us take Time to plan, to alter, to touch, and retouch, and I'll ſtake my Immortality, that we go on with more Safety and Eaſe. Or if you muſt take the Opinion of People, aſk it of thoſe only who have both Inclination and Capacity to ſerve you. Learn to diſtinguiſh between Men.

Ranger. I have no ſiniſter Intentions myſelf, and I never ſuſpect any Body elſe of harbouring ill Deſigns. But do you intend to perſevere in this Taſk?

Soul. Moſt certainly, while the Public continues favourable. I know there are ſecret Schemes to undermine us, but, as *Pope* ſays, "*All, all, but Truth drops dead-born from the Preſs.*"

Ranger. 'Gad, its pleaſant enough to ſee you aſſume the Air of a Dictator, and take upon you to reform Men and Manners, to correct vitiated Taſte, to offer your Criticiſms on fine Writings, give

Rules for Style, reprobate a Profuſion of Metaphors and flowery Epithets, and ridicule the Foibles of Mankind. I tell you, we are too young for the Taſk; do you feel within you the Emotions of a ſublime Spirit? Have your pervading Eyes ſearched every Subject to the Bottom? Had not you better employ yourſelf in reading the beſt Authors ancient and modern, than ſpinning out from yourſelf? Has *Apollo* opened to you the Secrets of *Parnaſſus?* And then don't I know your Method of Proceeding? Don't you ſome Times defer Things to the laſt Day, and don't you let Inaccuracies eſcape from you, which a little Time would inform you want Correction?

Soul. There I allow you hit me; but the Nature of periodical Writings muſt admit ſome ſlight Inadvertencies, the Diſſipations of Pleaſure, and a thouſand other Avocations muſt inevitably diſconcert a Perſon at Times; and then one is not always in the ſame Humour. But why don't you take Care to correct the Preſs? when you ſhould be attending to that neceſſary Trouble, you are often running about the Town, which is no Excuſe to the Reader. For my part, I flatter myſelf that the beſt Judges will allow for an youthful Enterprize, and in a more advanced Period, and at more Leiſure, I poſſibly may repay them for their preſent Indulgence.

Ranger. I ſee you will have your own Way. However I muſt tell you what I hear of you. It is remarked that you are too fond of mentioning Players? 'Sdeath, if you pretend to any Genius, can't you have more Pleaſure in reading *Shakeſpear*, than in hearing any of them repeat from him?

Soul. Why, you are ſenſible, that my Paper is calculated for a Multiplicity of Readers; ſome like one Thing, ſome another; there is no pleaſing all at once; And then you know I have no Ill-nature in me, and that I am far from having any Ill-will to any Man. Beſides there is a Performer on the Stage, who has upon many occaſions ſurprized me with new Lights in Paſſages that were before obſcure, and who has often had an irreſiſtible Power over my Paſſions.

Ranger. Still harping on your Favourite —but what Occaſion is there for it? Every Body knows he is an univerſal Genius.

Soul. Would you have me change my Style, and ſay that there are others equal to him?

Ranger. No, that would be taken for Raillery; they'd think you were laughing at them. But to cut the Matter ſhort, this Itch of Scribling is a dangerous Thing, you'll never be cured of it, till the Critics effectually damn you, which between you and I ——

Soul. Huſh! blabbing again? Hold your Peace Man.

Ranger. Well! well! I will, for Faith I am heartily tired of the Controverſy, and ſo ſince we are tied together like Man and Wife, without any Poſſibility of a Devorce, until Death us do part, I think we had better jog on as well as we can, with the Civility of People of Faſhion.

HEREUPON the Debate was broke up, and other Thoughts breaking in, theſe two *Shaftſburian* Perſons were both united into one, like two different Liquids in a Glaſs, which by the Inſuſion of a ſingle Drop, change their Appearance, and both become one clear and tranſparent Fluid.

W.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

Sir,

I HAVE a Complaint to make to you, which, I inſiſt, you muſt not neglect. You muſt know that I have long ſighed and languiſhed in an Hackney Coach, till my whole Frame of Body and Mind has been in one great Fermentation, and all this for the want of a String to ſtop the Coachman, when I want to ſpeak to him. For let a Lady be dreſſed ever ſo much in Taſte, or be going Incog upon ever ſuch important Buſineſs, up ſhe's obliged to get, fling herſelf half out of the filthy Vehicle to call aloud *Coachman*, *Coachman* ——— while he, the Fellow, ſtill drives on regardleſs of his Charge, till ſome Porter in the Street hollows after him, and a Mob is gathered together and ſurround the Coach to be Witneſſes of our further Orders — I vow and proteſt this is not to be born with. Conſider the Diſcompoſure of the Features and Dreſs; therefore I beg the Favour of you to ſee into this Matter, and proclaim the trifling Expence it would be to render thoſe Conveyances more commodious for all other Ladies, as well as,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant, and conſtant Reader,

SLY-CAP.

P. S. If you oblige me in this, you may poſſibly hear from me again; though I believe I ſhall not trouble theſe common Hacks much longer, as I have great Expectations, if I can but get five thouſand Pounds in the preſent Lottery of keeping a Coach of my own, but cannot be poſitive of it, till I conſult Mrs. *Sermon*, in *Naked Boy-Alley*.

To Miſs SLY-CAP.

Madam,

I do not think an Amour can be carried on in an Hackney Coach without a String, and therefore I think your Complaint very juſt. I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

Sir,

In Gratitude to you for the unſpeakable Service I have already received from your laſt Paper, I beg that you will publiſh my Caſe, which is as follows.

For twenty Years laſt paſt, I have been afflicted with a moſt extraordinary Species of Pride, which affected my Head to ſo a great Degree that I could not help looking down on my Fellow-creatures with the greateſt Contempt; I mean all who were not diſtinguiſhed by the Advantages of high Birth or Fortune, inſomuch that I do not remember for the Time above-

above-mentioned to have ever taken off my Hat to any Perſon who was not viſibly poſſeſſed of a Fortune of ten thouſand Pounds, which reduced me to ſuch a Situation, that all my Relations deſpiſed me, and all my old Acquaintance ſhunn'd my Company. But upon Peruſal of your Paper on the Subject of my Diſorder, I found ſuch an immediate Alteration in my Way of thinking, and ſuch a Relaxation in the Muſcles of my Neck, that I can already make a ſlight Bow to my Equals, and there is ſuch an Amendment in my Organs of Speech, that I can pronounce *Sir* or *Madam* reſpectively, to any genteel Perſon of either Sex. Now, Sir, as under God, I owe my Cure to your Labours I am willing to atteſt the ſame on Oath, when call'd upon, and am,

SIR,

Lloyd's Coffee-Houſe, *Dec.* 5. *Your moſt obedient, humble Servant.*

GEORGE STIFFNECK.

Drury-Lane, Dec. 8.

On *Saturday* laſt was preſented, at this Theatre, for the firſt Time, the Tragedy of *Boadicia*, with all the Advantages which the Exhibition could give it. The Muſic and the Scenery were both ſuited to the Piece, and the acting of it, were there no other Inducement, ſhould be ſufficient to draw numerous Audiences. This Circumſtance I cannot help thinking a great Encouragement to Letters, and it is enough to re-kindle the Dramatic Genius of this Nation, to reflect, that under the preſent Management of the Stage, Juſtice will be done, in every particular, to each Work of Merit. That Mr. *Glover*'s Piece is of this Claſs, it is unneceſſary to mention, though I cannot but remark, that the Applauſe it met with, was ſcarcely warm enough for ſuch fine Writing. It is certainly a bold Enterprize, after *Shakeſpear* has made us all ſo fond of ſavage Liberty, to attempt a Play conformable to the Rules and Simplicity of the *Stagyrite*; and thence it aroſe that ſome Scenes were not thought buſy enough; be that as it may, the Fire of the Author never grows dim, but glows intenſely through the whole, and all his Deſcriptions of the diſtant Battle, and his artful Alluſions to the hallowed Groves of the Druids, are finely interwoven. As I am convinced that this Tragedy will prove an elegant Cloſet-Companion to every Reader of Taſte, on account of the Purity and Elegance of Diction, which inſtead of over-charging Nature, ſet her off with all the Graces and Embelliſhments of Poetry, I ſhall defer ſaying any thing further, until I have an Opportunity of peruſing it at leiſure, and in the mean Time, I will add, that if the judicious *Voltaire* were to Criticiſe it, he would allow this Production to be conformable to his own Delicacy and good Senſe, and deſerving of a Place among the beſt of our modern Tragedies.

P. S. I cannot diſmiſs this Paper, without obſerving that the Turbulence of ſome Part of the Audience in the Gallery broke out very unreaſonably againſt a few Gentlemen of a particular Sect on the above Night. As the People have carried their point, by a vigorous and noble Effort of Spirit, in not admitting them to a Naturalization, they certainly ſhould treat them for the future with that Humanity and Politeneſs, which is due to Strangers.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court*, *Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*

THE
GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 12. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 15, 1753.

——*Nec tu Divinam Æneida tenta,*
Sed longe ſequere, & Veſtigia ſemper adora. STATIUS.

I HAVE lately gratified myſelf with the Pleaſure of peruſing the ſeveral Performances in Criticiſm, with which *Voltaire* has introduced into the World his various poetical Compoſitions. That excellent Author has the Modeſty to call moſt of theſe ſhort Eſſays, by the Name of, *Fugitive Pieces of Literature.* But the ſmalleſt Productions of ſo pleaſing a Writer, are indelible, and will be read with Pleaſure, while there remains any Taſte for a fine Turn of Senſe and an elegant Felicity of Expreſſion. When I obſerve thus much, I would not have it imagined that I perceive any Traces of Infallibility about him. In the general, his Remarks are deduced from Nature and *Ariſtotle*, and, on moſt Occaſions, he delivers himſelf with a ſound Judgment; but in my late curſory Review of his Writings, I think I have met with ſome Paſſages, which demand the Animadverſion of a Writer, who pretends to inſtruct or entertain his Readers. In the Diſcharge of this Taſk, I think I cannot acquit myſelf in a better Form, than that of a Letter to the Author; and this I ſhall endeavour to expedite with that Politeneſs, which is due to ſuch an extenſive Genius, and I make no Doubt but the *Engliſh* Reader will concur with me, in the few Obſervations, which I ſhall ſubmit to his Peruſal.

To Monſieur VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

THE Republic of Letters has happily removed that aukward Diſtance, and that extreme Difficulty of Acceſs, which Policy, miniſterial Artifice, and inſolent Pride have eſtabliſhed in the ordinary Intercourſe of Life; by which Means it has obtained, that the eaſy Seaſons of Application, the *mollia tempora fandi*, are at all Times allowed to every Member of the ſerene Republic already mentioned; and, while Decency and good Manners are preſerved, an eaſy Habitude ſubſiſts between the higheſt and the loweſt of that auguſt Body. Freedom of Converſe is the happy Colliſion, which has ſtruck out ſo many new Lights in every Thing relating to the Sciences and the liberal Arts; and it has been obſerved that there is no Book ſo mean, but ſome uſeful Hint may poſſibly be derived from it. On this Account it may be proper to wave all all Offers at an Apology, for the Liberty an unknown Writer allows himſelf, in addreſſing a Letter to ſo enlightened a Genius; I ſhall only premiſe, on this Occaſion, that I take the Pen in Hand with that Reſpect to which you are certainly entitled by the Superiority of your Parts; but as I have taken Exceptions to ſome Criticiſms, ſcattered up and down in your Writings, I cannot ſuppreſs a very ſtrong Inclination of laying them before the Public.

I HAVE obſerved, Sir, that you are apt to reprobate the *Engliſh* Stage, with ſome Degree of Acrimony, whenever it comes in your Way, and that you have not heſitated to make free with our immortal *Shakeſpear*, after a Manner, which, in my Opinion is inconſiſtent with that Reliſh for manly Senſe, which ſeems to be your Characteriſtic, and in a Stile, which to me appears deſtitute of your uſual Delicacy. If I ſhould ſay, that the boaſted *Bienſéance* of your Country has relinquiſhed you in ſome of theſe Paſſages, I flatter myſelf that upon a Review of them, you will not totally diſavow it. The moſt ſtriking of the various Judgments, which you have vented againſt the greateſt Dramatic Genius in the World, is found in your Diſcourſe prefixed, to your Tragedy of *Semiramis*, and is literally tranſlated into *Engliſh*, as follows.

"I DO not mean to juſtify the Tragedy of *Hamlet* in every "Particular; it is in Fact a barbarous Piece, abounding "with ſuch groſs Abſurdities, that it would not be tolerated "by the Vulgar in *France* and *Italy*. The Hero of the Play "runs mad in the ſecond Act, and his Miſtreſs meets with "the ſame Misfortune in the third. The Prince takes *Ophelia's* "Father for a Rat, and kills him, and, in Deſpair, ſhe throws "herſelf into a River. Her Grave is dug on the Stage, and the "Grave-Digger, with a Skull in his Hand, amuſes himſelf "with a String of miſerable Jeſts, while the Prince anſwers them "in Language equally diſguſting. *Hamlet*, his Mother, and

“ Father-in-Law drink together on the Stage. They divert
“ themſelves with Bottle-Songs, (*Chanſons a boir*) they quarrel,
“ they fight and kill. One would imagine this Play the Pro-
“ duction of a drunken Savage. And yet among theſe Ab-
“ ſurdities, which render the *Engliſh* Drama abſolutely bar-
“ barous, there are ſome Strokes in *Hamlet*, worthy of the moſt
“ exalted Genius. This has always been Matter of Aſtoniſh-
“ ment to me; it looks as if Nature, in pure Sport, diverted
“ herſelf with mixing in *Shakeſpear*'s Head, every thing ſublime
“ and great, with all that can be conceived low, mean and de-
“ teſtable.”

It is thus the elegant and ſenſible *Voltaire* ſpeaks of *Shakeſpear*. I would ſubmit it to yourſelf, Sir, whether this Criticiſm is candid, and whether it is a fair Diſcuſſion of the Tragedy in queſtion. We do not concern ourſelves in this Country with what is agreeable to the Taſte of the Vulgar in *France* or *Italy*; we know that the *Clinquant* of an Opera, or a *Comedie Ballet* is more acceptable to their Refinement, than the ſterling Bullion of an *Engliſh* Performance; but we might expect from a Writer of Eminence, a truer and more exact State of the Caſe. *Hamlet*, Sir, does not run mad, though if he did, King *Lear* has proved what a beautiful Diſtreſs might ariſe from it; he counterfeits Madneſs, for his own private End, but no body ever imagined that he thinks he is killing a Rat, when he ſlays *Polonius*. There is one Mr. *Garrick* on our Stage, who has entered into the very Soul of *Shakeſpear*, and his Performances are allowed to be the beſt Commentaries on that Poet, which our Nation has ever ſeen. I have conſulted him on this Head, and he aſſures me that no ſuch Ideas ever entered into his Imagination, and yet I believe, when he appears in this Character, that he aſſumes the very ſame Conſciouſneſs, and the very ſame Circulation of Ideas, which it is probable muſt have paſſed in that young Prince's Mind. If you will be pleaſed to recollect the Paſſage, you will find that he takes him for his Better, meaning the King, and that the Rat is only mentioned to ſave Appearances.

That *Ophelia*'s Grave is dug on the Stage cannot be refuted; but that very Indecorum produces, perhaps, ſo many fine Reflections, and ſuch an excellent Vien of Morality, as cannot be paralled by the *Scene Francoiſe*, and is, without doubt, warmer and more intereſting, than the frigid, unimpaſſioned Declamation of a more correct Writer. I cannot recollect that *Hamlet* ever ſhocked me with miſerable Jeſts upon this Occaſion; nor do I remember that any of them are ſuch honeſt Bottle-Companions as to carouſe and ſing merry Catches on the Stage. Pray conſider, Sir, that our Language, though no way inferior to the *French*, is not univerſally underſtood Abroad, and from your Repreſentation of Matters, it may be inferred that our great Poet is really the *drunken Savage*, you have thought proper to call him. This would be derogating from the greateſt

Poet the World has ever ſeen ſince the Days of *Homer*, and, I believe you will grant, is dealing unfairly with a Man, whom you cannot but Reverence.

WHEN you confeſs that he has many Flights of the higheſt Elevation, you make an approach towards Juſtice; but then I cannot help thinking that you are ſomewhat like a Painter, who lays on juſt and proper Colouring, and then inſtantly effaces it, when you add that you are aſtoniſhed at his ſublime Excurſions of Fancy. I ſhould have expected from your Candour, that you would rather have ſaid, it is a Pity that he, who ſoared to ſuch glorious Heights, ſhould ever tire the Muſes Wing, and fall beneath himſelf. You may remember, that it is with this good Temper *Longinus* talks of *Homer*; they are Dreams, ſays, he, but they are the Dreams of *Homer*. He might, perhaps, with more Propriety than you have given the Apellation of a *drunken Savage*, have called him, AN OLD DOTARD, and aſſerted that ſome of his long Stories are deteſtable; but a candid Critic forgives the Imbecilities of human Nature, and paſſes Sentence like a mild and good-natur'd Judge.

Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet Honeſti. HOR.

IN one of your Letters concerning the *Engliſh* Nation, you are greatly pleaſed with a Saying of the late Lord *Bolingbrooke*, in relation to the Duke of *Marlborough*. "He was," reply'd that ingenuous Nobleman when his Opinion was aſked, "ſo great "a Man, that I have forgot his Faults." Something like this might be your Judgment upon *Shakeſpear*; and it was more particularly incumbent on you, to treat his Memory with reſpect, becauſe, I apprehend, you owe very great Obligations to him in many of your own dramatic Writings. We frequently perceive you lighting your Torch at his Fire; in your *Mahomet*, *Macbeth marſhals you the Way that you are going*; in many other Scenes we can catch your Eye fixed upon our immortal Bard, and in your *Semiramis* you have adventured to introduce a Ghoſt, in Imitation of the very Play, which has occaſioned the Severity already cited. The Succeſs you met with upon that Occaſion might ſerve to convince you of *Shakeſpear*'s inimitable Merit. The *Parterre*, if I miſtake not, turn'd their Backs to the Stage, and blew their Noſes; while the Ghoſt on our Theatre never fails to impreſs an awful Stillneſs on every Mind. This, Sir, give me leave to aſſure you, is not owing to the Barbarity of our Taſte, but to the amazing Power of our Poet's Imagination, which could explore the undiſcovered Regions of Eternity, and recal the fleeting Spirit, with a Solemnity of Ideas reſponſive to the Occaſion.

SHAKESPEAR is a kind of eſtabliſh'd Religion in Poetry, and his Bays will always flouriſh with undiminiſhed Verdure. When I ſay this, I am not for maintaining that he is not guilty of Tranſgreſſions, but for every Tranſgreſſion he recompences his Auditors with Beauties, which no Art will ever equal. That the Rules eſtabliſh'd by *Ariſtotle* and *Horace* are agreeable to

Nature, I am ready to allow, and that inferior Genius's may avail themſelves by a ſkilful Conformity to them, I as freely aſſent to. But Fable is but a ſecondary Beauty; the Exhibition of Character, and the Excitement of the Paſſions, juſtly claiming the Precedence in dramatic Poetry. It is in Writing as in Gardening; where Nature does not afford ſpontaneous Beauties, recourſe muſt be had to the Embelliſhments of ſlow endeavouring Art, to the Regularity of uniform Viſtas, the Intricacy of elaborated Mazes, and a ſtudied Inſertion of Evergreens; but when the Courſe of the Country of itſelf preſents attractive Scenes on every Side, when the Trees branch out with a free Expanſion, and the bold Proſpect ſurprizes with the Heath, the Lawn, the Hill and Valley, in wild Variety, the Littleneſs of tedious Culture is unneceſſary, and petty Ornaments are unlooked for.

I SHALL conclude, Sir, with a Paſſage from your own Works. "Do not bluſh, Sir, to repent of your little Inadvertencies. "It is hard, but it is amiable to acknowledge our Errors." "*Ne rougiſſez point, Monſieur, de vous Repentir de vos petites In-* "*advertances. Il eſt dur, mais il eſt beau d'avouer ſes fautes.*"

I am, Sir,

Your warm Admirer,

And moſt obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter-Office, Dec. 15, 1753.

I HAVE received three Letters of an extraordinary Nature, and ſhall preſent them to my Readers this Day.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

I have read your laſt, and damn YOUR SOUL.

Yours,

JOHN BLUNT.

Mr. RANGER,

You are a QUEER SOUL, that's certain.

Yours,

TOM BUCK.

Dear RANGER,

Frank Eaſy and I, have been reading over the Dialogue between you and yourſelf, and he ſays, *you are a rare Soul,* but I could not help replying in the Words of your Couſin *Ranger.*

I take the Body, you the Mind,
Which has the better Bargain.

Your Servant,

HARRIOT LIVELY.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe, Dec. 12.

Mr. *Hogarth*'s Analyſis of Beauty has been the Subject, on which the *Beaux Eſprits* of this Place have exerciſed their Talents for a few Days paſt. A Gentle-

A Gentleman who had been frequently Witneſs to their Debates, penned the following ſhort Copy of Verſes.

To Mr. HOGARTH *on his Analyſis of Beauty.*

Hogarth, *thy Fate is fix'd; the Critic Crew,*
The Connoiſſeurs and Dablers in Vertû,
Club their united Wit, in ev'ry Look
Hint, ſhrug, and whiſper, they condemn thy Book:
Their guiltleſs Minds will ne'er forgive the Deed;
What Devil prompted thee to write and read?

From the Daily-Avertiſer.

On *Wedneſday* laſt a Gentleman and three Ladies were overturned in a Coach, near *Groſvenor-ſquare*; the Ladies met with no Accident on the Occaſion, but the Gentleman unfortunately fractured his *ſmall Ribs.* This Accident was owing to a Steel-Hoop, which was wore by one of the Ladies. *This may ſerve as a Caution to them, not to be too whimſical in the Article of Dreſs.*

We are credibly informed, that ſeveral young Ladies of the firſt Quality are come to a Reſolution (in caſe the Marriage-Act ſhould take Place) to preſent a Petition to enable them, when they can marry none but People of diſtinguiſhed Faſhion, to enjoy the Liberty of having, like *Beatrice* in the Play, *an Huſband for working Days.*

Wants Employment a young Man who has three Days in the Week to himſelf, and will be glad to be engaged by any Lady to write her Meſſage-Cards, and keep the Account of her Viſits, after the *Italian* Method, by Way of *Debtor* and *Creditor*, by which Means ſhe will ſee at one Caſt of her Eye, how ſhe ſtands with any of her Acquaintance, and this will alſo prevent many of thoſe fatal Miſtakes in paying Viſits, when they really are not due, which have been the Occaſion of Diſturbances in many Families, and are greatly prejudicial to the Honour of any Lady, who means to hold up her Head, as high as her Neighbours.

Covent-Garden, Dec. 13.

The Tragedy of the *Earl of Eſſex* has been performed here this Week, and it is univerſally agreed by all, who have ſeen the Play, that Mrs. *Bland* performs the Queen with great Spirit, and with more Reſemblance to a Perſonage of Rank, than is commonly ſeen on the Stage.

Drury-Lane, Dec. 15.

On *Thurſday* next will be performed a Comedy called, the *Ladies Philoſophy*, for the Benefit of Mr. *Macklin*, when, without having the Spirit of Prophecy, Mr. *Ranger* foreſees there will be a very numerous Audience. Mr. *Macklin* has been diſtinguiſhed for a long Time paſt, as a Perſon eminent in his Profeſſion, poſſeſſed of ſtrong Comic Humour, and univerſally acknowledged to have attained to more Knowledge in the Art of Acting than falls to every Man's Share. The Public by the Cabals of Theatrical Policy, are deprived of the Appearance of a Performer, who has always been a very high Addition to their Entertainments. It is really hard, that one, who has ſpent many Years in the Study of the Theatrical Buſineſs, ſhould at Length be excluded from enjoying the Pleaſure and Profit of it. He was laſt Summer diſcharged from *Covent-Garden* Playhouſe, where I ſhould be glad to ſee a Performer of equal Skill; and this Expulſion has determined him to concert another Scheme of Life, to promote which, the Managers of the other Houſe have generouſly offered him a Night. When Mr. *Macklin*, after having devoted his utmoſt Application to the Entertainment of the Town, is to take his Leave of all his Friends; and I do not doubt, but thoſe who have frequently been pleaſed with his Performance, will make a Point of it, to requite him on the abovementioned Night for many Years ſpent in their Service.

THE
GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 13. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 22, 1753.

Et Spes & Ratio ſtudiorum in Cæſare tantum.
Juv.

THE End of this Paper is Entertainment or Utility; and tho' I believe, what I now offer to the Public, will not participate very much of the former, yet as I think it may be highly conducive to the latter, I ſhall make no Apology to the Lovers of Mirth and Humour for the Seriouſneſs and Gravity of what is now laid before them. It is a Scheme for the Improvement of the liberal Arts and Sciences, Manufactures, *&c.*

As this Age abounds with Projectors of all Sorts, it is poſſible, that at the firſt Appearance of this Propoſal, it may be conſidered in the ſame viſionary Light with the Reſt of the various Enterprizes now on Foot; but I muſt beg, that the Reader will not too haſtily form a Prejudice againſt an Undertaking, which may be of the higheſt Advantage to this Kingdom. The Scheme is concerted by a public ſpirited Gentleman of *Northampton*; has met with the Approbation of ſome of the moſt eminent in

Literature of the preſent Age; is countenanced by ſeveral worthy Members of the Royal-Society, and many Noblemen of the firſt Rank and Faſhion have generouſly promiſed to be Subſcribers to a Scheme of this Nature. The Gentleman who is the firſt Promoter of it, called upon me the other Morning, and deſired I would, in order to render it as public as poſſible, give it a Place in the GRAY'S-INN-JOURNAL. However unworthy *Ranger* may be, as a Member of the literary Commonwealth, he is a warm Well-wiſher to the Cauſe of all the liberal Arts, and could not refuſe complying with a Requeſt, which ſeems to ariſe from a Deſign to promote Real and uſeful Knowledge. I ſhall not at preſent endeavour to enforce it by any Arguments in its Favour; but I ſhall make it my Buſineſs in my next Week's Rambles, to collect the various Sentiments of the Public concerning this Undertaking, and perhaps I may at Maturity offer ſome Thoughts on this Head I ſhall not therefore detain the Reader, any longer, from the Peruſal of it, but ſhall releaſe him wirh obſerving, that enlightened as the preſent Age is, and flouriſhing in Arts and Sciences, the Protection and Encouragement of a few *Mæcenas*'s will not fail to carry Matters to an higher Degree of Perfection, and Ornament.

PROPOSALS *for raiſing by a Subſcription a Fund to be diſtributed in* Premiums, *for the promoting of Improvements in the* LIBERAL ARTS *and* SCIENCES, MANUFACTURES, *&c.*

AS Riches are acknowledged to be the Strength, Arts and Sciences may juſtly be eſteemed the Ornaments of Nations. Few Kingdoms have ever been formidable without the one, or illuſtrious without the other, or very conſiderable without both. Does it not then behove every Nation to cultivate and promote amongſt the Members of her own Community, what are ſo apparently and eminently conducive to her Intereſt and Glory? Encouragement is much the ſame to Arts and Sciences as Culture is to Vegetables: They always advance and flouriſh in Proportion to the Rewards they acquire, and the Honours they obtain.—The *Auguſtan* Age amongſt the *Romans*, and ſome preceding Ages amongſt the *Greeks*, were remarkable for the Delicacy of their Taſte and the Nobleneſs of their Productions; they have recommended and endeared themſelves to all Poſterity by many valuable Monuments of Genius and Induſtry. None, I preſume, will imagine, that the Men of thoſe Times were endued with natural Abilities ſuperior to the Reſt of Mankind in former Ages, or in this our preſent Time, but their Abilities, originally equal, roſe to this Superiority, by falling into a more fertile Soil, and being exerted under more favourable Influences. Had the ſame Advantages been enjoyed, even in the moſt ſupine and barbarous Periods, there is no Doubt but Genius would have ſhined and Induſtry toiled, and very probably with equal Succeſs.

Profit and Honour are too ſharp Spurs, which quicken Invention, and animate Application; it is therefore propoſed, that a Scheme be ſet on foot for giving both theſe Encouragements to the liberal Sciences, to the polite Arts, and to every uſeful Manufactory. That with this View a Fund be raiſed by Subſcription for the Diſtribution of ſome ſuitable Premium, or honorary Gratification, for any and every Work of diſtinguiſhed Ingenuity. That whoever ſhall make the moſt conſiderable Progreſs in any Branch of beneficial Knowledge, or exhibit the moſt compleat Performance in any Species of mechanick Skill, whoever ſhall contrive, improve, execute, or cauſe to be executed any Scheme or Project, calculated for the Honour, the Embelliſhment, the Intereſt, the Comfort, (or in Time of Danger, for Defence of this Nation) may receive a Reward ſuitable to the Merit of his Services. Such an Undertaking, it is thought, may eaſily be eſtabliſhed, and as eaſily ſupported, by a Body of generous and public-ſpirited Perſons, and it is hoped may prove and effectual Means to embolden Enterprize, to enlarge Science, to refine Art, to improve our Manufactures, and extend our Commerce; in a Word, to render *Great-Britain* the School of Inſtruction, as it is already the Centre of Traffic to the greateſt part of the known World.

Northampton, June 8, 1753.

A Scheme *for putting above the Propoſals in Execution, modelled partly from the Plan uſed by the* Dublin-Society.

WHEN there is a ſufficient Number of Subſcribers to put the Scheme in Execution, it is propoſed that they form themſelves into a Body, by the Name of a Society, for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures in *Great-Britain*, or by ſuch other Title as the Subſcribers ſhall agree upon.

Ladies as well as Gentlemen are invited into this Subſcription, as there is no Reaſon to imagine they will be behind Hand in a generous and ſincere Regard for the Good of their Country.

It is alſo propoſed, that the Subſcribers ſhall chuſe amongſt themſelves a *Preſident*, one or two *Vice-Preſidents*, a *Treaſurer*, and a *Secretary*.

All the Articles relating to the Scheme may be ſettled by Balloting, and each Subſcriber ſhall be entitled to as many Votes as are in Proportion to his Subſcription.

The Premiums may be Honorary and Pecuniary, and adjudged in the following Manner. Some Time before the Day fixed for that Purpoſe, the Specimens may be ſent by the Candidates without any Name to the *Secretary*, who may give Receipts for them, and mark each particular Receipt and Specimen with the ſame Number.

At the Time agreed upon for adjudging the Premiums, a Committee being choſen, and ſome of the ableſt Judges of each particular Art, Science or Manufacture called into their Aſſiſtance, the Performances of the ſeveral Candidates may be examined, and their ſuperior Merits determined; then the Perſons who produce the Receipts, whoſe Numbers correſpond with thoſe of the beſt Specimens, may afterwards claim the Prizes. If a profound Secrecy is previouſly enjoyned to the Competitors, in all Caſes that will admit of it, under the Penalty of being for ever excluded the Benefit of the Premiums, it is thought there can be no Room for Prejudice, or Partiality.

In particular Caſes, as for very curious and valuable Inventions or Improvements, *&c.* Gold-Medals may be given (which may ſerve both for *Premiums* and alſo for *Honorary* Gratifications) of ſuch Value and with ſuch Devices as ſhall be thought proper by the Subſcribers; but for common Inventions or Improvements, pecuniary Premiums are judged ſufficient,

There may be given with the Medals, Certificates ſigned by the *Preſident*, *Vice-Preſident*, *Treaſurer*, and ſome of the principal Subſcribers, ſignifying what Honours the Acquirers have been intitled to, and what Rewards they have obtained; therefore if a Medal be got by a Perſon, whoſe Circumſtances may oblige him to part with it, yet ſtill a Certificate will perpetuate the Honour he has received.

Certificates may likewiſe be given with the pecuniary Premiums, which will be of equal Uſe.

If conſiderable Premiums were given to the Inventors, and ſtill greater to the Improvers, if thought worthy, and the greateſt of all to thoſe who ſhall moſt amply execute, or cauſe to be executed, the ſaid Inventions or Improvements, it may be preſumed this would be attended with beneficial Conſequences.

Should the Subſcriptions not be ſufficient at firſt for ſo many Premiums as might be wiſh'd; a Beginning may be made with giving Rewards for the following Articles, or ſome others that may be judged of the moſt Importance to the Nation, *viz.*

For Improvements in the preſent Plans of Education, in naval Affairs, in Huſbandry and particularly for the introducing of ſuch Manufactures as may employ great Numbers of the

Poor, which ſeems the only Way of leſſening the Swarms of Thieves and Beggars throughout the Kingdom, and relieving Pariſhes from the Burden they labour under, in maintaining their numerous Poor, as well as rendering Multitudes of the unemployed lower Claſs of People uſeful to the Community, and happy in themſelves.

PREMIUMS may alſo be given for the Revival and Advancement of thoſe Arts and Sciences which are at a low Ebb, amongſt us; as Poetry, Painting, Tapeſtry, Architecture, *&c.* As above all other People, the *Engliſh* are endued with Talents peculiar for Improvements in Arts and Manufactures, ſo by their moſt extenſive Commerce, they will of Courſe reap greater Advantages from ſuch Improvements, when made, than any other Nation whatever.

London, December 22, 1753.

* * *

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe, Dec. 19.

THE Critics in a Committee of the whole Houſe, have taken into Conſideration, the preſent State of the Theatres, and the Situation of the Drama. Variety, they have agreed, is the Life and Soul of thoſe Diverſions, as well as all other Pleaſures of Life, and they have laid it down as a fixed Rule, that no Theatre will ever flouriſh without gratifying the ſtrongeſt Paſſion in our Natures, the Love of Novelty, and that no Actor or Actreſs can ever be greatly conducive to the Entertainment of the Public, without endeavouring to aſſume different Shapes, two or three Times in the Week. With Regard to Writing, they intend ſhortly to publiſh a Treatiſe on dramatic Poetry, in which will be fully explained the modern Notions of Tragedy and Comedy, their Ideas of Fable, Incident, Character and Diction; and after Publication of the ſaid Work, they are determined to proceed with the utmoſt Severity, againſt all Poets who ſhall be guilty of any Infringement of the Rules, which they ſhall think proper to eſtabliſh.

Sam's Coffee-houſe, Change-Alley.

On *Sunday* laſt the Caravan overflowed at ſix o'Clock; occaſioned by the Appearance of a new Driver, being the firſt Time of his Driving any Stage or Caravan whatever. He performed wonderfully for a Beginner, had ſeveral new and ſurprizing Strokes, ſtood in ſeveral amazing Poſtures on the Box, and pronounced *Ge ou* with a very proper Emphaſis. And here I have one Favour to aſk of our common News-Papers, and that is, to mention this Performer with more Delicacy, than others generally have been. As he is a Gentleman, not compelled by Neceſſity to this Undertaking, but urged to it by Inclination and for his own Diverſion, it is hoped they will be tender how they mention him, leſt, not being callous to Cenſure, he may be diſcouraged from perſevering in this Taſk.

Slaughter's Coffee-houſe, Dec. 18, 1753

The repeated Advices from *France,* of the noble Struggle made by the Parliament againſt the Arbitrary Meaſures of the Clergy, occaſion inexpreſſible Joy in this little Aſylum of the Refugees. Yeſterday indeed an unlucky Diſpute aroſe between Monſieur *D'Onion,* and Monſieur *D'Echalotte,* which had like to have been attended with bad Conſequences.

The Occaſion of it was as follows — Monſieur *D'Onion*, after peruſing the *Paris à la main* for about five and thirty Minutes, broke out into an Exclamation — "Parblieu! ſays he, de ting go ver vel in *France*, de Parliment make noble Effort, et ma fois, it is not impoſſeeble, dat de Huguinots may be reſtore — Ventrebleu! if I zee dat Day, I die vid Pleazure, for I have ſacrifize my Eſtate of tree honder'd Livre de Rente for my Religion — Ventrebleu! it is true."—Monſieur *D'Echalotte*, looking upon this Boaſt to be a Reflection upon the other Gentlemen of the Religion, took him up ſhort.—"Monſieur *D'Onion*, replied he, ſat Right you have to make de Man of Conſequence, more dan oder Peeple—dere are doſe, dat have de Zele as eclatante as Monſieur *D'Onion* — my Fader gave up his Eſtate of five hondred Livres a Year, avec Droit de Chaſſe too, becauſe he vood not be Papiſte, and myſelf, Monſieur *D'Onion*, I myſelf, if I had a touſand Livres de Rente, I vood abondone it, rader dan ſubmit to the Whore of *Babylon*, Corblieu! damn it!"—This Matter growing very ſerious, Monſieur *Charenton*, who is of a very friendly Diſpoſition, thought proper to interpoſe—"Meſſieurs, ſays he, pourquoi querellez vous! why you quarrel? You have bote ſuffer ver much in de Perſecution, and I too, aldo I never talk of it, loſe my *Charge* of two honderd Livres a Year, but I do not make merit of dat — no, no, cela ne me'chappe jamais — for all dat every Body know it — Derefore, Meſſieurs as yee are perſecute all for the zame Cauſe, let us be good Vriends, je vous en prie."—This pathetic Speech had ſo good an Effect upon the two Gentlemen above-mention'd that they immediately embraced each other, and ſpent the Remainder of the Evening, in a very affectionate Manner, at a Game of Cheſs.

Covent-Garden, Dec. 19.

On *Monday* laſt a Comic Opera was performed at this Theatre to a very ſplendid Audience. A great Deal of whatever Humour, this Production may contain, is certainly loſt to an *Engliſh* Audience; and the Manner of Acting, being a Burleſque upon, what the People here are not very well acquainted with, is not univerſally felt; But notwithſtanding theſe Diſadvantages, there is one among them, Signora *Nicolina Giordani*, who diſplayed ſuch lively Traces of Humour in her Countenance, ſuch a pleaſing Vivacity of Action, and ſuch Variety of graceful Deportment, that ſhe is generally acknowledged to be, in that Caſt of Playing, an excellent Comic Actreſs. ——— We are informed that the Tragedies of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and *Venice Preſerved*, not having been acted here this Seaſon, will ſhortly be revived, By the particular Deſire of ſeveral Perſons of Quality, who long greatly to ſee the ſaid Tragedies.

Drury-Lane, Dec. 21.

Laſt Night a polite Audience aſſembled here to ſee a veteran Officer diſcharge himſelf from the Service, and take Leave of the Public. Mr. *Macklin* performed with ſuch true Humour on this Occaſion, in the Character of Sir *Gilbert Wrangle*, that he is allowed by every one preſent, to have finiſhed with a convincing Proof, that he is well acquainted with the ſecret Workings of Nature, in the human Breaſt. This Loſs will be the leſs lamented, as he has bequeathed to the Public Care, his Daughter Miſs *Macklin*, who, as we have already obſerved, has ſuch a pleaſing Elegance of Figure, ſuch Senſibility in her Countenance and ſo many genteel Accompliſhments, as cannot fail to render her a very ſhining Actreſs; and it is, not doubted, but in genteel Comedy (a Walk which wants to be filled) ſhe will always make a very graceful Appearance.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*

THE GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 14. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1753.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 29, 1753.

Multa ferunt Anni venientes commoda ſecum. HOR.

——*Uno avulſo non deficit alter*
Aureus, & Simili frondeſcit Virga Metallo. VIRG.

IT has for a long Time been the Objection to the periodical Writer of Eſſays, that every Subject is pre-occupied; that the *Spectators*, *Tatlers* and *Guardians* have cultivated every Field of Reflection, and that there remains nothing untouched at preſent for the Adventurer in this Way. If theſe Criticiſms had their Weight with every one, there would be no ſuch Thing as an Attempt to ſhake off that Indolence, which ſeems to have overſpread the literary World, and which if not happily diſſipated, muſt prove the Bane of Taſte, Spirit and Emulation.

THOUGH I have all the Reſpect due to the Memory of the excellent Writers of the Papers abovementioned, I am far from paying them a blind Adoration; on the contrary amidſt all that Effulgence of Genius, that ſurprizing Emanation of Wit, and that pleaſant Vein of Humour, which is remarkable in moſt of their Works, I can frequently deſcry a Subject careleſly treated, without Method, without Reaſoning, and without any Beauties of Stile or Language. I have often gone through a Series of important Trifles; I have found them vague upon Subjects of Criticiſm, indeterminate in their Expreſſions, looſe in their Definitions, and even ſometimes ungrammatical in the Conſtruction of their Periods. This being the Caſe, I am of Opinion that it would be an erroneous Proceeding to cruſh every other Attempt, merely becauſe Sir *Richard Steel* planned ſo many Years before. Had the Rigour of this Sentence been carried into Execution, the World would never have been favoured with the inimitable Lucubrations of Mr. *Johnſon* in the *Rambler*, a Paper, in my humble Judgment, carried on with a Spirit equal to any of his Predeceſſors, in many Reſpects not inferior to *Addiſon*, and in ſome, perhaps entitled to the Pre-eminence. That the *Engliſh* Language has received from this Writer many ſupernumerary Ornaments, I believe, will not be conteſted by any Judge in theſe Matters. He has handled every Topic with great Erudition and ſtrong Senſe, enlivened with all the Embelliſhments of a warm Imagination, and the whole Set off in a manly, clear and harmonious Stile. If his Work has not the Variety of the *Spectator*, it is becauſe Mr. *Johnſon* wrote ſingly and alone; Whereas the former was concerted by a Number of different Hands; and therefore in the preſent Age, there ſeems to me, nothing wanting but a Coalition of a few bright Men, to equal the laſt Age in periodical Productions of all Sorts.

If I ſhould add to the Loſs of the Gentleman, already mentioned, the great Detriment a Suppreſſion of my preſent ingenious Brothers of the Quill would occaſion in the Republic of Letters, I make no Doubt, but the their reſpective Admirers will form a Party to ſupport what I advance. The Truth of the Matter is, there are many Subjects in every Branch of Science, and in all the liberal Arts, which, without Diſpute, may be diſcuſſed in ſuch a Manner, as will conduce both to the Entertainment and Inſtruction of the Public. For Inſtance Mr. *Addiſon*'s Papers on Humour need never deter any Man, who has enquired into it, from offering his Thoughts to his Countrymen; for certainly there is Room for clearer reaſoning, and more Accuracy and Preciſion in the Expreſſion than what we find in his Lucubrations on this Occaſion. The ſame Author's Criticiſm on *Milton*'s *Paradiſe-Loſt*, may likewiſe be equalled by ſucceſſive Writers; and every ſubject will ſtill preſent new Points of View to the inquiſitive Eye. The Regions of Reflection, are like a champain Country, in which different Objects ſtrike on different Imaginations, and Men dwell on Parts of the Proſpect, which have eſcaped another's Notice, each taking the Path moſt agreeable to his Fancy, and enjoying various Senſations of Delight, according to their reſpecting Taſtes for the Wonderful, the Regular, and the Beautiful.

THOUGH the time already elapſed has manifeſtly pre-engaged many Remarks and Obſervations, inſomuch that there is now hardly any Thing new remaining, yet the Alteration of Cuſtoms, Manners, and Faſhions in ſucceſſive Ages, will always afford freſh Matter for the comic Muſe. The Tree of Folly is like the Tree mentioned by *Virgil*; though many have plucked a Branch from it, it is ſhortly replaced by another, and the new Growth ſhoots into Day-light in quick Succeſſion, and with undiminiſhed Fertility; ſo that there never is a Deficiency of Matter for a Genius to ſeize, and there will always remain freſh Laurels to adorn the Brow of him who is ambitious to diſtinguiſh himſelf by a literary Fame.

ARE there thoſe who delight in indulging a delicate Vein of Raillery on the Foibles and Peccadillios of the fair Sex? Never was there more ample Room to diſplay a Turn of Wit in that Way, than the preſent Times are ſo happy as to afford. The Hoop has of late ſwelled to a wider Circumference than ever, and by the Help of a few formidable Rows of Steel, not only ſerves to protect the rigid Virtue of the *Amazons*, who wear them, but alſo threatens Miſchief to the whole Circle of Beaux, who are hardy enough to inveſt the Ladies, in their well-fenc'd Entrenchments, notwithſtanding the manifeſt Danger of fracturing a Shin-bone, or hurting the Pan of the Knee, by the leaſt Inadvertence in their Approaches. While the Ladies continue in this Practice, I think they may fairly be charged with carrying concealed Arms, or making uſe of maſqued Batteries, for which, in my Opinion, they have no kind of Occaſion, as they ſeem to me to poſſeſs more Courage than any *Amazon* in Hiſtory. For whereas thoſe Virago's, famous for martial Proweſs, uſed to encounter the Men with only *one* Breaſt exerted, the modern Ladies are not afraid of meeting them with *both* quite naked and diſplayed to View. The Head is alſo built up many Stories higher than it uſed to be, and the Art of Painting flouriſhes among them to ſuch a Degree, that it is abſolutely impoſſible to know an Acquaintance for any Length of Time together, each Fair-one having as many Faces, and as many Complexions for her Skin, as the different Mixtures of blended Colours can beſtow. Add to this, that a Perſon may meet one of the fair Sex on one Day with an elegant Shape, and the next he ſees her as big round the Waiſt, as if ſhe really were within a few Days of her Time, though *Cribbidge* and *All-fours* have ſuppreſſed the Reign of Love, and *Cupid* minds nothing now but cogging the Dice, or procuring a Pair-royal of Aces at Brag.

I HAVE choſe to glide over theſe Articles by way of pointing out Matter to ſome of my ingenious Cotemporaries; and as they are never remarkable for Benevolence towards one another, the preſent Swarm of Scriblers, periodical Writers, *&c.* may demand their Animadverſion. On this Head there is Room for conſidering the Source and Standard of Writing; Spirit, Taſte, and Senſe may be recommended to every Gentleman of the Quill, as the only Qualifications to introduce an Author to the public Favour. According to my Conception of Things, Invention is a requiſite Talent for the Conductor of a Paper, to be publiſhed on a ſtated Day; and though it is neceſſary, that the Writer ſhould have faſhioned himſelf by an early Acquaintance with the beſt Productions ancient and modern, I would have him derive from thoſe excellent Maſters an eaſy Habitude of thinking, with Clearneſs and Elegance on any Subject, and a quick Facility of diſpoſing his Thoughts in the beſt Method, ſo as to follow one another coherently, and with ſome degree of Vivacity, rather than an indigeſted Heap of Crudities, which at the ſame Time that they diſcover the Fulneſs of the Author's Stomach, alſo betray the Foulneſs of it.

THIS is another Topic, which the peculiar Fertility of the preſent Age has ſupplied; and a little Obſervation will evince, that new Lights are to be ſtruck out in almoſt every Branch of Literature. Since Mr. *Addiſon*'s Time, a *Du Bos* has ſhone forth in *France*, and a *Spence* in *England*; and the late ingenious Editor of a Tranſlation of *Virgil* has proved, that Rules for fine writing may be ſtill enforced with great Propriety. Beſides this, the happy Diſpoſition for Luxury, Gaming, and every Vice, Folly, Whim, Foible, Humour, and Extravagance, which prevail at preſent, ſeems to promiſe a plentiful Crop every Year, without any Neceſſity to let the Soil lie fallow, in Order afterwards to glean the Mud more plentifully from it.

I HAVE thrown together theſe unconnected Hints, not with a View to ſerve my own Paper, which has now been eſtabliſhed for more than a Year; but to convince the Public of the great Propriety with which ſo many witty and ſpirited Writers have lately undertaken to add to their Amuſements.

W.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Gazette, 8th December.

ERRATUM *in our laſt.*

FOR HER GRACE *the* DUTCHESS *of Dorſet*, read HIS GRACE the DUTCHESS of *Dorſet*.

As this Article is not dated from Whitehall, *Mr.* Ranger *humbly deſires to know, whether it be of greater Authority than if it had been in the* Dublin-Journal.

From the Paris A-la-Main, *Dec.* 24.

As ſoon as the News of Mr. *Caiphas* being arrived at *Paris*, reached *Verſailles*, his Majeſty ordered Monſ. *D'Argenſon* to conduct him in one of the Body-Coaches to Court; an Honour, which has not been conferred on any *Engliſhman*, ſince the Days of Biſhop *Burnet*, who was diſtinguiſhed in the ſame extraordinary manner by *Lewis* the XIVth. of which he gives a very exact Account, in his inimitable Hiſtory of himſelf, in two Volumes Folio. When he was introduced into the Royal Preſence, the King received him with all the Reſpect, due to ſo uncommon a Perſonage, and after the Ceremony of the Interview was over, Orders were given, that the Waters ſhould play for his Diverſion. All the Nobility, in Conſequence of this Reception, piqued themſelves upon ſhewing Honours to this Gentleman; and particularly Monſ. de *Belleiſle*, who takes a great Deal of Pleaſure in his Converſation, as he is very converſant in the Funds, ever ſince he was a Priſoner in *England*. Nor are the Marks of Diſtinction ſhewn Mr. *Caiphas*, confined to the Gentlemen about Court — Monſ. *Reameur*, L'Abbe *de Nolet*, and the other Virtuoſi of *Paris*, are highly ambitious of diſplaying to him their Collections of Curioſities, as they look upon him to be a moſt conſummate Connoiſſeur, by the Reputation he has acquired of being perfectly acquainted with every thing relating to Sir *Hans Sloane*'s Muſæum.

Covent-Garden, Dec. 29.

It ſeems to be a Kind of Fatality hanging over the Author of the *Earl of Eſſex*, that, after all his Labour and Application in finiſhing his Performances, he muſt be obliged to wait ſeveral Seaſons before he can prevail upon the Managers to exhibit them to the Public. He has now by him a Tragedy finiſhed and ready for the Stage, but it is apprehended he will be obliged to poſtpone his Solicitations, to have it repreſented for two or three Winters more, or perhaps for nine, ſo obſervant are the Maſters of Play-houſes of *Horace*'s Rule to keep a Work lying by for a conſiderable Time.

Drury-Lane, Dec. 29.

On *Wedneſday* laſt a new Pantomime Entertainment, entitled *Harlequin Fortunatus*, was preſented here. It is writ entirely upon the *Grecian* Plan, ſo much admired by the *French* Critics, and of Courſe does not bid very fair to pleaſe the Multitude in this Country, whoſe Taſte is too much vitiated by *Shakeſpear*'s monſtrous Irregularity, to reliſh the *Simplicity* of this Piece. Mr. *Ranger* will only obſerve, that he is highly pleaſed with the Fable, the Morality, the Univerſality, and Integrity of it; and as the Writing is equal all through; he looks upon it to be one of the beſt Pantomimes in the *Engliſh* Language.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, 24 *Dec.*

The following is a Copy of Mr. *Macklin's* farewell Epilogue, which has been handed about here this Day. The Reader will perceive in it manifeſt Traces of a Writer, who has often diverted the Town upon ſimilar Occaſions. In ſome Lines the Author has jocoſely made the Speaker exhibit a Caricature of himſelf and his own peculiar Manner, but theſe Strokes will be obvious, without pointing them out.

EPILOGUE.

POOR I, toſs'd up and down from Shore to Shore,
Sick, wet and weary, will to Sea no more;
Yet 'tis ſome Comfort, tho' I quit the Trade,
That this laſt Voyage with Succeſs is made,
The Ship full laden, and the Freight all pay'd.
Since then for Reaſons I the Stage give o'er,
And for your Sakes—write Tragedies no more:
Some other Schemes, of courſe, poſſeſs my Brain,
For he who once has eat,—muſt eat again.
And leſt this lank, this melancholy Phyz,
Should grow more lank, more diſmal than it is;
A Scheme I have in Hand will make you ſtare!
Tho' off the Stage I ſtill muſt be the Play'r.
Still muſt I follow the Theatric Plan,
Exert my Comic Pow'rs, draw all I can,
And to each Gueſt appear a diff'rent Man.
I (like my Liquor's) muſt each Palate hit,
Rake with the Wild, be ſober with the Cit,
Nay ſometimes Act my leaſt becoming Part —the Wit.
With Politicians I muſt nod — ſeem full ——
And act my beſt becoming Part — the *Dull.*
My Plan is this—Man's form'd a ſocial Creature,
Requiring Converſe by the Laws of Nature;
And as the Moon can raiſe the ſwelling Flood
Or as the Mind is influenc'd by the Blood,
So——do I make myſelf well underſtood.
I'm puzzled faith—let us like *Bayes* agree it,
You'll know my Plot much better when you ſee it.
But Truce with jeſting, let me now impart,
The warm o'erflowings of a grateful Heart;
Come good, come bad, while Life or Mem'ry laſt,
My Mind ſhall treaſure up your Favours paſt:
And might one added Boon encreaſe the Store,
With much leſs Sorrow ſhould I quit this Shore;
To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
Protect the Pledge, my Fondneſs leaves behind;
To you her Guardians I reſign my Care,
Let her with others your Indulgence ſhare;
Whate'er *my* Fate; if this my Wiſh prevails,
'Twill glad the *Father*, tho' the *Schemiſt* fails.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court*, *Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 15. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 5, 1754.

Gray's Inn, *Jan.* 5, 1754.

> *Quales Threiciæ cum Flumina Thermodoontis*
> *Pulſant, & Pictis bellantur Amazones Armis.* VIRG.

I PAID a Viſit, a few Days ſince, to a Lady, for whom I have always entertained a very high Eſteem, on Account of a pleaſing Turn of Converſation, and many other good and agreeable Qualities, which ſhe is poſſeſſed of. Mrs *Millefont* (for that is her Name) was never known to have the leaſt Propenſity to Scandal or Detraction; ſhe is enamoured of the Virtues of her Neighbours, and whenever ſhe cannot ſay ſomething handſome of any of her Acquaintance, ſhe is ſure to be ſilent, without attempting to help about a lame Story by Innuendos, Winks, Nods, or any other female Artifice. She does not concern herſelf with the impertinent Knowledge of, who and who were together at the Maſquerade; who were ſeen to interchange a few fond Regards at the Theatre, or who has lately had an Ill-run at Play; Politeneſs, Good-nature and Affability are her characteriſtic Perfections, and ſhe is ready to ſee and allow Wit and Beauty in others, as well as in her own Daughters; though in my Opinion, it is a rare Thing to ſee them equalled by any of their Sex. Both the young Ladies are tall and graceful; elegant in Shape and delicate in their Features; extremely like each other in the Turn of the Face, and ſtill each of them forming, if I may be allowed to uſe the Painter's Expreſſion, a different School of Beauty.

HARRIET, being two Years elder than her Siſter, is rather more formed, and in higher Bloom than *Charlot*; but the latter promiſes to be rather ſuperior when arrived to Maturity; when every Grace, which is now but growing up, is ſufficiently unfolded, and all her Charms arrive to their full Perfection. *Harriet* ſeems to be ſenſible of the approaching Eclipſe which her Beauty muſt ſuffer very ſhortly from the more ſtriking Eclat of her Siſter; but ſhe perceives it without feeling any Incitement to Envy, or a Dejection of Spirits. On the contrary ſhe rallies herſelf with a great Vivacity, and will fairly own that ſhe is upon the Look out for a Man for herſelf, before *Charlot* becomes ſo miſchievous a Beauty, as to engroſs the Attention of every Beholder; and then, ſays ſhe, "I ſhall loſe "all my Admirers, and ſo I'm reſolved to get married "out of the Way." Upon this Plan ſhe has directed herſelf for ſome Time paſt, without throwing off the juſt Degree of Reſtraint which her Delicacy preſcribes to her upon every Occaſion; but at the ſame Time, there is ſuch an Emanation of Spirits in her Eye, and ſuch a Sprightlineſs in her every Geſture, that I ſhall think it a very great Imputation on the Taſte of her Admirers, if none of them ſhould happen to propoſe for her. Though *Harriet* at preſent throws the Dart like a Tyrant, as the Poet phraſes it, I am convinced when ſhe reſigns her Perſon, ſhe will bid adieu to what the *Beaux* call her Haughtineſs, and her inſolent Airs. I am perſwaded that her good Senſe will then lead her to imitate the Gentleneſs and amiable Diſpoſition of *Charlot*, who does not aim at being ſo fierce a Beauty as *Hariet*, but is chiefly deſirous to be Miſtreſs of willing Hearts. She does not endeavour to kindle her Eyes into that Glare of Fire, for which many others are remarkable, but unambitiouſly ſhe lets them ſhine in their own native Mildneſs; and were *Horace* to know her, he would never put his famous Queſtion to her; *Cui flavam religas comam?* for ſhe was never known to ſet her Cap at any Man, and her Converſation is always ſo negligently ſenſible, that ſhe cannot be ſuſpected of ſtudying to be brilliant, and if ſhe captivates every Heart, it is without any premeditated Deſign. In ſhort, the Difference between theſe too young Ladies is this; *Charlot*'s Charms have a conſtant Emanation, and *Harriet*'s Beauties are in a perpetual Exertion.

I SPENT an Hour in the moſt agreeable Manner with this Family, when at Length the Diſcourſe, after having been banded about between the Opera and the Burletta, reſted for ſome Time upon *Shakeſpear* and other celebrated Dramatic Poets. I was pleaſed to be engaged on theſe Topics, when the eldeſt Siſter, in her giddy Manner, interrupted us by aſking me, "Pray Mr "*Ranger*, can you tell me ſomething about *Macklin*'s new "Scheme; I was at his Benefit, but I was ſo ſtupid, I did not

"under

"underſtand the Hint in the Epilogue you printed. Pray what is the Man about?"—To this I replied, that I really was not ſufficiently in the Secret of his Scheme, to acquaint her with the whole Scope of it; that he has built two magnificent Rooms, and intends to furniſh them in an elegant Manner; the Apartment on the Ground-Floor to be a public Coffee-Room, and the other to receive ſuch of the Nobility and People of Faſhion as may think proper to ſubſcribe to his Undertaking. "Well, I vow and proteſt, (ſays *Harriet*) it's a vexatious Thing to ſee how theſe Men are always contriving Places for their own Accommodation, without Troubling their Heads about the Women. The odious Things are always herding with one another, and the Ladies are ſequeſtred from all the Joys of theſe convenient Meetings. Does not one hear them eternally ſaying with an Air of Indifference, Ma'am I muſt go to the Coffee-Houſe, and ſo ſaunter away with a Tooth-pick in their Mouths?—Whip me, but I wiſh the Women would agree to have a Coffee-Houſe of their own, to be revenged of the Fellows—Lord Mr *Ranger* it would do charmingly; don't you think ſo Siſter?—It would ſo tantalize the Creatures, to ſee us going into a Place, where none of them can gain Admittance—they would be ſo proud to wait at the Door to hand us to our Chairs; and it would be ſuch a Pleaſure to go and meet one's Acquaintance without going conſtantly in a ſtiff Dreſs to Routs and Drums; dear *Ranger*, you muſt give us an helping Hand; you muſt give us an Eſſay upon it you, wild Devil." With this ſhe tapped me on the Shoulder, in her lively agreeable Manner, and inſiſted with all the Rhetoric of a Romp, that I ſhould propoſe her Scheme to the Public, which I aſſured her I ſhould take the firſt Opportunity to perform.

I HAVE ever been of Opinion, that, in the general, Coffee-Houſes are no very great Advantage to young Men, moſt of thoſe Places being frequented entirely by Bucks, Bloods, and Rakes of all Denominations, from whom there is nothing to be acquired except a Swagger in the Gait, a drunken Totter, a noiſy riotous Deportment, a Volly of Oaths, and a total Want of what is called Good-Breeding. I know at this Inſtant ſeveral young Gentlemen of Birth and Fortune, whoſe whole Lives are ſpent between the Tavern and the Coffee-Houſe, without having any Connections in genteel Families, or any Acquaintance with the amiable Sex, without which no one can ever properly be ſaid to reliſh Society, or to poſſeſs that Poliſh in his Manners, which is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh the Gentleman. Perhaps this Opportunity of detaching themſelves from the Ladies in Coffee-Houſe Clubs is the Cauſe of that Aukwardneſs, which is frequently remarkable in Perſons of Condition, when by ſome Diſaſter they are compelled to endure polite Company. On this Account I am apprehenſive, that a Rendezvous of this Nature might have ſome ill Effect upon the Deportment of the Fair, and I muſt therefore declare, that, in my Opinion, the beſt Way for both Sexes to enjoy the Elegancies of Life, is to mix with one another without forming any Parties of Separation.

IT is however poſſible that this Scheme may be carried into Execution, and no Doubt it will be attended with many notable Advantages. The Convenience of meeting People of Faſhion, without the neceſſary Parade of going to their Houſes, will certainly be very great, and Appointments with each other may be fixed with Eaſe by the Means of this Inſtitution; as for Inſtance a Memorandum-book may ſerve for the following Purpoſes.

"LADY *Laſt-ſtakes* came according to Appointment to meet "Lady *Betty Modiſh*; is gone to ſee *Barry* in the dying Scene "of *Romeo*; will be here again after the Play, when ſhe will "be glad to have a Party of *Picquet* with Lady *Betty*, and ſpend "the Remainder of the Evening."

"MISS *Madcap* called here about ſix o'Clock in Hopes to ſee "Miſs *Limber-Tongue*; is gone to conſult Mrs *Sermon* in *Naked-* "*Boy-Alley*, after which ſhe intends to ſee *Harlequin Fortunatus*, "and will call here again, and begs Miſs *Limber-Tongue* will "leave Word where ſhe may be heard of."

"MISS *Tattleaid* begs to ſee Miſs *Graveairs*; has a Million "of Things to ſay to her, and particularly ſomething ſhe heard "laſt Night at Lady *Hurly-Burly*'s."

SUCH Proceedings as theſe will inevitably do Honour to the amiable Sex, and as they may judge it neceſſary to *claim an equal Empire o'er the World*, I beg Leave to offer them a few Rules, which may ſerve to conduct a female Coffee-Houſe with proper Regularity.

A SYSTEM *of* RULES, *&c.*

I. THAT each Lady ſhall pay *Six-pence* at the Bar, whether ſhe drink *Tea*, *Coffee*, *Chocolate*, *Capillaire*, *Citron-Water*, or *Ratafia*, &c.

II. THAT the Actreſſes ſhall be admitted to this Coffee-houſe, by which means the Ladies will enjoy equal Pleaſure with the ſeveral Gentlemen of Faſhion who are ſo happy in the Converſation of his Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

III. IF a Quarrel ſhould ariſe between any of the Ladies, they ſhall not fall to pulling Caps in Company, but take another Opportunity to vindicate their Honour.

IV. IF any Lady is diſcovered with a Pair-royal of Aces in her Pocket, or endeavours to uſe any ſiniſter Artifice at Cards, ſhe ſhall be expelled the Club, with as much Strictneſs as if it happened at *White's*.

V. If any young Lady offers herſelf to be choſen into the Club by Ballot, a ſingle white Ball ſhall be ſufficient to admit her, it being improbable that a real Beauty will obtain that Favour from any one of her Sex.

VI and Laſtly. That it ſhall be deemed meritorious in any Lady to brag of her Intrigues, her Amours, and her Deſigns with any young Man, who ſhall ſhall frequent Mr *Macklin*'s Coffee-Houſe, by which Means the Ladies, may in Imitation of the laudable Practice among the oppoſite Sex,

Talk of Beauties, whom they never ſaw,
And fancy Raptures, which they never knew. Z.

* * *

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter-Office, Jan. 5, 1754.

I Have lately received ſeveral Remonſtrances from the Ladies relating to the Inconveniencies they ſuffer in Hackney-Coaches for the Want of a String to ſtop the Coachman when Occaſion requires it. One complains to me of having received a Black-eye, by an unlucky Jolt, when going to call to the Driver out of the Window: A ſecond had her Head-dreſs totally diſcompoſed, at a Time that ſhe had a Mind to look as handſome as ſhe poſſibly could; and a third, in a fair Italian Hand, which is ſcarcely legible, mentions to me, that thoſe *Limbs framed for the tender Offices of Love*, are ſo ſhattered, that they refuſe the gentle Office of carrying their Burthen. In ſhort, I am ſo importuned by my Correſpondents to redreſs their Grievances, that I muſt now put out an Order to all whom it may concern, to provide the Ladies with the ſmall Convenience abovemention'd.

To all Maſters of Hackney-Coaches, &c.

Cruſty and Ill-beloved,

Whereas we are adviſed that many Inconveniencies are endured by the lovely Part of the Creation, the female Sex, for the Want of a String to your Carriages, by the Help of which they might retard the rapid Driver, without running the Riſk of a Black-eye, or a fractured Skull; and whereas it appears to us highly juſt, that you ſhould oblige the ſaid Ladies in ſo neceſſary a Point, this is therefore to order all and every one of you to furniſh your Vehicles with proper Accommodations, on or before the 25th of *March* next; and whoever is found Delinquent after the ſaid Time, ſhall have his Number taken by our Emiſſaries, and ſhall be proſecuted with the utmoſt Severity in our Court of Cenſorial Enquiry. Given under our Hand in *Gray's Inn*, *January* the 1ſt, 1754.

Charles Ranger.

Advices from *Dublin* inform us, that the Ladies of that Kingdom made very great Rejoycings on Occaſion of a late Victory obtained there, in which they look upon the Honour of the Country to be materially concerned; and it is hoped that all Animoſities will ſhortly be quieted by *his Grace* * the *Dutcheſs of Dorſet, &c.*

* *This is a ſhort way the Gazette has found of mentioning* his Grace the Duke of Dorſet, *and* her Grace the Dutcheſs of Dorſet.

Wapping, Wind, N. N. W.

Laſt Week *put in here Samuel Foote*, and *Charles Ranger*, *Eſqrs*; They behaved very well, of their own Accord, otherwiſe we ſhould have made'n *ſteer another Way*; thoff had we known Mr *Foote's* Intentions, we would ha' ſent' in *bound for London*, with his *Topſails low'er'd*, and t'other freſh Water Spark too. They ſhould have had a *Broadſide*, or ſo, and may hap, ha' found that they had come to a bad Market. Thoff Mr. *Foote* may divert the People farther *up-land*, we had taughten to run a muck and tilt at us, as they ſay he intends to do very ſhortly in the Part of Ben in the Play of *Love for Love*. Let'en, let'en do't; tho'ff we don't often go ſo far *inland*, we may *bowl up* to ſee him, and if he makes us laugh, why we love a Joke as well as another, an that be all. He *rigged* himſelf here in *flying Colours*. and bought Lieut. *Halfpay's* Hat and Wig off his Head, and he is equipped for a Voyage up the Streights, an he had but a good Cargo and a tight Veſſel. However we ſhall all be *aloft* to ſee him, and ſo we wiſh' in a good *Voyage*, and ſafe into Harbour again, for we hear he ſpends his Money as faſt as ourſelves, and *cracks his Jeſt* with as much Eaſe as we *crack a Biſket*, and ſo we ha' no further Malice to' en; give an take an that be all.

Literary Bill of Mortality for the Year 1753.

Encreaſed in Offerings of Pamphlets to *Cloacina*, this Year, one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty three.

Encreaſed in periodical Papers, all neatly printed on a Sheet and half of fine Writing-Paper, Thirty-ſeven.

Abortive, Five hundred Plays, including Tragedies, Comedies, and one *Parody of five Acts on* Boadicia.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court*, *Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

THE GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 16. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 12, 1754.

Gray's Inn, *Jan.* 12, 1754.

Manet altâ mente Repôſtum. VIRG.
Hinc illæ Lacrymæ. TEREN.

HAVING lately ſeen in the ADVENTURER a Criticiſm upon the Tragedy of King *Lear*, in which that Writer, whom I have often admired upon other Occaſions, ſeems to me to have miſtaken the principal Idea in the old King's Mind, while in a State of Madneſs, I hope it will be unneceſſary to make any Apology either to him, or the Public, for offering my Thoughts on this Subject.

To be able to criticiſe a Poet with any Degree of Perſpicuity, it is requiſite to conſider the Natnre of his Fable; and the moral Uſe of the Work. This being ſketched, we may then proceeed to obſerve how he lays on his Colouring, the Diſpoſition of each Perſonage, the Expreſſion of the Paſſions, and which is the capital Figure in the Piece. *Lear* being examined in this Manner, it will appear that the Author intended to exhibit the Conſequences attending the horrid Crime of Filial Ingratitude. To enforce this he repreſents an old Monarch, tired with the Cares of State, and willing to diſtribute his Poſſeſſions among his Daughters, in Proportion to their Affections towards his Perſon. Accordingly, the two that flatter'd him obtain all, the third Siſter being diſinherited for her Sincerity, and the King is at length driven by the Ingratitude of his eldeſt Daughters, to an Extreme of Madneſs, which produces the fineſt Tragic Diſtreſs ever ſeen on any Stage. As this is the Groundwork of the Play, I am really ſurprized that the Critic in the *Adventurer* ſhould impute the Madneſs of *Lear* to the Loſs of Royalty. The Behaviour of his Children is always uppermoſt in his Thoughts, and we perceive it working upon his Paſſions, till at Length his Mind ſettles into a fixt Attention to that ſingle Object. This, I think, will appear in a critical Examination of the Play.

LEAR in his firſt Scene, ſhews himſelf ſuſceptible of the moſt violent Emotions. The Poet has drawn him impetuous to the greateſt Degree, proud, haughty, revengeful, and tender-hearted. In ſuch a Mind it is not to be wondered that Ill-treatment ſhould excite the moſt uneaſy Senſations. He takes Fire at an imaginary Appearance of Diſaffection in *Cordelia.*

But goes thy Heart with this?
So young and ſo untender!

He is ſoon after alarmed with Suſpicions of diſreſpect from *Gonerill*, "I will look further into't." — He then is convinced of her contemptuous Diſregard, and the Effect it has upon him, indicates a Mind, impotent and liable to the worſt Perturbations.

Does Lear *walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his Eyes?*
Either his Notion weakens, his Diſcernings
Are lethargied.———

His Reflections after this ſhew what is neareſt to his Heart.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-Monſter.———

He obſerves that *Cordelia*'s Fault was ſmall; and when even that made ſuch an Impreſſion on him, what are we to expect from his fiery Diſpoſition, when rejected by thoſe to whom he had given all? His Imprecation, though big with Horror, is the natural Reſult of his Indignation; and the Tenderneſs and Overflowings of Softneſs, which melt him in the midſt of his Vehemence, produce a fine Conflict of Paſſions.

Th'untented Woundings of a Father's Curſe,
Pierce ev'ry Senſe about thee — Old fond Eyes,
Beweep this Cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt ye, with the Waters that you loſe,
To temper Clay.——

His Haughtineſs then breaks out in a Menace to his Daughter.

Thou ſhal't find,
That I'll reſume the Shape, which thou doſt think
I have caſt off forever

His Addreſs to *Regan* is extremely tender and pathetic.

Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to Harſhneſs.

and a little after;

Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, Bond of Childhood,
Effects of Courteſie, Dues of Gratitude;
Thy half o'th'Kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.——

There have been many Poets who were acquainted in general with the Paſſion of human Nature; and accordingly we find them conſtantly deſcribing their Effects. But *Shakeſpear*'s Art ſhows their Im-

Impulſe and their Workings, without the Aid of Definition or flowery Deſcription. Beſides the general Survey of the Heart, he was more intimately verſed in the various Tempers of Mankind than any Poet whatever. We always find that he makes the Paſſions of each Perſonage in his Drama operate according to his peculiar Habit and Frame of Mind; and, in the Tragedy in Queſtion, there are ſo many Strokes of this Nature, that in my Opinion, it is his Maſter-Piece. In every Speech in *Lear*'s Mouth there is ſuch an artful Mixture of thwarting Paſſions, that the Heartſtrings of an Audience are torn on every Side. The frequent Tranſition and Shifting of Emotions is natural to every Breaſt, but in *Lear* they are characteriſtical Marks of his Temper.

I pr'ythee, Daughter do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee my Child. Farewell.
We'll meet no more—no more ſee- one another.
But yet thou art my Fleſh, my Blood, my Daughter;
Or rather a Diſeaſe that's in my Fleſh, &c.
But I'll not chide thee;
Let Shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell Tales of thee to high judging Jove.

In this Speech every Maſter-paſſion in his Temper riſe in Conflict, his Pride, his Revenge, his quick Reſentment, and his Tenderneſs. *Shakeſpear* has beautifully repeated Inſtances of this Nature, in almoſt every Line, and the following Paſſage has ſome of the fineſt Turns in the World.

O let not Women's Weapons, Water-Drops,
Stain my Man's Cheeks—no, ye unnatr'al Hags —
I will have ſuch Revenges on ye both — I'll do ſuch Things,
What they are I no not — But they ſhall be
The Terrors of the Earth — you think I'll weep —
No — I'll not weep — I have full Cauſe of weeping —
This Heart ſhall break into a thouſand Flaws,—
Or e'er I'll weap — O Fool, I ſhall go mad.

Here the diſtreſſed Monarch leaves his Daughter's Roof, and the next Time we ſee him, he is on a wild Heath in a violent Storm, where all his Reflections take a Tincture from the gloomy Colour of a Mind diſeaſed with Anguiſh, and we ſoon ſee what is the principal Object of his Attention.

—————— *Thou all ſhaking Thunder*
Crack Nature's Mould; *all Germins ſpill at once*
That make UNGRATEFUL MAN.

and again;

The Tempeſt in my Mind
Doth from my Senſes take all Feeling elſe
Save what beats there — Filial Ingratitude!

His ſudden Apoſtrophe to his Daughters muſt draw Tears from every Eye.

O Regan! Gonerill!
Your old kind Father, whoſe frank Heart gave all.

The breaking off has a fine Effect.

O! that Way Madneſs lies—let me ſhun that—
No more of that—

This might lead any Man to the Cauſe of *Lear*'s Madneſs, without thinking of the Reſignation of his Sceptre.

As yet the Perturbation of his Mind does not ſeem fixed to a Point; he begins to moralize, but ſtill with a View to his own Afflictions, until *Edgar* enters diſguiſed like a Madman. *Lear's* firſt Queſtion is, "have his Daughters brought him to this Paſs? couldſt thou ſave nothing? didſt thou give them all?"—And this I take to be the firſt Touch of fixed Madneſs in the Play.

As our Hero is now out of his Senſes, a new Field opens itſelf to the Poet. He had before diſplay'd every Movement of the Heart, and the human Underſtanding now becomes his Province, in which, we ſhall find, he acquits himſelf with the moſt maſterly Skill. Mr. *Lock* obſerves that, "*Madmen do not ſeem to have loſt the Faculty of* "*reaſoning*; *but having joined together ſome Ideas very wrongly, they* "*miſtake them for Truths*; *and they err as Men do that argue right* "*from wrong Principles. For by the Violence of their Imaginations,* "*having miſtaken their Fancies for Realities, they make right Deductions from them.*"

AGREEABLY to this Account, *Lear*, upon the Appearance of a Madman, takes it for granted that it is owing to his Daughters Ill-treatment, and when contradicted he replies, "Death! Traitor! nothing could have ſubdued Nature to ſuch a Lowneſs but his unkind Daughters."—He next takes him for a Philoſopher, and enquires "what is the Cauſe of Thunder?"

IN his next Scene a Deſire of revenging his Grievances actuates his Mind;

To have a thouſand with red burning Spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em!

He then proceeds to arraign his Daughters in a Court of Juſtice. "Arraign her firſt, 'tis *Gonerill*. I here take my Oath before this "honourable Aſſembly — ſhe kicked the poor King her Father— "Here is another too whoſe warpt Looks proclaim what Store "her Heart is made of."—He ſtill continues to dwell in Imagination upon the Crime of Ingratitude, which appears to him ſo ſhocking that he exclaims, "Let them anatomize *Regan*; — "ſee what breeds about her Heart — Is there any Cauſe in Nature for theſe hard Hearts?" This laſt Stroke never fails to draw Tears from me. The Reader will pleaſe to obſerve that all this Time there is not a Word ſaid of his Royalty; on the contrary, he ſays to one near him, "You, Sir, I entertain for one of "my Hundred; only I do not like the Faſhion of your Garment," &c. which hundred, was appointed after his Abdication.

AFTER this how was *Shakeſpear* to repreſent *Lear* again ſo as to keep up the Paſſions, and heighten the Diſtreſs? By taking Advantage of every Circumſtance in *Lear*'s Temper. He had ſaid that he would reaſſume the Shape, he had caſt off: This then remained untouched, and accordingly in the next Scene we perceive him actually putting it in Execution, and his Fancy ſuggeſts to him, that he is a King; from which he reaſons as from every other Principle, and always with an Eye to his Children. "No, "they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himſelf." From this his Imagination wanders, "There's my Gauntlet — I'll prove "it on a Giant—bring up the brown Bills—O well flown Barb! "i' th' Clout! i' th' Clout ——Hewgh, give the Word."—From this Rambling he ſoon returns, and the habitual Ideas again take Poſſeſſion of him. "Ha *Regan! Gonerill!* they flattered me like "a Dog," &c. After this *Glo'ſter* enquiring if it is not the King, he catches at the Word and anſwers, "Ay, every Inch a King." And then he draws ſome more Inferences from that Notion, till he reflects that *Glo'ſter*'s Baſtard Son was kinder to his Father than his own Daughters got in lawful Sheets. From this he digreſſes into an Invective againſt Women, and continues raving, till at length his Spirit of Revenge returns upon him. "And when I've ſtolen "upon theſe SONS-IN-LAW, then kill, kill, kill, kill.

IT was *Shakeſpear*'s Art to reſerve his being crowned with Straw for the laſt Scene of his Madneſs, as it is a Repreſentation of human Nature reduced to the loweſt Ebb. Had he loſt his Reaſon on Account of his abdicated Throne, the Emotions of Pity would not be ſo intenſe, as they now are when we ſee him drove to that Extreme by the Cruelty of his own Children. Every Topic of parental Diſtreſs being exhauſted, and all the King's Maſter-Paſſions diſplayed in his Madneſs, the Poet judiciouſly ſhews him gradually coming to himſelf in the next Scene; and we ſee the Ideas dawning ſlowly on his Soul.

Where have I been? — where am I? — fair Day-light!

In this Recollection of his Reaſon, he never once mentions the Loſs of Royalty, but again touches upon the Cauſe of his Diſtreſs in his Speech to *Cordelia.*

I know you do not love me; for your Siſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong;
You have ſome Cauſe; they have not.——

So that before his Madneſs, in it, and after it, *Lear* never loſes Sight of the Ideas which had worn ſuch Traces on his Brain; and he muſt be unfeeling to the great Art of our Poet, who can look for any other Cauſe of Diſtreſs, in Scenes which are drawn ſo forcibly and ſtrong, and kept up with the moſt exquiſite Skill to the very dying Words of the unhappy Monarch.

I HAVE purpoſely avoided ſaying any Thing of the under Plot of this Tragedy, as I foreſaw a long Eſſay this Day. I ſhall take another Opportunity to offer my Thoughts on that Head, and the Corner-Stone of *Lear*'s Madneſs being now eſtabliſhed, I think I ſhall be able to raiſe a Superſtructure upon it, which I hope will not be diſagreeable to my Readers, and therefore I ſhall poſtpone theſe Reflections till another Occaſion.

Z.

* * *

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

IF you don't take Care and *call in* the Word EXCESSIVE, 'twill certainly come to a bad End—It is now very bitterly treated, and worn to Rags and Tatters—It is often drag'd in with ſuch Incoherence, that it is enough to make one expire—We can have no Diſlike to ſo genteel a Word, when properly applied; but it is barbarous to ſuffer it to be thus torn to Pieces, and kept in continual Slavery by thoſe who know not how to uſe it. I am

Chit-Chat-Club,
in Poland-Street,
Jan. 7, 1754.

SIR,

Your Reader and Servant,

SUKEY WATCHFUL.

From my Regiſter-Office, Jan. 9, 1754.

I am obliged to this Lady for her Hint to reclaim a Word which ſeems to be tending to Deſtruction. The *Engliſh* Language is not ſo extremely rich, that we can afford to diſpenſe with a good Expreſſion, and therefore I ſhall take another Opportunity to *call in* this Word and ſeveral more, as civil Governments do light Money; They ſhall all be iſſued forth again, as we ſee Occaſion; and if my Brother Writers will all concur to do the ſame many goods Words may be ſaved from becoming trivial, ludicrous, burleſque, and in Time totally obſolete.

From Mr. Hardham'*s Snuff-ſhop in* Fleet-ſtreet.

Mr *Ranger* called in here this Day, and regaled himſelf with a Pinch of right *Straſbourg*, which had ſuch an Effect upon him, that he looks upon it to be full as good as Mr. *Bayes*'s Spirit of Brains He immediately found himſelf briſk in Fancy, and abounding in Wit to ſuch a Degree that he was a Match in Repartee for the facetious JOE CLARE. It is therefore recommended to the Caravan to ſtop here in its Way to the *Bedford*, and the Paſſengers will find themſelves better qualified to decide upon all Topics of Literature in that noble Academy of Sciences.

N. B. Be ſure to aſk for *Hardham*'s *Right Dramatic Straſbourg*.

Covent-Garden, Jan. 12.

On *Thurſday* laſt the Audience was greatly ſurprized at the Appearance of a new Actreſs on this Stage, in the Character of *Hermione*; and it was univerſally agreed, that it was the beſt firſt Attempt they had ever known. This Actreſs came on without any previous Puffs to prejudice rhe Town in her Favour; a modeſt Prologue was ſpoke on the Occaſion, in which ſhe only begs to be endured, though ſhe convinced every Body that ſhe poſſeſſes all the Materials to form a great Actreſs; Her Perſon being tall and graceful; her Features well diſpoſed, without any Diſproportion, and her Voice clear, full and harmonious. She had not the pitiful Ambition to over do her Part, but her Elocution was perfectly natural, and the Exertion of her Powers in ſome Paſſages ſhews what ſhe is capable of, when her Fears have ſubſided. I am informed, ſhe is ſo modeſt, that ſhe does not expect that every Body ſhall be called a Scoundrel, a Pimp, a Raſcal, an Hireling, a Coward, *&c.* that does not think her the beſt Actreſs, in the World. The ſame Advices add, that ſhe does not deſire to have a Letter addreſſed to her, full of ſcurrilous Abuſe on every Perſon of Taſte, whom the Scribler of it may diſlike; nor does ſhe plead her being a Gentlewoman to exempt her from being mentioned in the News-Papers. She will be proud to find herſelf mention'd with Approbation in the GRAY's-INN-JOURNAL, and ſhe is ambitious to add to the Entertrinment of the Public, by whom, it is hoped, ſhe will be properly encouraged.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

Numb. 17. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, January, 19, 1754.

Gray's Inn, *Jan.* 19, 1754.

Locus eſt et pluribus umbris. Hor.

THE following Letter is wrote with ſuch a Vein of Candor and Taſte, that I cannot with-hold it from the Public this Day. I am highly obliged to the Author for ſo ingenious a Piece, and ſhall be glad to know by a Line to the Printer hereof, where I may direct to him, as I ſhould be proud to cultivate a Correſpondence with ſo elegant a Critic. The Reader will judge of the Matter for himſelf, and upon a future Occaſion I ſhall offer ſome further Conſiderations on this Subject, and will only hint for the preſent, that I hope it will not be any Detriment to me, that I publiſh a genteel Performance, which is, in ſome Meaſure, againſt what I have advanced. I flatter myſelf I ſhall not have Reaſon to be ſorry for admitting him into my Province, and to ſay with the Poet,

Et Regni Demens in parte vocavi. Virg.

To Charles Ranger, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I Am perſuaded that to addreſs you in this Manner, under the Character of Mr. *Ranger*, needs no Apology; eſpecially, when a Letter of this Kind goes from One, who, though a Stranger to yourſelf, has a Regard to your Reputation as an Author.

Your Paper of laſt *Saturday* ſets out with a Remark on the *Adventurer*'s Criticiſm of King *Lear*, and you think he has miſtaken the principal Idea in the old King's Mind during his State of Madneſs; after citing *Lear*'s Exclamation on the Ingratitude of his Daughters, you add, "This might lead any Man to the Cauſe of "*Lear*'s Madneſs, without thinking of the Reſignation of his "Sceptre." But certainly whoever conſiders *Lear*'s Character with Attention, will from the very Paſſage you quote, beſide an hundred others, think there is as much to be ſaid on the other Side the Queſtion. Nor can I think that you have ſo well eſtabliſh'd this Corner-ſtone of the Madneſs, as you hint in the Concluſion of your Paper; if you mean by it totally to exclude the Aſſertion of the Critic in the *Adventurer*.

I have read with great Pleaſure ſeveral of the Remarks you make on the Speeches in *Lear*, which are ſuch as can ariſe only in the Mind of a Reader of Taſte; but I cannot agree that "He "muſt be unfeeling to the great Art of our Poet, who can look "for any other Cauſe of Diſtreſs," in the Madneſs of the King, than the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

I know not in what Manner you may treat the Remarks I am about to make, but I can ſincerely aſſure you, they are only intended as Hints to yourſelf, on a Subject which I think of ſome Conſequence to the Admirers of *Shakeſpear*.

The *Adventurer* was wanting in Juſtice to the Poet, by mentioning the Loſs of Royalty as the Cauſe of *Lear*'s Madneſs, without taking in at the ſame time the forcible Idea he muſt have of the Ingratitude of his two Daughters; and I think you alſo in the wrong, in excluding totally his Opinion. What I purpoſe here is, to point out *both the Ideas* working ſtrongly in his Mind, and what the Author intended as conducive to the Moral of his Play.

No Critic on *Shakeſpear* can better explain the Characters he draws, than the Poet himſelf does in every Speech; we not only ſee what his Perſons are during the Scene repreſented, but we are alſo made acquainted by ſome nice Touches in each Play, what was their former Mode of thinking and acting; and as no Poet ever underſtood Nature better in the Operation of the Paſſions, ſo he always makes them ſpeak and act in the higheſt Conformity to their Characters.

LEAR's Deportment and Sentiments in reſpect to his Daughters in the firſt Act, and what *Generill* ſays of him to *Regan*, mark very plainly his Character; which is, that of a haughty, paſſionate, inconſtant, weak old Man. He does not reſign his Authority to his Daughters ſo much out of Love to them, as to eaſe himſelf of the Cares of Government.—He retains the Name of King with a ſuitable Train of Attendants—He ſtill commands with his former Impetuoſity of Temper, and is jealous even of Trifles. This the ill-natur'd Character of the Daughters won't bear, and they are in Conſultation in the moſt undutiful and unbecoming Manner to deprive him of his remaining Shew of Power: Their Behaviour and Ingratitude ſoon appear in the moſt glaring Inſtances, and make the old King ſorely ſenſible, that he had given them ALL.

THE jeſting of his Fool wholly turns upon his unkinging himſelf and retaining nothing, which *Lear* minutely attends to, and ſays, "A bitter Fool!——After *Generill*'s Propoſal to reduce his

Train, he breaks out, "Woe! that too late repents."—Then the Ingratitude of his Daughters and his own Folly deeply ſtrike him,

——O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy dear Judgment out.

Afterwards he ſays to *Gonerill*,

Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the Shape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever. Gon. *Do you mark that?*

In the next Scene, wrapt up in Thought, he ſays,

To take 't again perforce!—*Monſter Ingratitude!*

In this Line the two Ideas are ſtrongly blended, and the *Loſs of Power* foremoſt, for ſurely that was the obvious Reaſon of the Inſults he had received; if he had ſtill been in Poſſeſſion, they would have continu'd to ſprinkle him with *Court Holy Water:* The Fool, whoſe Phraſe the laſt is, ſays,

Fathers that wear Rags,
Do make their Children Blind;
But Fathers that bear Bags,
Shall ſee their Children kind, &c.

I must here take Notice of the different Turn of Mind and the Colouring us'd by our Poet, and all good Writers, in diſtinguiſhing the Characters of Men ſeemingly agitated by the ſame Paſſions. *Lear*'s Idea of his own Folly, in diveſting himſelf of his Authority, is nicely and artfully diſtinguiſh'd by *Shakeſpeur*, from that Kind of Regret, which an imperious Man of another Character would feel from the Deprivation of Power.—He is full of the Loſs of his Dignity, only as it was the Occaſion of the ill Treatment he met with, and not from a Thirſt of Rule.——This Idea and that of the Ingratitude of his Daughters, which he feels as the Conſequence of it, I cannot help thinking, are as cloſely united in his Madneſs, as two Twigs twiſted together, and one growing out of the other, of which the former is the ſtronger.

When he exclaims and reproaches his Daughters in that heart-piercing Scene of his Diſtreſs on the Heath, he ſays,

O Regan! O Gonerill!
Your old kind Father! whoſe frank Heart gave all—
O that Way Madneſs lies—Let me ſhun that—
No more of that—

On his Recollection that he *gave all*, he immediately ſubjoins, "O that Way Madneſs lies; let me ſhun that; no more of that; —*i. e.* Let me not think that I have been guilty of ſo much Folly, as to have given *all*; and to ſuch ungrateful Wretches.

I know it will be inſiſted on by you, and may be by many others, that *Lear* makes uſe of the Sentiment of *giving all*, only to tax the Ingratitude of his Daughters in a higher Degree; but, perhaps, you may be convinc'd to a contrary Opinion, if you can be brought to allow, That the Moral of this Play, is not to expoſe the Ingratitude of Children, more than the Folly of Parents. This ſame Folly of Parents is alſo touch'd with great Judgment in the

Under-plot of *Glo'ſter*, and the Character of *Lear*'s Daughters finely contraſted with that of *Edgar*; and confirm'd by the Behaviour of *Edmund*——If we view this Epiſode in this Light, we ſhall ſee that it has its Uſe, and is not ſo foreign to the Purpoſe of the Play, as the Critic in the *Adventurer* ſeems to think.

When *Lear* ſees the Wretchedneſs of *Edgar*, he purſues the ſame Train of Reaſoning which before poſſeſt him, and aſks, " Did'ſt thou *give all* to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?"—And immediately after,

> *What! Have his Daughters brought him to this Paſs?*
> *Could'ſt thou* ſave nothing?—*did'ſt thou* give 'em all?

This is agreeable to his Character——And from all that I have heard in common Life (for there are many Stories) of old weak Parents, who have acted much in the Manner of *Lear*, and to the Reproach of human Nature, have met with Ingratitude and Diſobedience; theſe, I ſay, in their Feeling-hours of Diſtreſs, are reported to have reproach'd themſelves with their Folly in GIVING ALL, as well as exclaim'd againſt the Ingratitude of their Children.

There are many Characters, I doubt not, now in the World, who retain a Heap of Treaſure, uſeleſs to themſelves, from their Children, on no better Motives, than to inſure their Duty and Attention; and ſome who carry the Moral of this Play to a ridiculous Height, by denying their Children an Independance, merely on the ſame Parity of Reaſoning, without conſidering the Difference between the Prudence of Parents and their Folly.

I forbear making any Quotations from *Lear*'s Speeches in his Madneſs; nor ſhall I repeat what has been cited by the Critic in the *Adventurer* in ſupport of his Aſſertion, which is partly my Opinion. I think the Whole obvious enough, and that our immortal Poet, who had a perfect Knowledge of the Workings of the human Mind, has drawn *both the Ideas* in *Lear*'s Madneſs, agreeably to the Repreſentation he has made of him in the firſt Act.

What I have hitherto ſaid, is intirely confin'd to the different Opinions of you and the *Adventurer*; nor do I expect that you ſhall alter your Opinion in Conformity to my Judgment.—Let a diligent Examination of the Play determine you in the future Criticiſms you intend to give the Public on this Subject.

What has often occur'd to me, and what has been ſaid by you and many great Geniuſſes, only ſerve to convince me of the Difficulty of any one Man's ſucceeding in a perfect Criticiſm on *Shakeſpear*; at leaſt, I have Reaſon to think ſo, from what I have ſeen of the ſeveral Attempts that have been already made by different Editors and Commentators from the Time of Mr. *Rowe*, to the mangled Condition our Poet was thrown into by Mr. *Warburton*, and others.

Several Perſons have ſucceeded in illuſtrating many of the Characters he draws, and have pointed out to public Notice, many of his latent Beauties; but, I believe, *there is ſcarce one Man alive* (to ſpeak in the Stile of a very extraordinary Addreſs to a great Man, in laſt *Saturday's Inſpector*) *who is even capable of calling all his Beauties by their proper Names*, much leſs of *exhibiting them all with Advantage to the Public*; whoſe Property *they now are, if they will acquire a Taſte to enjoy 'em.*

I CAN'T forbear mentioning the Obligation which the Public has to the Genius of *Garrick*, who has exhibited with great Luſtre many of the moſt ſhining Strokes of *Shakeſpear*'s amazing Art; and may be juſtly ſtiled (as he was once call'd by you) his beſt Commentator: Not that I imagine he is always perfect Maſter of *Shakeſpear*'s Manner of thinking, or can reliſh *all* his Beauties; but 'tis certain, he has done him more Juſtice by his Manner of playing his principal Characters, than any Editor has yet done by a Publication.

I SHALL conclude with the ſame Freedom as I began, by deſiring you will conſider my Manner of treating this Subject, as the crude Hints of a friendly Letter, and not as an Eſſay on the Subject in Diſpute.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

Lincoln's-Inn, January 15, 1754.

T. G. D.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

Dear RANGER,

AS you are a Friend and an Advocate for the Ladies; beg you will take into Conſideration, that when a Lady is neatly dreſſed and walking abroad in a Morning, ſhe ſhall be abruptly ſurprized with, "*By your Leave*;" the Conſequence, of which is, ſhe muſt either ſtep up a dirty Door; or be joſtled into the Street; and what is ſtill worſe, this may happen, when, perhaps, a Gentleman is admiring how clean ſhe walks, and all of a ſudden, and to her unſpeakable Mortification, her Stockings ſhall be ſplaſhed unmercifully. This Mr. *Ranger*, in a Girl of Spirit, muſt occaſion great Uneaſineſs, as it is no uncommon Thing for Ladies to get Huſbands by a nimble Step, a clean Heel, a white Hand. and a fine Shape. Tho' the laſt of them begins to be out of Faſhion. As I live and breath, if you don't redreſs this Grievance, I ſhall not think you a right Woman's Man, order the Chairmen to turn out themſelves, and bid the Brutes ſhew a little Reſpect to our ſacred Sex, or there will be no ſuch Thing as appearing abroad. I am told that my Grandmother got an Huſband by a clean Heel, and I hope to have the ſame ſucceſs, not without your Aſſiſtance, which if it ſucceeds you will very much oblige,

York-Buildings,
Jan. 15, 1754.

Your Friend, &c.
REBECCA LIGHTFOOT.

From my Regiſter-Office, Jan. 19, 1754.

The above Complaint of Miſs *Lightfoot* is ſo well grounded, that I ſhall proceed againſt Offenders in this Particular as ſeverely, as againſt the Hackney-

Coachmen, unleſs both ſhould pay a proper Deefrence to our Commands; and I have therefore ordered the proper Officers of the Cenſorial Court to take up and bring to Juſtice, all ſuch Chairmen as ſhall dare Diſcommode the Ladies for the Future.

From Mr. Hardham's *Snuff-ſhop in* Fleet-ſtreet.

Beſides the Right *Dramatic Straſburgh*, mentioned in our laſt, Mr. *Hardham* has lately laid in a Store of various Kinds of Snuff, which are acknowledged to poſſeſs ſeveral excellent Qualities, and are a ſovereign Remedy for all Diſorders in the Head, as can be atteſted by many eminent Critics, who have experienced the ſame. His *Right Orthodox Snuff* expels the noxious Vapours ariſing from Theatrical Parties, and inſtantly enables the Taker to diſtinguiſh genuine Merit in an Actor from falſe Fire, and mechanic Imitation. He has Snuff very proper to be taken at a new Play, as it totally obſtructs the petulant Senſations of Pleaſure ariſing from a malevolent Hiſs; he alſo enlivens the Spirits for Comedy, and compoſes them for Tragedy; prevents the ill Effects of a dull Writer, or a ſoporific Actor. In ſhort, he ſharpens the Diſcernment of a Critic, opens his Intellects, gives him ſome Degree of Taſte, and renders him fit for his Profeſſion, or, as *Horace* expreſſes it, *emunctæ naris*, and raiſes agreeable Images in the Fancy of every one who chuſes to take his *pungent Grain of titillating Duſt.*

Covent-Garden, Jan. 19.

Mrs. *Gregory*. who appeared here in the Character of *Hermione*, continues to riſe in Reputation; every Night, and never fails to draw a numerous Audience. I look upon it to be a peculiar Degree of Merit to adventure on the Stage unheard of and unknown, without Friends, and without any Kind of Party in her Favour; with theſe Diſadvantages to extort the general Applauſe, and be in every Scene the moſt conſpicuous Figure, tho' performing with practiſed and experienced Players, is the Mark of an uncommon Genius. She is perfectly Miſtreſs of graceful Deportment, natural and ſenſible Elocution, and a Conformity to Nature, without any Trick or Affectation. Every Caſt of her Eye, every Attitude, and every Motion of her Arms throughout her Part, are all in Character, and there is no Reaſon to doubt, but ſhe will be a very conſiderable Addition to the Theatre.

Drury-Lane, Jan. 19.

The excellent Comedy of *Love for Love* has been revived here this Week, the humorous and diverting Part of *Ben*, the Sailor, was performed with great Pleaſantry by Mr. *Foote*, who ſhewed by his Manner and his Looks, that he has entered into the Secret of the Character, tho' it was viſible at the ſame Time; that his Powers were greatly ſuppreſſed by his Sollicitude for his firſt Appearance in a new Character. It may be ſaid of Miſs *Macklin*, though perhaps better qualified for ſpirited genteel Comedy, that ſhe acquitted herſelf with great Applauſe in a Part in which Mrs. *Clive* has diſplayed ſo many inimitable Strokes of Humour.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*

THE
GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 18. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 26, 1754.

Gray's Inn, *Jan.* 26, 1754.

Noxia corpora tardant,
Terreniquè hebetant artus, moribundaqué membra. VIRG.

O Curas hominum! O quantum eſt in rebus inane!
PERSEUS.

HOW vain and fantaſtic are all humane Purſuits? How unſettled and inconſtant are our Tempers, one Day pining for the Attainment of ſome imaginary Good, and, the next, hating ourſelves for all that Perplexity of Thought which our whimſical Deſires occaſioned in our Breaſts? How often are the ſobereſt Underſtandings diſturbed by Agitations of Spirit about Things in themſelves of no Kind of Moment or Importance, and when once the Tumult has ſubſided, how contemptible do we appear to ourſelves, for having been ſo weak as to yield to the Impreſſion of ill-governed Appetite.

Appetite, Foible and Caprice? Every Period of Life is marked with this uncertainty; The *Child* has Perplexities which the *Boy* laughs at; and ripened by a further Acceſſion of Years into Manhood, our previous Occupations become ridiculous, 'till at length OLD AGE thinks the whole a Series of Follies, inſenſible to it's own Infirmities, and little aware that the Paſſions operate at that Juncture with leſs Celerity, not becauſe Reaſon is grown Strong, but on Account of the enfeebled Tone of all the mental Powers: like a Compaſs, which being grown ruſty, is not moved with every Breath of Wind, but ſlowly veers from Point to Point. I am inclined to think that the human Soul will be always in this Progreſſion towards a greater Degree of Purity, making each Moment a Critic on the laſt, and that as ſoon as the Spirit ſhall be unbodied, it will inſtantly ſmile at our wiſeſt Employments in this World, our deepeſt Reflections, and our moſt ſerious Speculations. I was engaged in this Train of Thought the other Night, and having an Imagination, which does not very ſoon detach itſelf from the Objects that have once poſſeſſed it, the ſame Scenes of Reflection diſcloſed themſelves to me in Sleep, and formed a Proſpect, not unentertaining to my Fancy.

I THOUGHT the Hemiſphere on a ſudden brightened with more than common Luſtre, a Flood of Glory diffuſing itſelf through all Creation, and from an opening of the Heavens appeared high exalted on a Throne THE GENIUS OF HUMAN KIND. After a Trumpet had ſounded three Times, the following Sounds were awfully pronounced. "Let all thoſe "fleeting Spirits, which formerly animated corporal Tenements, "forthwith appear from their ſeveral Manſions of Retribution, "and let thoſe who now ſupport a feveriſh Exiſtence upon "Earth, inſtantly repair hither diveſted of their bodily In-"cumbrance, and account before our dread Preſence, for the "Uſe they have made of their Time, during their State of "Probation."

THE Edict was immediately obey'd, and I fancied that I had no ſooner emerg'd from my Tenement of Clay, than every Thing wore another Appearance, and new Faculties of Perception were aſſigned me. Vaniſhed were the original Colours, concerning which ſo many Volumes have been written; Wit, Taſte, Learning, Philoſophy, Mathematics, and even Money itſelf appeared an abſolute Chimæra; and ſeveral Perſonages beginning to addreſs the Throne, I was further confirm'd in theſe Sentiments.

HOMER declared his whole Poem to be the Rhapſody of an over-weening Imagination; He owned his celeſtial Councils and his Battles of the Gods, to be a Jumble of Abſurdities; His boldeſt Flights of Fancy appeared quite contemptible, and he wondered how he could ever employ his Faculties in ſtringing together ſuch wild enthuſiaſtic Reveries.

PLATO owned that he knew nothing of the firſt *Good*, firſt *Perfect*, and firſt *Fair*; and Lord *Shaftsbury* wiſhed that, inſtead of being guided by the pagan Philoſopher, he had made uſe of the Light of Revelation, which might have afforded him ſome faint dawning Ideas of that Truth of which he is now perfectly convinced. He added, that he did not know what he was about, when he wrote his Rhapſody and many other Parts of his Performance, and that he now looked back at them with Contempt.

ARISTOTLE declared his Syſtem of Logic to be nothing but an idle Scheme of laboured Perplexities, calculated to puzzle and bewilder Mankind. *Pindar* ſmil'd at his Olympics, and did not heſitate to ſay, that he really believed he was mad when he wrote them; and old *Euclid*, who, I believe never once laughed on Earth, burſt into a loud Expreſſion of Mirth, when he reflected upon his Endeavours to ſquare the Circle, and his ſeveral Triangles and Quadrangles, which he owned do not contribute in any Degree to the Advancement of real Knowledge and Virtue.

ALEXADER frankly confeſſed himſelf a Child for weeping for more Worlds: *Cæſar* declared he would as contentedly be the laſt in a Village, as the firſt in *Rome*; and *Pompey* had no longer an Averſion to an equal, *Cicero*, without elaborating a Period of a Mile, condemned his Purſuit of Fame as no more than the Chaſing an empty Bubble; and he added, that he never thought himſelf properly employed but when expatiating againſt the Minute Philoſophers. *Virgil* ſtill perſiſted that his whole *Æneid* ſhould be burned; *Seneca* wondered how he could ever entertain ſo much Vanity on the Score of his Writings. In ſhort, among all the celebrated Perſonages of Antiquity.

tiquity, every one accuſed himſelf of Miſapplication, and even *Titus* complained that he had loſt many Days.

There were thoſe who acknowledged that they never knew Uneaſineſs in Life, but what was occaſioned by the Succeſs of others, and that they were always compleatly happy, or compleatly miſerable by Compariſon. *Poets* laugh'd at all their Pains to tag a Rhyme, and their Sollicitude for Works, which now appeared to them in a proper Light; and *Critics* acknowledged, that they took too much unneceſſary Trouble to deſtroy Productions of ſo periſhable a Nature. The Miſer railed at *inſolvent Gold*, as it is finely called by the witty Doctor *Young*, and his Heart expanded with Generoſity and ſocial Affection.

The ſofter Sex preſented themſelves among the Reſt on this Occaſion; but the Simper of Self-Admiration no longer diſplayed itſelf. They were not anxious about the Gloſs of their Skin, the Arrangement of a Curl, or the Diſpoſition of a Patch. The ſnowy Breaſt ceaſed to heave with ſtudied Careleſsneſs, and the Shape was not tortur'd a thouſand Ways, in Order to look attractive in the Eyes of Man. The Labours of the Toilet were now deſpiſed, and each Fair wondered how Dreſs could make ſo great a Part of the Buſineſs of Life, and how the Sex could ever take ſo much Pride in periſhable Clay, however neatly moulded, and however tinctured with a pleaſing Hue. They were now perſwaded that true Beauty dwells in the Mind; Drums and Routs and Cards were held in Contempt, and as Mr. *Pope* has it, they viewed with Scorn two Pages and a Chair. They were all aſhamed of the Falſehood of their Friendſhips, their Tehees and Titters at a ruined Character, their ſeveral Turns of Coquettry, Diſſimulation, and all the Variety of female Artifice. In ſhort, Mankind in general owned themſelves diſtracted with Cares beneath a rational Creature; and Envy, Pride, Selfiſhneſs, Perfidy and Ambition ſwell'd the vaſt Account.

From theſe Diſturbers of our Happineſs I was rejoyced to ſee my Fellow Creatures relieved; and to perceive Love, Joy, and Benevolence effacing gradually all Traces of former Guilt, gave me ſuch ſtrong Emotions, that I inſtantly awaken'd from my Dream, which I have thus committed to Paper. Looſe as it is, the Reader may derive this Moral from it, that there is nothing in human Life worth the Anxiety it creates, and that it ſhould be our Buſineſs at preſent to fix thoſe Propenſities and Habits in our Souls, which we ſhall not have Occaſion hereafter to wiſh totally effaced, and which it is probable we ſhall be carrying to an higher Degree of Purity in thoſe Manſions, which are prepared for our future Exiſtence.

X.

* *

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

AS you are a Critic on theatrical Entertainments, be pleaſed in your *Journal* to take Notice of a Doubt among ſome Lawyers.

Whether Mr. *Blakes* in the new Piece of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, coming on the Stage with an Hare and a brace of Patridges, and Mr *Cooke* in one of the Dances at the other Houſe appearing with a Gun and a Hare, are not, both liable to be proſecuted as unqualified Perſons by the Game Laws; and whether they are not in Danger from the Aſſociation to preſerve the Game?

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

Serjeant's-Inn, Jan. 24.

* * *

From my Regiſter-Office, Jan. 26, 1754.

In a Point of ſuch Importance I do not care to give my Opinion, and ſo I leave it to the Parties concerned to conſider of it with due Deliberation: This Proceeding may certainly be attended with very fatal Conſequences; for without doubt, Mr. *Blakes* makes a very excellent Figure in the Entertainment mentioned, and therefore this may look like encouraging Vice on the Stage, by rendering it agreeable, and aſſigning ſome pleaſing Qualities to the Perſon, who is hardy enough thus to trangreſs the Laws of his Country. I am not ſufficiently verſed in the Rules of *Pantomime* to determine whether it was calculated for the Encouragement of Vice or Virtue; but a Friend has promiſed me ſome of the beſt Tracts upon this Subject, and then I ſhall offer an Eſſay upon it which will afford ſome Light into this Species of the *Drama*.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe, Jan. 23.

A new Author has appeared at this Place very lately, *in a Dun Night-Gown of his own looſe Skin*, as the Poet expreſſes it, and tho' he thinks he is not ſmoked, yet his Productions are known by every one that ever converſes with him for ten Minutes; as there is ſuch a ſtrong Congruity between his Writings and his Converſation, both being briſk. pert, ſrothy and inſignificant, abounding in unmeaning Puns, and interlarded with ill-adapted *French* Expreſſions. Unleſs he mends his Stile and his Manners very ſhortly, he ſhall have the Honour of a Place in this Paper;

Flebit & inſignis totâ cantabitur Urbe. Hor.

Since our laſt arrived a Mail from *Parnaſſus*, which among other Things brought an Advertiſement from *Bocalani*, importing, that, at a Quarter Seſſion of the Poets, it was propoſed not to grant a Licence to either of the Play-houſes, and to permit no Place but *Sadler's-Wells*, as the propereſt Receptacle for Oſtriches and wild Beaſts. But *Shakeſpear* over-ruled the Motion, and then it was agreed, that all hackneyed Tragic Exclamations be called in forthwith; That the Uſe of the heathen Mythology be prohibited to every modern Poet, for at leaſt one Century; That the marvellous ſhall not be introduced, untill a Genius like *Shakeſpear*'s ſhall ariſe to entertain an Audience with adequate Sentiments and Diction, and it was then recommended to the Conſideration of all Writers that Truth or a Reſemblance to it, are the firſt Qualities in an Author.

Covent-Garden, Jan. 22.

Yeſterday Evening was preſented, for the ſecond Time, a new *Italian Burletta*, in which the young Actreſs, who entertained the Town in the firſt Piece ſhewed herſelf compleatly Miſtreſs of the greateſt Variety of Action, and acquitted herſelf in every Scene to the general Satisfaction, without betraying that Sameneſs in her Performances, which is too remarkable on the *Engliſh* Stage.

Covent-Garden, Jan. 25.

It is ſaid here that Mrs. *Gregory* is preparing to appear in the Character of *Alicia* in *Jane Shore*, and, it is not doubted, as a great Deal of her Reputation will depend upon her Succeſs in that Part, but that ſhe will conſider, with the utmoſt Attention, every minute Paſſage, and ſee how it ſerves as a Mark of Character, the Preſervation of which is her great Excellence in *Hermione*.

Drury-Lane 23d. *Jan.* 1754.

A new Tragedy, entitled *Virginia*, is now in Rehearſal at this Houſe, and will be performed ſome Time in *February*. As the Story has many affecting Circumſtances, there is Room for the Poet to addreſs himſelf to the Heart of his Auditors; a Point which has been too much neglected by many modern Writers of Tragedy.

There is lately arrived in this Town an Animal with a Man's Head, and a Horſe's Neck; likewiſe a Woman of a beautiful Frame down to her Waiſt, from whence ſhe commences another Creature, and then ends in a Fiſh; both very proper to be exhibited in the next Pantomime Entertainment.

N. B. To recomend them the more forcibly, they are both directly againſt *Horace*'s Preſcription.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 19. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 2, 1754.

Gray's Inn, *Feb.* 2, 1754.

Haud facilè emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi ——— Juv.

Maxima debetur puero Reverentia. Juv.

IT was the Anſwer of a certain eminent *Jew*, when aſked by what Means he accumulated the very large Fortune, which he is ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of, that he had more Difficulty in acquiring the firſt Three Thouſand Pounds, than all the Reſt of his immoderate Wealth. This Apothegm may be ſaid to comprize the whole Arcanum of riſing in the World, but as not one of the Adepts in the Science has thought proper to diſcover the ſecret Art of putting this Rule in Practice, it is to be apprehended, the indigent

gent will find as many Difficulties as ever to retard their Progreſs, and hinder them from emerging out of their Embarraſſments. The Author of my Motto has obſerved, many Ages ſince, that the moſt exalted Virtues and the rareſt Accompliſhments do not find it eaſy to extricate themſelves out of Difficulties; and the Courſe of human Contingencies has proved the Maxim true to this Day.

There is perhaps hardly any Man, but can point out in the Circle of his Acquaintance certain Perſonages of very extenſive Capacities, ſtrong and quick Parts, and a delicate Senſe of Honour, who are not however able to raiſe themſelves to any conſpicuous Point of Eminence, merely becauſe their Talents have not been called forth by Opportunity, or animated by Succeſs. Genius wherever it ſubſiſts, muſt be warmed and cheriſhed, otherwiſe it is apt to languiſh and decay; the fine Senſations, which are attendant on an enlightened Underſtanding, occaſion a certain Delicacy in the Poſſeſſor's Way of thinking, which renders him liable to a Dejection of Spirits upon many Occaſions in Life. Refined Parts ſhould be tenderly preſerved, or they are liable to be chilled by the Blaſts of Adverſity; like thoſe Fruits, which would wither unripened in our cold northern Clime, were they not carefully aſſiſted in their Vegetation by the adventitious Uſe of hot Beds. The Stage is perhaps the only Source of real Encouragement to a Man of Genius; and indeed it may be truly ſaid that the Players contribute more to the Promotion of Letters than all our Nobility put together. *Quod non dant proceres, dabit Hiſtrio*, ſays *Juvenal* with his uſual Acrimony, and if the excellent Imitator of his ſecond Satyr ſhould think proper to favour the Public with any more Performances of the ſame Nature, he will not have Reaſon from the Generoſity of the preſent Age to abate any Thing from the Severity of the Remark; on the contrary he may point it with all the witty Malice of a Friend to the Cauſe of Letters.

The Circumſtance, which in my Opinion reflects the greateſt Luſtre upon the Character of Lord *Sommers*, is the Encouragement he afforded to ſuch a Genius as Mr. *Addiſon*, who might have remained in a leſs conſpicuous Point of View without the Aſſiſtance of ſuch a Patron. His Vein of Humour, which is now the genteeleſt in the World, might have taken a Tincture from low Life; his delicate Raillery might have ſubſided into coarſe and vulgar Railing; His Taſte, which was finiſhed by Travel and every other Advantage, might have grown quite callous and indelicate: for his Sentiments of Morality might have been ſubſtituted a Strain of Ribaldry, to awaken the Bluſh of Confuſion in that female Face, which, as Matters happened, he took ſo much Pains to ſet off in the Smiles of native Innocence and unaffected Beauty; and that Pen, which entertained the Town in the moſt elegant Productions of human Wit, might have ſubſided into Politics, perſonal Invective, and Party-rage. He would, perhaps, like his Friend *Steel*, have compoſed a *Criſis*, and fallen a Sacrifice to the ireſiſtible Genius of *Swift*; or, as we do not perceive that his Friendſhip to *Pope* was extremely ſincere, he might have merited a Place in the *Dunciad*, among the many Scriblers, who are likely to figure in that Poem to all Poſterity. But the kindly Protection of the Lord *Sommers* hindered him from ſinking into Obſcurity, and from being compelled by Neceſſity to ſully that fair Fame, which is now the Reward of his excellent Performances. The Aſſiſtance of ſo eminent a Perſon was a Kind of Demand upon him, for all that elaborate Elegance, which now diſtinguiſhes itſelf in his Writings.

He from the Taſte obſcene refines our Youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the Side of Truth.

POPE.

IT has been the Fate of many, endowed perhaps with Parts not very inferior to *Addiſon*, to droop in Indigence, their Poetic Fires totally extinguiſhed, and I make no Manner of Doubt, but in the preſent Age, there are thoſe who might become ſhining Ornaments of the Republic of Letters, were there any Incitement to ſpur the Muſes Steed. But a Treatiſe on *Cribidge*, or a Calculation of the Chances at Whiſt, is ſure of being better received at preſent, than ſuch a Performance as the *Analyſis of Beauty*, or any other Work of diſtinguiſhed Genius. While a *Smart* ſubſiſts among us, I cannot help thinking it an indelible Reproach to the Age, that he has not any where found a *Mecænas*, and that he is ſuffered to draw his Pen in the Praiſes of his Maker, without receiving any other Reward, than a ſmall Premium at *Cambridge*, and that Portion of Fame, which, in Spight of Malice and Envy, he will be always ſure to enjoy.

WIT, according to the preſent Faſhion among the opulent, is rather an Object of Ridicule than an Accompliſhment deſerving Encouragement and Eſteem. I have ſome where ſeen it remarked, that every rich Man has a peculiar Manner of of Joking; perhaps their Affluence throws an imaginary Glare of Light around every Thing they ſay or do. With theſe pecuniary Men of Humour, it is obſervable that the Narrowneſs of Fortune, in which moſt of the literary Tribe are ſituated, is a ſtanding Topic of Pleaſantry, and the ſevereſt and moſt diverting Thing they can ſay of a Man is, that "*he is a Poet.*" The witty Doctor *Young* has ridiculed this Cuſtom with his uſual Delicacy.

Theſe, when their utmoſt Venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—" he's a Wit."
Poor Negroes thus to ſhew their burning Spite,
To Cacodæmon's ſay, they're Dev'liſh White.

THERE is hardly any Thing more affecting to a Man of real Merit, than to find himſelf ſcorn'd by the Inſolence of Purſe-pride. But People of Affluence ſhould conſider when they attempt to depreciate Men of ſuperior Parts, that they betray an unmanly Triumph over thoſe, who have ſtill their Fortune to make. The World in general is apt to form an Idea of a Man, at the Time he is leaſt able to make a proper Judgment for himſelf; and from thence it reſults that we find ſome utterly ruined by ſlight Errors, trivial Indiſcretions, and petty Inadvertencies, while others owe their Elevation to Vices, to headſtrong Paſſions, and a Series of ſelfiſh Views, which are, for the greater Part, more ſucceſsful, than Modeſty, a ſober Underſtanding, and a Spirit above abject Flattery and mean Submiſſion.

THEY, who ſit ſmiling at the Goal of Fortune, while others are running the hardy Courſe, ſhould reflect, that it is poſſible for a young Man by Perſeverance and unremitted Application, to reach the very Point, in which they take ſo much Pride; and then it is evident on which Side the Superiority will be found. A well turned Spirit, with the Advantages of a genteel Education and a competent Knowledge of the World, muſt certainly receive additional Luſtre from an Acceſſion of Wealth, and the Accompliſhments of ſuch a one will in their Turn adorn and embelliſh Affluence. On this Account *Juvenal's* Maxim is without Diſpute, highly juſt; a great Reſpect, ſays he, is due to Youth. The Practice of this Obſervation I would recommend to all Parents, Uncles, Guardians, and all Ranks of People, who have any Concern in the Education of the riſing Generation; as it is to be apprehended that they frequently, by too much Precipitance in their Conduct, drive them to Extremes, which a little Indulgence might prevent, and by which they might become valuable Members of Society.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter-Office, Feb. 2, 1754.

IN my Rambles through this Metropolis, I am always attentive to every Object that offers itſelf to View; I frequently meet a Poet ſcanning a Verſe in a Crowd; an Under-actor repeating *Richard* or King *Lear*; a *Templer* meditating on the Laws of the Stage; a Merchant heedleſs of what Mails are come in, and chiefly ſollicitous to know what literary Performance is coming out; and, in ſhort, I have daily Opportunities of obſerving the prepoſterous Abſurdities of human Life. Beſides remarking theſe common Occurrences, I am likewiſe particular fond of going in to ſee the various Curioſities, which are conſtantly tempting the Inhabitants of the Cities of London and Weſtminſter; I have ſeen the *Fire-Eater*, the *Porcupine*, the *Hyena*, the *Talleſt Woman in the World*, and every Sight that can be mentioned. A few Days ſince my Admiration was greatly excited by a Repreſentation, which is perfectly new in its Way. I was drawn to it by a Peculiarity of Stile in the Bill, which they have diſtributed about Town. I ſhall give it to my Readers at preſent, and I will only add that it is highly worth the Peruſal of our modern Playhouſe Critics, as it may ſerve as a Form of Panegyric for them, whenever they think proper to celebrate a new Performer on the Stage; and particulary I would recommend it to the notable Writer of a Letter to Miſs *Noſſiter*, as I apprehend it to be very much in his Manner.

Juſt arrived from ITALY,
The ARTIFICIAL AVIARY.

To be ſeen at *two Shillings* and *Sixpence* each Perſon; any Hour of the Day (*Sundays* excepted) at the *Black Peruke* oppoſite the *Mews* at *Charing-Croſs*.

Being the Repreſentation of two Singing Birds, viz a Canary-Bird *and a* Bull-Finch.

Perch'd in a Magnificent Cage;

They perform either ſeparately or together; pour forth a great Variety of Tones, in ſo melodious and delightful a Manner, as to ſurprize and captivate the Hearers, beyond what is poſſible to imagine;

nor do they leſs delight the Eye, than the Ear, by their beautiful and natural Figures; and keeping juſt Time to their Muſic, by the due Heavings of their Breaſts, the Workings of their Bills, and every Attitude that mimicks Life, as if they were equally raviſhed themſelves with the Pleaſure they give the Company.

N. B. They have been ſeen by his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*, by the Princeſs Dowager of *Wales*, and by the young Prince and Princeſſes; who were charmed with the Beauty, Harmony, and Contrivance of theſe *admirable Pieces of Art*.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe, Feb. 1.

The new Genius mentioned in our laſt has not appeared here ſince; a rare Inſtance of Modeſty in a Scribler! Since that an ingenious Gentleman has introduced a new Invention, called a poetical *Quadrant*, by which a Critic may take an Obſervation of the Altitude of modern Wit. The ſame Perſon has alſo a *Microſcope*, to diſcover the Merit of the ſaid Wits; and it is confidently reported that the *Iriſh Society* have order'd four hundred of each Sort, for the Uſe of the Country Farmers, who are grown of late extreamly fond of Poetical Compoſitions.

Covent-Garden, Jan. 26.

This Day a new Tragedy, entitled *Conſtantine the Great*, was read here to the Actors for the firſt Time. This Piece is written by the reverend Mr. *Francis*, from whoſe valuable Tranſlation of *Horace* it may be inferr'd that he is ſuch a Judge of all the Graces of Language and every beautiful Turn in Writing, that it is not to be doubted, but he will give the Public a Production abounding in Elegancies, as well as Paſſages to ſeize the Paſſions of an Audience, agreeably to the Precept of his **Maſter**,

Nec ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe Poemata; dulcia ſunto,
Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunto.

Drury-Lane Feb. 1, 1754.

King *John* has been acted here with great Applauſe, and the Baſtard artfully repreſented by Mr. *Garrick*. The mixed Qualities in that Character, *viz.* His *pointed Humour*, and his *dauntleſs Spirit* make a pleaſing Contraſt in the Performance. The Speech upon Commodity, which is perhaps the moſt difficult in any Play, is by this Actor convey'd with ſuch Humour and ſuch a Vivacity of Intelligence, that a ſkilful Hearer muſt think it an Addition to his great theatric Merit.

The Comedy of the *Recruiting Officer* is to be revived at this Houſe next week, in which Mr. *Foote* will play Captain *Brazen*, and Miſs *Macklin* the Part of *Sylvia*, by which Means thoſe who are inclined to ſee that promiſing young Actreſs at her Benefit, will be amply repaid, for their Generoſity, by the Pleaſure they are likely to receive.

A Letter ſigned X. TEMPLE came to Hand relating to Mrs *Gregory*, the new Actreſs; but as ſhe has by the Force of her Genius, recommended herſelf to the public Notice, Mr. *Ranger* thinks it unneceſſary to take any further Notice of that Affair, and hopes the Writer of the Letter will excuſe his not inſerting it.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

T H E

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 20. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 9, 1754.

Gray's Inn, *Feb.* 9, 1754

Non obtuſa adeò geſtamus Pectora Pœni,
Nec tam averſus Equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab Urbe.
VIRG.

IN a former Paper I took Notice of a falſe Judgment upon *Shakeſpear*, which the celebrated *Voltaire* has thought proper to ſend into the World. As the ſame Writer has, in another Paſſage, taken unbecoming Liberties with the *Engliſh* Nation, I ſhall make his Animadverſion the Subject of this Day's Lucubration, and I make no Doubt but it will appear to any of his candid Countrymen, that he has been led by Prejudice upon this Occaſion.

PREFIXED to *Voltaire*'s *Merope*, we find a Letter to *Maffei* (the Author of an *Italian* Tragedy on the ſame Subject) in which that Writer, after mentioning a faulty Piece which was performed on the *Engliſh* Stage, delivers himſelf in the following

Words. " Elle fut ſans doute mal Reçue; mais n'eſt il pas
" bien etrange qu'on l'ait repreſentée? n'eſt ce pas une pre-
" uve que le Teatre *Anglais* n'eſt pas encore epuré? Il ſemble
" que la même cauſe qui prive les *Anglais* du Genie de la
" Painture & de la Muſique, leur ôte auſſi celui de la Tragedie.
" Cette Iſle, qui a produit les plus grand Philoſophes de la
" Terre, n'eſt pas auſſi fertile pour les beaux Arts, et ſi les
" *Anglais* ne s'appliquent Serieuſement a ſuivre les preceptes
" de leurs excellens citoyens, *Addiſon* & *Pope*, ils n'appro-
" cheront pas des autres Peuples en fait de Gout & de Li-
" terature." " *The* Engliſh Merope, (*ſays* Voltaire,) *acted in*
" *the Year* 1731, *was not well received; but is it not ſurpriſing*
" *that it was exhibited at all? May we not infer from thence, that*
" *the* Engliſh *Stage has not as yet attained a due Degree of Refine-*
" *ment, it looks as if the ſame Cauſe, which has deprived the* Engliſh
" *of a Genius for Painting and Muſic, has alſo withheld from them*
" *the Spirit of Dramatic Poetry. That Iſland which has produced the*
" *greateſt Philoſophers in the World, is not ſo happy with Regard*
" *to the polite Arts, and unleſs they ſeriouſly attach themſelves to*
" *the Precepts of their excellent Countrymen,* Addiſon *and* Pope,
" *they will be thrown at a Diſtance by other Nations in Point of*
" *Literature and Productions of Taſte.*"

WHAT the Cauſe is, which has deprived the *Engliſh* of a Genius for Painting and Muſic, I am at a Loſs to determine. Certain it is, thoſe Arts flouriſhed for a long Time in *Italy*, before they came over the *Alps* to our northern Regions and it is certain that a Taſte for them has prevailed many Years ſince in this Kingdom. They have been cultivated here with the greateſt Delicacy by ſeveral eminent Maſters, though we cannot boaſt as many exalted Genius's as have adorned the ſofter Clime of *Italy*. The Transfiguration by *Raphael*, the Nativity by *Corregio*, and the laſt Judgment by *Michael Angelo* will perhaps never be matched any where elſe; but it is unfair to deduce a Concluſion from thence, that we have no Genius for this excellent imitative Art in *England*. Portrait Painting has been in as great a Degree of Perfection in this Country as in any other Part of the World. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* will always appear deſerving of the Praiſe conferred upon him by our beſt Poets, and Sir *Peter*'s *Lely*'s Beauties will continue to vie with our moſt celebrated Toaſts.

Lely *on animated Canvaſs ſtole*
The ſleepy Eye, which ſpoke the melting Soul.

WHOEVER, has obſerved with Attention the Performances of *Hayman*, muſt be convinced that *Voltaire*'s Charge of a want of Taſte is perfectly groundleſs. Every Thing is put out of Hand by this excellent Artiſt with the utmoſt Grace and Delicacy, and his Hiſtory-Pieces have, beſides their beautiful Colouring, the moſt lively Expreſſion of Character. *Hutſon*'s Room (though he exacts no Price for ſeeing it) teems with mimic Life; and *Hogarth*, like a true Genius, has formed a new School of Painting for himſelf. He may be truly ſtiled the *Cervantes* of his Art, as he has exhibited with ſuch a maſterly Hand the ridiculous Follies of human Nature. In many of his Pieces there is ſuch a grave and couched Kind of Humour, that it requires a diſcerning Eye to perceive the ſeveral latent Beauties; and he may be ſaid to be the firſt, who has wrote Comedy with his Pencil. His *Harlot's Progreſs*, and *Marriage A-la-mode* are, in my Opinion, as well drawn as any Thing in *Moliere*, and the Unity of Character, which is the Perfection of Dramatic Poetry, is ſo ſkilfully preſerved, that we are ſurprized to ſee the ſame Perſonage thinking agreeably to his complexional Habits in the many different Situations, in which we afterwards perceive him. The Frible, the Bully, the Politician, the Lawyer, the Miſer, and in ſhort all the Foibles of the human Mind are, by this Gentleman, ſo admirably depicted upon Canvas, that I am convinced *Voltaire* would be at a Loſs to ſhew where he has been excelled.

WE may alſo boaſt an equal Excellence in Muſic; for though Mr. *Handell* is not an *Engliſhman*, it is however a convincing Proof of our national Taſte, that we have made it worth his while to fix his Reſidence among us, and that we have ſhewn a due Senſibility to manly Melody, where the Sound is expreſſive of the Senſe, and where no unnatural Diviſions, nor idle inſignificant Quirks miſlead the Ear in a thrilling Maze of wild and random Notes. Such a Genius as Doctor *Boyce* will be always ſufficient to vindicate us from *Voltaire*'s national Opprobrium, and the Admirers of *Arne* have conſtantly celebrated him for his peculiar Talent, at finding the moſt emphatic Expreſſion in a Compoſition, and diſcovering where the Paſſions are placed in every Piece of Poetry. To theſe Paſſages he never fails to give their full Energy, and like a raviſhing Commentator brings new Beauties into Light with ſuch a ſweetneſs of Harmony, that every Breaſt yields irreſiſtibly to the melting Impreſſion. The principal Beauty of all muſical Compoſitions, as I take it, conſiſts in the Sounds being an Echo of the Senſe, and having an Influence on the Paſſions of the Auditors, and I am proud to have an Opportunity of ſaying that we are likely to have an *Engliſh* Opera ſet to Muſic by the laſt mentioned Gentleman, which, I perſuade myſelf, will do Honour to him and his Country.

With Regard to Dramatic Poetry, our Advantage every every Nation in the known World is, I think, very apparent. The beſt Critics have laid it down as a Rule that a Performance is to be judged by its Number of ſtriking Beauties, and not by ſome Inaccuracies, and the Inſtances of occaſional Conformity to the vicious Taſte of the Times. If *Shakeſpear* is viewed in this light he will certainly appear to any unprejudiced Reader infinitely ſuperior to *Corneille*, *Racine*, and all the poliſhed Writers of *France* and *Italy*. I remember a Paſſage in *Voltaire*'s Writings, where he is at infinite Pains to bring together a String of Quotations from the beſt *French* Tragedies, to evince their great Talents at Strokes of the ſublime; in all he makes up about twenty or thirty at moſt; and the Beauties of *Shakeſpear* have of late been publiſhed in ſeveral Volumes. Beſides, *Otway* has found Acceſs to the Heart better than any *French* Writer whatever, and the domeſtic Paſſions are touched by him with the greateſt Elegance and Simplicity. It is very common on the *French* Stage to hear a Perſonage of the Drama, exclaiming perpetually *Helas* and *mon Dieu!* and then formally acquainting the Audience that he feels ſuch and ſuch Senſations; but our great Maſters of the Paſſions make their Hearers feel by Sympathy the Agitations of their Hero's Breaſt, without running into cold languid Declamation.

The dramatic Poetry of this Country is like our Conſtitution, built upon the bold Baſis of Liberty; and though the latter has brought our King to the Block, and the former admits Blood to be ſhed on the Stage; theſe are Corruptions which have intruded, and are, as the Poet ſays, " Effects unhappy from a noble Cauſe." Upon the whole we may apply, what *Horace* has ſaid to the *Engliſh* Nation,

—Spirat Tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque lituram.

Our Poets are ſufficiently poſſeſſed of the Spirit of Tragedy, but they are not attentive to the minute Rules of correct Taſte, and the Trouble of blotting. It may be added that they have more real Fire, ſublimer Sentiments, and Characters better marked than any Nation whatever, and in Painting and Muſic, we can boaſt ſo many Maſters in both as might have prevented the *French* Author from charging us with a want of Genius.

X.

* * *

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

There is an abuſe at both Play Houſes, which, in my Opinion, demands your ſevereſt animadverſion, and it would be worthy of your Pen to regulate the Management in this Point. The Thing I mean reſults from the Cuſtom of ſending Servants to keep Places in the Boxes, a Cuſtom (to ſpeak theatrically) more honoured in the Breach than the Obſervance. In *Paris* they never ſuffer any Servant to keep Places at any Rate; but if that cannot be accompliſhed here, I think it ſhould be ſo ordered, that when moſt of the Company is ſeated, a Footman ſhall not be ſuffered to ſit next a fine Lady, or a Gentleman well dreſſed. I was greatly incommoded in this reſpect the other Night at the *Inconſtant*, and when Mrs. *Clive* and Mr. *Woodward* were exciting all the Gaiety of my Soul, a young Footman counterworked the effect of their Humours, and quite ſowered my Temper by ſome offenſive Qualities, which I ſhall not mention. I wiſh you would think of ſome Method to prevent this Inconvenience for the future, and you will oblige,

Sir,

Suffolk Street, 6th *Feb.*

Your moſt humble, *Servant*,

WILLIAM DECENT.

Unleſs the Box-Keepers ſhould think proper to call out theſe People, Be it enacted, That the Pit may riſe and give Laws upon the Occaſion without incurring the Cenſure of a Riot, and for ſo doing, this ſhall be their ſufficient Warrant.

CHARLES RANGER.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, 6th Feb.

The board of Critics met here yeſterday Evening, when a choice Spirit offered to their Conſideration a Scheme, which he ſaid, he intends to carry into immediate Execution. It ſeems this Gentleman is of Opinion that we are not furniſhed with a ſufficient Number of periodical Papers, and to make up for the Deficiency, he has not only laid the Plan of a Paper for every Day, but for every Hour of the Day; the firſt Number to be publiſhed at Six in the Morning, giving an ample Account of what Bloods are then reeling Home from the Tavern, what Ladies are at Cards without having been in Bed all Night, *&c.* and in this manner he is to purſue his Deſign through every Hour of the Day. He intends to call it the *Repeator* or *Literary Watch*, and he makes no doubt but this Metropolis will receive great Entertainment and Inſtruction from ſo *well-timed* a Production, as he calls it, when he is inclined to give vent to a Pun.

From the Public Advertiſer, Feb. 6.

We hear there is a new *Engliſh Operetta* of two Acts, called the *London Prentice*, written by a Gentleman, and now ſetting to Muſic by Mr. *Defeſch*, which will be performed at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, for Mrs *Clive*'s Benefit. And as the famous *Nicolini* had the Honour to be taken Notice of by the Spectators for his courageous and graceful Deportment in fighting with and killing one Lyon in the Opera of *Hydaſpes*, Mr. *Beard*, who is to act the Part of the *London Prentice*, will be obliged to engage two much larger and fiercer than that killed by the Italian, and it is not doubted will come off with Honour.

Mr. RANGER *is apt to believe that Mr.* Beard *and Mrs.* Clive *will not only come off with Honour but with Humour, and he therefore adviſes all the true Lovers of Mirth to be preſent.*

Covent-Garden, Feb. 9.

On Tueſday next the *Relapſe* is to be preſented here for the Benefit of Mr. *Cibber*, who is to perform the Part of Lord *Foppington*. It is unneceſſary to recommend this Actor to the Patronage of the Town, it being to be ſuppos'd that moſt People will be ready to favour a Deſcendant of one to whom the Theatre is ſo highly indebted, the more eſpecially as the preſent Performer has formerly contributed greatly to their Entertainment, and is ſtill capable of diſplaying Talents in Comedy which would be an Addition to the Company of either Theatre.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 21. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d*.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 16, 1754.

Gray's Inn, *Feb.* 16, 1754.

> *In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere formas*
> *Corpora.*———— ————— OVID.

THE Chambers over my Apartment in *Gray's-Inn* having been unoccupied for a conſiderable Time paſt, I was enabled to purſue my Lucubrations with the greater Eaſe and Tranquillity, being free from thoſe ſudden Alarms of Noiſe, which are otherwiſe inevitable in any of the Inns of Court. But my Repoſe has met with an Interruption of ſo pleaſant a Kind, that I have determined to acquaint my Readers with all the Particulars of the Incident.

ABOUT ten Days ſince a Gentleman entered upon the Premiſes, and ever ſince I have been frequently diſturbed at my Studies by ſuch quick and unexpected Shocks, that it was abſolutely impoſſible for me to purſue the ſame Train of Thought with any Degree of Attention. If engaged in reading Mr. *Hawkins Brown*'s excellent Poem upon the Immortality of the Soul, in which he has artfully combined in their full Force all the Arguments in Support of that important Article of

our

Belief; or if pauſing upon the Reflections of ſome Moraliſt, or the Precepts of a Critic, ſuddenly I heard a violent Bounce over my Head; the Cieling ſhook as if ready to come down, and a Convulſion ſhook the whole Houſe. Deep Contemplation ſometimes unbraces the Nerves to ſuch a Degree, that an unexpected Noiſe ſtartles the whole Frame of the Body, and throws the Spirits out of that placid State, which is requiſite in order to think with Calmneſs and Perſpicuity. This Diſcompoſure I experienced upon ſo many Occaſions, and ſometimes in ſuch quick Succeſſion, that I judged it proper to ſtep up Stairs to the Gentleman, to inform him of the Inconveniencies, which I lay under, and to beg of him to regulate Matters with leſs Turbulence.

I KNOCKED two or three Times at his Door, but receiving no Anſwer, and hearing him run about with great Violence of Exertion, I made bold to walk in unbid. You go into the Dining-Room through a Glaſs folding Door, which was at this Time ſhut, but the Curtains undrawn. Through the Window I ſaw the Gentleman pulling his Cloaths with the utmoſt Vehemence, and in an Inſtant he appeared in the Habit and Air of an old Woman delivering Doctor *Rock*'s Bills upon *Ludgate-Hill.* Surprized at this Change, I ſtopt ſhort to obſerve the Actions of this extraordinary Perſonage, and very ſhortly I was entertained with another Viciſſitude of Appearance; for quick as Lightening he ſhifted Cloaths, and walked about the Room with a Baſket, and with an audible Voice pronounced, "Muffins for Coffee and Tea, Gentlemen and Ladies." This appeared extremely whimſical; He then varied his Dreſs, and with a Silver Pipe cried out *London-Evening-Poſt:* After which he threw away his Bundle of Papers, fell down upon his Knees, laid his Hand on his Heart, looked up with a great Expreſſion of Joy, and then riſing, indulged himſelf in all the whimſical Vagaries of a Man frantic with Senſations too exquiſite to endure. In this Way he continued for ſome Time, and at length threw himſelf into an Attitude of Surprize; after which he run wild about the Room, like one almoſt diſtracted with Deſpair, looking up in vain to Heaven for Relief, when to my great Amazement, he unexpectedly muſter'd up his Spirits, and with great Alacrity leaped through a ſmall Aperture into the Coal-Hole. After abſconding there for a ſhort Space of Time, he came forth with a Sack of Coals upon his Shoulders, which he emptied in the Middle of the Room, calling with ſome Earneſtneſs, "*Below.*" He had no ſooner done this, but he directed his Eyes ſparkling with Joy to ſome imaginary Object with which his Fancy ſeemed to be highly pleas'd; He then came forward, and knocked at the Door, where I had taken my Station, which I then took an Opportunity to open, and as I was advancing towards him, he ſeized me by the Shoulder, and twirling me round with all his Strength ſent me reeling into a Corner of his Room. Upon this he walked into the outward Apartment, ſlapping the Door after him, and immediately opened a ſmall Caſement Window, which was over the Door of his Bed Chamber. From thence he ſtretched out his Neck, and looking me full in the Face, burſt out into a loud fit of Laughter; then producing a Squirt, he began to let fly at me in ſuch a Manner, that I was ſoon pretty well watered from Head to Foot. The Exclamations, which I vented upon this Occaſion, rung ſuch a Peal in the Gentleman's Ears, that he was brought to a Recollection of himſelf. He came down very leiſurely from his Poſt, and with a modeſt Air and genteel Addreſs he politely aſked my Pardon, and told me that he was ſo intent upon his Buſineſs, that he really did not perceive that he was offering Indignities to a Stranger.—

Imagining that I was in the Hands of a Madman, I was willing to acquieſce with his Apology, but to ſatisfy my Curioſity, I took the Liberty to enquire of him, the Nature of his Buſineſs and what might be his Vocation. “ Sir, ſaid the “ Gentleman, won't you pleaſe to be ſeated—with regard to “ my Buſineſs, Sir, I am a Pantomime Poet— a Pantomime “ Poet!”— “ Pray, Sir, what is a Pantomime Poet?”—To this Queſtion my Friend anſwered with a Smile, “ a Writer of Pan- “ tomime, Sir—it is a Plan which I have determined to apply “ myſelf to, having Reaſon to think that it is the only way “ of ſucceeding in the preſent Age. I was bred at *Eton* “ School, from whence at a proper Time I was removed to “ the Univerſity; at both which Places I laid in a ſufficient “ Store of *Greek* and *Latin*, and always feeling a particular Turn “ for the Drama I applied my Genius principally to Tragedy “ and Comedy. In each Species of Writing I have given the “ finiſhing hand to ſome Pieces which have received the Ap- “ probation of a few Gentlemen of known Taſte and per- “ fectly verſed in critical Matters. Encouraged by their Opi- “ nion I came to Town, and after a long tedious Applica- “ tion I find it impoſſible to get any of my Performances ex- “ hibited. The Managers are engaged for ſeveral Seaſons; if “ I can wait till this Time five Years I may have a chance “ of coming on, but till then it's impoſſible; and then I am “ told that they always looſe by new Pieces. On this Ac- “ count I have taken a Reſolution to cultivate a Species of “ the Drama, which cannot fail of being profitable to all

" Parties, and, being agreeable to the public Taſte, will be " brought on without Difficulty as ſoon as offered."——

Here I broke in upon the Thread of his Diſcourſe, by aſking if he was determin'd to become Harlequin himſelf? To this he anſwered me in the Negative; but as it is a Rule in Writing to place yourſelf in the Situation of the Character, for which you are to find ſuitable Dialogue, he had judged it not improper to conform to this Precept, and therefore, in order the better to concert the ſudden Eſcapes and Changes of Dreſs, which have ſo pleaſing an effect in this kind of Poetry, he was practiſing over every ſtriking Attitude, and every unexpected Situation of the Harlequin, that he might be the better able to form an Opinion of the Plot and the ſeveral Incidents of the marvellous, which he had found it neceſſary to introduce. He proceeded to inform me, that he purpoſed calling his firſt Piece Harlequin Triumphant, or Poetry in the Suds. In this Performance the whole Race of Authors are to be expoſed to the Deriſion of the Public, and Harlequin is to crack a very great number of facetious Jokes upon their Shoulders with his wooden Sword. A Poet is to be placed at Table and a Beef-ſtake laid before him, to his inexpreſſible Joy, when in an Inſtant, by ſome curious ſtroke of Art, the ſolid Subſtance is to be changed into a modern Tragedy, and *Calvert's Entire Butt* wafted away from his longing Eyes. The Bard after this is to be ducked in a Well, and then toſſed in a Blanket, while Mother *Dullneſs* enjoys the ſprightly Vein of Mirth, happy to ſee her Orders ſo faithfully executed. In ſhort, the unhappy Poets are to undergo every Indignity, that human Wit can invent; and in Contraſt to this, Harlequin is to riot in Luxury; the Spring is to pour fourth her freſheſt Verdure to charm his Eye, Summer to ripen the various Fruits upon the loaded Boughs, in order to regale his Palate; Autumn muſt adminiſter the circling Glaſs, and Winter expand the frozen Surface of the Waters for him to Skate with all his Dignity, in Sight of the aſtoniſhed Audience.

Though this Plan appeared highly Romantic to me at firſt Sight, I could not help telling the Gentleman that I made no doubt but he would find his Account in it. I told him, that the ſureſt way to riſe in the World was to gratify the Follies of the People, and therefore commended this Scheme, which I am convinced cannot fail of Succeſs. I juſt then hinted that if he could contrive to be leſs violent in his Studies, I ſhould take it as a Favour, and after aſſuring him of my ſincere Wiſhes for all the Encouragement his Project deſerves, I took leave, and am at preſent tolerably quiet in my Study, not having above two or three Alarms in a Day, which muſt be now and then expected from ſo vigorous and warm an Imagination.

X.

* * *

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter-Office, Feb. 16.

THE Reading of Novels is the prevailing Taſte of the preſent Age; in Compliance with this Faſhion, I lately took in hand two ſmall Volumes, which have for their Title, *The Friends, a ſentimental Hiſtory*; and as I have received very great Entertainment from the Peruſal, I take this Opportunity to recommend them to all, who have any Reliſh for a Performance, in which the Narrative is carried on with Spirit, and the Incidents unfold themſelves with juſt Degrees of Surprize, without making any Approaches to the Regions of marvellous Improbability. The Author ſeems to have taken Advantage of that Curioſity, which is inherent in our Natures, to lead us, through a Train of pleaſing and unexpected Events, to a Knowledge of the Paſſions, a Taſte for Virtue, and the refined Enjoyments of an enlightened Underſtanding. I therefore think, that our Romance-readers, by going through this Production, will redeem Part of that Time, which is unprofitably ſpent in an unavailing Application to mere Fiction, and the flowery Tales of Love and Beauty, whether ſuffering unmerited Diſtreſs, or arriving through a Series of Woes to the Height of human Felicity.

By Advices from ſeveral Routs in this Metropolis, we are informed that the Beau-monde has undergone a total Revolution within theſe few Years, and that Love is utterly baniſhed from every Boſom. The Men no longer mind how a Lady looks, but how ſhe plays; inſtead of obſerving the Delicacy of the Shape, the Turn of the Face, and the Symmetry of the Features, they only take notice how many Honours ſhe holds, whether ſhe makes a good Fineſſe, and can ſave a Game at a Pinch by winning the odd Trick. The Ladies in their Turn overlook the Appearance of manly Strength, the Beauties of a well informed Mind, and the good Qualities of an even Temper; but the Chat now takes another Turn, “ Lord I know that Gentle“ man — I ſaw him at Mrs *Quadrille's* Rout — bets twenty Guineas “ on a Rubber --- and there's Captain *Phthyſick* with him --- he loſt five “ hundred Pounds at the Maſquerade.” Thus *Cupid* is grown mere Lumber, and Cards and the Marriage-act, it is to be apprehended, will thin the riſing Generation, or produce a ſickly, haggard, infirm Race, to conſtitute, what is called, People of Faſhion. The Advice of an excellent Satyriſt I think not amiſs on this Occaſion.

If Sin you muſt, take Nature for your Guide;
Love has ſome ſoft Excuſe to ſooth your Pride;
Ye fair Apoſtates from Love's antient Pow'r?
Can nothing raviſh but a Golden Show'r?
Can Cards alone your glowing Fancy ſeize?
Muſt *Cupid* learn to *punt* e're he can pleaſe?

On

Drury-Lane, Feb. 15.

On Weneſday Evening was preſented here the *Recruiting Officer*, Mr. *Palmer* acquitted himſelf in Captain *Plume* with the Air and Carriage of a Gentleman; it is unneceſſary to ſay that *Brazen* was performed with a Characteriſtic *non Chalence* of Temper; but it would be Injuſtice to great Merit not to add, that Miſs *Macklin* is admirable in the Character of *Sylvia*. *Induitur formoſa eſt, Exuitur ipſa Forma eſt*, may juſtly be applied to her on this Occaſion; In Woman's Attire ſhe is beautiful, the Petticoat laid, ſhe is the very *Form* of *Beauty*. I do not remember to have ſeen any Actreſs wear the Breeches with ſo good a Grace; entirely adjuſted in her Carriage, and elegantly faſhioned in her whole Perſon, ſhe treads the Stage with the janty Air of a pretty Fellow. After this Comedy a Piece of Mr. *Foote*'s called the *Knights* was performed for the third Time. The Character of Sir *Gregory Gazette* is highly Comic, and yet not carried beyond the Bounds of Nature, by the Author; and Mr. *Yates* ſhewed great Judgment in performing it with the moſt humorous Pleaſantry, without exaggerating the Features. The ſame may be ſaid of Mr. *Caſtello*, who played *Tim* with ſuch an unideal Face, and ſuch a Perfection of Folly, that he equals the laviſh Deſcription in Mr. *Cibber*'s Life of the celebrated *Nokes*. Mr. *Ranger* cannot conclude this Paragraph without informing the Public, that on Friday next Mr. *Foote* is to take a Benefit as Author of the Farce, and when it is added that it will be his laſt Time of appearing this Seaſon, it would be calling the Taſte of the Town in Queſtion, to urge that is incumbent on the Lovers of true Mirth to diſmiſs this genuine Son of Humour from their Service with all the Tokens of Approbation which his Genius deſerves.

Preparing for the Preſs,

PROPOSALS *for* PRINTING *by* SUBSCRIPTION.

The Hiſtory of the *Grub-ſtreet Society*, in Imitation of *Sprat*'s Hiſtory of the Royal Society; in which ſtrict Juſtice will be done to the Characters of thoſe eminent Perſonages, who have been worthy Members of that Academy, and due Regard will alſo be paid to the preſent Race of Genius's who do Honour to that auguſt Body. All thoſe, whoſe Modeſty will not permit them to read their Names with Pleaſure in this Work, are deſired to ſignify the ſame by a Line to the Author of this Paper, and their Arguments ſhall be duely conſider'd.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

T H E

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER,* Eſq;

NUMB. 22. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 23, 1754.

Gray's Inn, *Feb.* 23, 1754.

To CHARLES RANGER; *Eſq;*

These are imperial Works and worthy Kings.

POPE.

SIR,

SOME Time ago I obſerved with Pleaſure, that you communicated to the Public, a Project that is now in Agitation, for the Improvement of Science, and of uſeful Arts and Manufactures. I was glad to find, that whilſt you are animadverting on the Follies and Impertinencies of Mankind, you at the ſame Time gave Proof of your Concurrence in a Deſign, which actuates a nobler and more extenſive Sphere.

WHAT Progreſs hath been made towards the Execution of ſo laudable a Plan, I am at preſent unable to determine, but as I would naturally hope it will not be ſuffered to expire in Obſcurity, I am deſirous, by the Aſſiſtance of your Paper, to intereſt my Countrymen in the Proſecution of a Scheme, whoſe ſole Object is the public Emolument and Utility.

The Perfection of Arts, the Encouragement of Genius and Science, with the Advancement of Commerce and Manufactures are Points which the wiſeſt Nations have always judged worthy, of their Care and their Attention. The Advantage, and even Safety of a State is equally concerned, with her Glory and Honour: And when a Propoſal of this Kind is ſubmitted to her Notice, it would imply no leſs a Want of Ardour for a national and heroic Fame, than a Diſregard to her immediate Welfare, ſhould ſhe treat it with Indifference and Neglect. But this, we may flatter ourſelves, will not be the Fate of that Undertaking, which is now making its Way to the public Favour. I have the Pleaſure to be informed that many Gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed Fortune, Abilities and Rank, have generouſly teſtified a Readineſs to ſupport it, in a Manner that ſhall be moſt conducive to the general Good. Senſible of the numerous beneficial Effects which will naturally reſult from it, they have diſcovered an Inclination to execute and *realize* it, with that Patriotiſm and Spirit which does Honour to the Eminence of their Station, and dignifies the Enjoyment of ſuperior Opulence and Wealth. Should it be aſked, how will the Community receive Advantage? I would anſwer much every Way; in every Branch of Science, and in every Article of Trade. Ingenious Artificers will be multiplied, where at preſent they are few in Number; and ſuch Inſtances of Commerce will be encouraged and revived, which now appear to be in a State of Decay. For ſhould a Society be formed, in Conſequence of the Plan referred to, it is natural to imagine, they will be diſpoſed to inquire, in what Caſes their Influence can be moſt ſucceſsfully exerted. New Manufactures will probably be introduced amongſt us; and thoſe which we already have will be carried to a much higher Degree of Improvement and Perfection.

We have many Commodities of our own Growth, which are greatly inſufficient to anſwer the neceſſary Demand; and the Deficiencies we are obliged to ſupply by buying at foreign Markets. It is probable, that many of theſe Commodities may be ſo far increaſed, that we may be able to furniſh ourſelves at Home, without having Recourſe to Foreigners; by that Means, more Hands will be neceſſarily employed, and the Money ſent abroad will circulate within our own Country. For Inſtance, the Growth of *Madder* was formerly in ſuch Abundance that there was little or no Neceſſity to apply for it elſe where: Whereas now, the Cultivation of it is ſo much neglected here in *England*, that our Dyers are obliged to purchaſe of the *Dutch*, what they have Occaſion to uſe, at the annual Expence of ſeveral Thouſand Pounds. Many other Inſtances, and of far greater Importance, might eaſily be ſpecified, and I mentioned this, not preferably to thoſe, but as it caſually occurred to my Memory.

The Caſe will be the ſame with Reſpect to the finer and politer Arts, for the Embelliſhment of human Life. A Taſte for Elegance and Delicacy will inſenſibly prevail, and diffuſe itſelf amongſt us in various engaging Relations, Genius and Invention, inſtead of drooping beneath the Preſſures of Exigence or Contempt, the uſual Fate of friendleſs unaſſiſted Merit, will be honoured in the public Applauſe, and rewarded by the public Bounty.

Britain may in Time become the School of Architecture, Sculpture or Painting; when other *Jones's* ſhall ariſe to deſign her Palaces and Buildings, and new *Vandykes* ſhall teach the animated Canvaſs, to glow with all the Beauties which the faireſt Forms exhibit to the Eye. We may add to this, that Motives of univerſal Intereſt, particularly call upon us, for our effectual Concurrence in a Work of this Nature.

A powerful and politic Enemy is jealous to poſſeſs herſelf of every Opening, that will lead her to the Improvement of the national Fortune. Hence is it that her Trade flouriſhes, her Marine is hourly increaſing; and not contented with becoming our Rivals or Superiours, in many valuable Branches of Commerce, ſhe is making large Advances to conteſt with us the Pre-eminence and Dominion of the Sea, and Prejudices apart, it muſt be readily allowed, that the Policy of *France* is, in theſe Points, neither unreaſonable nor imprudent; Her Example may be a Leſſon to ourſelves; and even Errors and Diſappointments may inſtruct us where a Series of Proſperity would fail. Experience hath ſhewn us the very great Importance of the *Herring-Fiſhery*; Succeſs approves it. Had this Scheme been put in Execution, when it was firſt propoſed by Sir *Walter Raleigh* in the Reign of *James* the Firſt, it is probable that ſuch Advantages would have been derived to us at this Time that might really exceed our warmeſt and moſt ſanguine Expectations. Or had the Propoſal for augmenting our Navy made by Dr. *Dee* to Queen *Elizabeth*, been attempted but a Century before, we had been ſuperior to the *Spaniards* naval Force at the Diſcovery of *America*, and might poſſibly have been now in Poſſeſſion of the exhauſtleſs Mines of *Mexico* and *Peru*. But this, it may be ſaid, is talking of an ideal Happineſs; of what only might have been, or might perhaps have been prejudicial to the Community.

Let us then turn our Thoughts and Attention, to Matters univerſally allowed to be of general Uſe. For much remains to be done; and let a vigorous Improvement and Application make ſome Amends for the Time that hath been already loſt, and indeed that this Scheme might be puſhed on with the Force and Power it deſerves, I could wiſh, to render the Satisfaction as extenſive as the Neceſſity, that the Legiſlature would condeſcend to patronize it with the national Encouragement and Sanction. It is not unworthy of their Countenance and Care; and by this Method, they would ſhew the moſt profound Reſpect to that Advice, which graciouſly directed them from the Throne, to cultivate the Arts of Peace.

A neighbouring Iſland, where Oppreſſion which make a wiſe Man mad, is unable to extinguiſh the Paſſion for public Liberty, points out to us what may be done by Virtue of this Plan, where a neceſſary Concurrence is not wanting.

Ireland can boaſt her Patriots unenobled by Titles, and her Heroes of a private Station. No Obſtacles will retard the Progreſs, where there is a Love for our County; the brighter and more ardent the Flame, the higher will it riſe, and its Heat will be productive of the happieſt and benigneſt Conſequences.

With regard to the modeſt and ingenious Projector, thus much may truly be ſaid, that no Views of private Intereſt induced him to engage in the Deſign; but only an honeſt Affection of doing Service to his Country, in the moſt extenſive Manner that his Power would enable him.

I am,

SIR, &c.

O.

TRUE-

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

Feb. 17, 1754.

S I R,

THO' I am a Frequenter of the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe, I am neither a Wit nor a Critic; there is likewiſe a vety fat facetious Gentleman (neither a Wit nor a Critic) who attends the ſame Place. Now, Sir, this Gentleman, whether it is to ſhew his Activity under his Burden, or to diſplay his natural Spirits, I can't tell, but he is never at Reſt. He is continually ſhifting from one Box to another, but unluckily for the Reſt of Mrs. *Mitchell's* Cuſtomers, he is apt now and then, to tread upon People's Toes. I am at preſent confin'd with a Pain in my Foot, having incautiouſly laid in this Gentleman's Way. I therefore beg of you, as you frequently animadvert upon thoſe public Inconveniences, to recommend Mr. *Hart's* or Mr. *Duke's* dancing Academy for GROWN PERSONS to the aforeſaid fat Gentleman; for unleſs his Legs are kept within ſome Rule, there will be no ſuch Thing as venturing into that Coffee-houſe. I am Sir,

Your much ſqueezed humble Servant,
And conſtant Reader,
CHARLES TENDER-TOES.

From my Regiſter-Office, *Feb.* 19.

Many falſe Steps have been imputed to a Perſon's not learning to dance; That complained of in the foregoing is certainly owing to no other Cauſe, and therefore I think my fat Friend ſhould ſacrifice to the Graces, as *Socrates* called it, when learning the *Ionic* Movement. *Motus docere gaudet Ionicos*, ſays *Horace*, and I could wiſh Mr. *Tunbelly* ſhared a little of the ſame Inclination.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

S I R,

THE *Adventurer* has dropt an Hint that he intends ſhortly to relinquiſh the Paper which he has hitherto publiſhed with ſo much Succeſs; I am very ſorry to find this News ſucceeded by a Report, that you alſo have reſolved in a few Weeks to take leave of the Public. I hope it is not true, and that, inſtead of diſcontinuing you will publiſh on *Tueſday* alſo for the Future, as there will be Room for you by this Abdication of your Brother-Writer. I ſhall be glad to ſee a Paragraph to contradict this Report, and am

S I R,
Your very humble Servant,
✠ ✠ ✠

According to the Playhouſe's Faſhion I might advertize my Paper, *being the laſt this Seaſon*, then in a Week after, being *poſitively the laſt this Seaſon*, and afterwards *by the particular Deſire of ſeveral Perſons of Quality*, repeat the ſame Diſh, but I ſhall make Uſe of no Artifice, and in a little Time will tell the whole Secret of my Intentions.

On Wedneſday laſt the ſeveral Malefactors were removed to the proper Goal in order to take their Tryals at the enſuing Seſſions at the *Court of cenſorial* Enquiry; when we hear there will be ſeveral remarkable Occurrences.

Hayes's Coffee-Houſe, Feb. 13.

The Death of Mr. *Joſeph Clare* the merry Haberdaſher of *Fleetſtreet*, has caſt an univerſal Damp on the Spirits of the Gentlemen frequenting this Houſe; he having been as remarkable for his Uprightneſs in Trade, as for his facetious Diſpoſition; poſſeſſed an happy Turn of Humour, which he exerciſed with great Pleaſantry on the Foibles of Mankind; and if any Perſon conceived an Affront from him, he was uneaſy till he made a Reparation for the Injury, which he never intended. Had his Abilities been equal to his Benevolence his Loſs would be now lamented by all Mankind; at preſent it is chiefly felt by his Acquaintance, whom this Event has not only deprived of an agreeable Companion, but a faithful Friend.

From BOCALINI *dated* Parnaſſus, *Feb.* 16.

A certain modern Genius, who has made a very conſpicuous Figure in *Pope's Dunciad*, took it into his Head ſome Time ſince to tranſlate an Epiſode in *Homer's Iliad*, in order as he modeſtly ſays, to convince the World that a good Tranſlation of *Homer* was requiſite. And indeed his Performance proved effectual to convince every one that peruſed his, how high a Value ſhould be ſet upon an elegant Verſion of a good Greek Author. It is not doubted, but the promiſed Tranſlation of *Sophocles* will anſwer the ſame End, but for a different Reaſon; becauſe every Subſcriber will in all Probability, think it an Addition to Letters to have ſo valuable a Treaſure imported into this Kingdom with no little Diminution of the Spirit of the Original, as the Genius of our Language will permit.

Covent Garden, Feb. 23.

By Advices from *Bath* we are informed that Mr. *Quin* cannot obey the Summons of his friendly Inclinations to ſerve Mr *Ryan*, at his Benefit, this Year. It ſeems the Loſs of his Teeth has in ſome Meaſure diſabled him, from performing, “ By G—d (ſays he) I will not whiſtle *Falſtaff* for “ any Body, but I hope the Town will be kind to my Friend *Ryan*; “ They cannot ſerve an honeſter Man.”—The friendly Offices which this excellent Actor has done his Friend, theſe two laſt Years, reflect an Honour on his Character, and it is hoped, it is unneceſſary to recommend to the Patronage of the Public an Actor, who has been ſo long in their Service as Mr. *Ryan*.

Drury-Lane, Feb. 23.

Laſt Night Mr. *Foote* entertained a numerous and polite Audience at his Benefit, in two different Characters, *viz.* that of *Fondlewiſe* in the *Old-Batchelor*, which he performed with great Comic Skill, and an humorous Part in his own Piece called the *Knights*, in which he diverted the Town in the *double Capacity* of an humourous Writer, and an Actor of Spirit and Pleaſantry.

LONDON: Printed for W. FADEN, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-Street*; and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 23. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1754.

Gray's Inn, *Mar.* 2, 1754.

Illum non Populi Faſces, non purpura Regum
Flexit, et infidos agitans diſcordia Fratres,
Aut conjurato deſcendens Dacus ab Iſtro;
Non res Romanæ perituraque Regna, nec ille
Aut doluit miſerans inopem, aut invidit habenti.
VIRG.

THE Stoic Philoſophy was by many of the Antients eſteemed the Height of human Wiſdom, the ſure Road to Happineſs, and the laſt Finiſhing and Apotheoſis of an exalted Character. Its Excellence conſiſted, not in the Suppreſſion or due Government of the Paſſions, but in extirpating them totally from the human Heart; by which means the Seat of feeling, and Source of every exquiſite Pleaſure, as well as tender Pain, was rendered quite callous and inſenſible, and ſuffered to move only with the Flux and Reflux of the Blood, without being agitated with any Kind of Senſation whatever. Our excellent Poet has given us a very pictureſque Deſcription of this notable Syſtem of Philoſophy.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a Froſt,
Contracted all retiring to the Breaſt;
But Strength of Mind is Exerciſe not Reſt.

It is whimſical to imagine that an abſolute Repugnance to the Laws of Nature, and the Want of thoſe Feelings, which are the beſt Ingredients in our Compoſition, can in any Way conſtitute an exalted Character. *Vita ſecundum Naturam*, a Life conformable to the Laws of Nature, is *Tully's* Definition of a moral as well as an happy State. Certain it is, the Elegance of a well-turned Mind, a Reliſh for Virtue, and the Practice of the ſocial Paſſions, muſt ariſe from thoſe Senſations, which Nature has implanted in us, as Excitements to Action, and inlets for due Degrees of Pleaſure and Pain. Without theſe, our moſt refined Gratifications muſt ſuffer a conſiderable Abatement; the pleaſing Anxieties of virtuous Friendſhip, the grateful Sollicitude of Love, the melancholy Luxury of tender Compaſſion, and the Delights which we derive from a well-wrought Scene of Diſtreſs in an affecting Tragedy, muſt all loſe their Influence, and the Mind ſink into a dull State of Inſenſibility. For my Part I have always had a ſovereign Contempt for the unfeeling pedantic Wiſdom of thoſe unnatural Followers of a brutal Philoſophy, nor could I ever admire their ridiculous Oſtentation of a towering Superiority of Soul. That this is alſo the Senſe of the greater Part of Mankind, is very viſible from that ſoporific Awe, with which they behold Perſonages of this Caſt, when interwove into the Drama; while Characters of a mixed Nature, in whom the Paſſions are in a beautiful Struggle between Virtue and Vice, are always ſure to ſeize the Affections of an Audience, and intereſt every Heart in the Fortunes of the Hero thus repreſented.

VIRGIL has tranſmitted to us a Picture of the Completion of that Happineſs, which was the exalted Boaſt of the Stoics: In the Words of my Motto, he tells us that the Perſon, whom he deſcribes in the Poſſeſſion of true Felicity, is never touched with popular Eſteem, or the dazling Splendor of the regal State; that Difference between Brothers, Conſpiracies againſt his Country, or the Decline of the Conſtitution, never diſturb his Breaſt; nor is he ever made uneaſy by Compaſſion for the Indigent, or ſtung with Envy of the great. This is a Character totally different from the amiable Sketch by his Brother Poet of the Man, who conſiders the Relations in which he ſtands to Society, and feels for all Mankind. The negative Enjoyments above deſcribed can reſult from nothing but an abſolute Indifference to our Fellow Creatures, and is ſo far from being commendable, that in my opinion it is equalled by every Debauchee in Town. I was lately in Company with one of this Claſs, who appeared to me to be a very great Proficient in the ſtoic Philoſophy, and to have carried into his Practice, every Branch of the foregoing Syſtem, and, as a further Inſtance of the Excellence of the ſtoic School, I ſhall here preſent my Readers with a Character of a *Philoſophic Rake.*

JACK WILDAIR is poſſeſſed of a Fortune, which might enable him to live with Splendcr, or to proſecute any Enterprize in the Service of his Country; he has alſo the Advantages of Birth, to render him reputable in the Eye of the World; but like a true Philoſopher he never placed any Value upon theſe happy Circumſtances. With a noble Contempt for Riches, he ſquanders away his Subſtance in a Manner which ſhews him to be above the mean Ambition of popular Applauſe; and, inſtead of being arrogantly elated with the Thoughts of his high Birth, he aſſociates with the loweſt of Mankind, ſo ſuperior is he to thoſe little Senſations of Pride which might be apt to play about the Heart of a Man of worldly Vanity. Contented in his own Mind he never condeſcended to court the Favour of his Countrymen at an Election for Member of Parliament. The populi Faſces have never had any Attraction for *Jack Wildair*, and ſo little is he touched with the Splendor of Majeſty, that he does not care for any King in Europe. While all our Politicians have made the two *Brothers* the conſtant Object of their Attention, he is little ſollicitous whether there be a Difference between them or not. The Fortifications of *Dunquerque*, the Depredations of the *Spaniards* in the *Weſt-Indies* upon our Merchantmen, the Election of the King of the *Romans*, the Equipment of *French* Fleets, and all the other Points of Moment, which engroſs the Thoughts of our preſent Race of Patriots, never once diſcompoſed the Serenity of his Mind. Liberty and Property are to him unideal Sounds, and if *Magna Charta* was burned by the common Hangman, it would not occaſion the leaſt Gloom in our Hero's Soul. He can alſo behold the Diſtreſſes of the Indigent, the corroding Anxieties of Poverty, moſt Stoic-like, without a ſingle Sigh. *Nec doluit miſerans inopem*; and ſo far from being enviaus of another's ſuperior Affluence, *Jack* would not care he was thrown at a Diſtance by every Individual of his Acquaintance in all the Arts and Embelliſhments of Life.

Nor does the Firmneſs of *Wildair's* Mind reſt here. He can viſit all the Brothels in this Metropolis, without feeling the leaſt Degree of Uneaſineſs. He can behold, undiſturbed by any of thoſe tender Touches, which might agitate weaker Breaſts, an elegant Form, and the moſt beautiful Set of Features falling a Prey to *Infamy*, *Diſeaſes Proſtitution*, and as the antient Worthies thought it a noble Atchievement totally to forget the Man, in order to raiſe their philoſophic Fame to an higher Degree of Eminence, ſo our modern Stoic can ſuppreſs the natural Affections, which might lead him to a Regard for his own Character Family, and Fortune, and ſuperior to all thoſe tender Ties, in the Rake he can alſo forget the Man. *Jack Wildair* is a very Roman in that Point; He is an excellent Practitioner of *Horace's* golden Rule to admire nothing, and if confined to the Bed of Sickneſs, to repair the Waſte made by Folly and Intemperance, he is ſure to ſpend his Time in a Series of moral Reflections. He wiſely obſerves that all Pleaſure is fugitive, that the Reverſion of Pain falls to every Man's Lot, and that the Condition of human Life is frail and uncertain. When his Health returns, he indulges in all the Sallies of his wild Imagination, to ſhew that, like *Ariſtippus*, he can aadpt himſelf to every Situation.

Jack has frequently been preſent, when his Friends have been diſtracted by all the Tortures of Mind, with which the gaming Fury afflicts her Votaries, and yet he was never known to be in the leaſt uneaſy for any of them; on the contrary he has been obſerved, to become a laughing Philoſopher upon many of thoſe Occaſions, ſome certain Ideas of Recreation offering themſelves to his Mind; and indeed in all Occurrences of Life every Thing is ſure to ſuggeſt to him thoſe Reflections, which are moſtc onducive to ſecure his own Happineſs, to prevent the ruffled State ariſing from conflicting Paſſions, to preſerve the even Tenor of his Thoughts to reconcile him to himſelf, and enable him to poſſeſs his Soul in Eaſe, Tranquillity and Chearfulneſs.

This Character of a modern-Town Philoſopher contains, in my Opinion, all the Branches of the much boaſted ſtoic Syſttem, and all the leading Principles of Happineſs, which it inculcates, are carried by the Gentleman, whom I have deſcribed, to a much greater Height of Wiſdom and Felicity, than they ever were by the moſt rigid Follower of the ſtoic Academy, inſomuch as the modern Hero grafts his Happineſs on the Paſſions, which he plays againſt one another, and in that Senſe may be ſaid to live *ſecundum na-*

turam, whereas the antient Stoic endeavoured to ſubvert the very Elements of our being, and among that Sect, he was the moſt exalted Worthy, who was the moſt diveſted of Humanity. N.

* * *

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I AM an old Man, and was formerly very fond of theatrical Amuſements, but of late Years my Inclination that way ſettled entirely into a Love of *Sir John Falſtaff*. I came to Town about a Fortnight ſince, and took a Lodging in *Charles-Street*, where I intended to remain, untill Mr. *Ryan's* Benefit, in Hopes of ſeeing Mr. *Quin* perform it for his old Friend. But I find by your Paper that I am not to expect that Pleaſure, and ſooner than I ſhould return diſappointed, I ſhould take it as a Favour, if you would order ſome one of the Actors to play the Part this Spring. If you do this I ſhall think you a fine young Fellow, and your Compliance will oblige

Sir, your moſt obedient Servant

ISAAC JOLLY.

I AM not willing to iſſue out my Commands upon this Occaſion, but if Mr. *Shuter* will undertake it for his Benefit, I am perſwaded, he will give great Entertainment to his Friends, and with the Acceſſion of more Fat and Experience, I do not doubt but he may arrive to great Perfection in that humorous Character.

From my Regiſter-Office, *Mar* 2.

This Week was publiſhed a Poem, entitled the *Relief*, occaſioned by the *Complaint*, or *Night Thoughts*. This Piece, if my Intelligence does not deceive me, is written by Mr. *Jones*, Author of the *Earl of Eſſex*, and contains many warm Paſſages, which denote a very lively Imagination. Tho' I am of Opinion that the *Night Thoughts* carry on a fine Train of moral Obſervations, yet I cannot help thinking that they are wrapt up in too much Gloom, and as there are many melancholy Souls in this Town, it is poſſible they *may be too potent for ſuch Spirits*, and therefore an Antidote is highly neceſſary. I therefore embrace this Occaſion to inform my Countrymen, that they may find *Relief* in the Performance lately publiſhed, the Scope of it being to reconcile us to our Station in this Life, by preſenting to our Imaginations beautiful Scenes of Nature, and enlivening our Underſtandings with a comfortable Philoſophy, and amiable Ideas of a ſuperintendant Being, diffuſing his Benevolence through all Creation.

Court

Court of cenſorial Enquiry 27. *Feb.*

This Day the Seſſions opened here, When *John Claſſic* was indited at the Bar of this Court, for that he went on *Saturday* laſt to the Tragedy of *Conſtantine the Great*, and then and there, without Taſte or Decency, aſleep did fall, in the Face of a very polite Audience, &c. The Cauſe was opened by *Councellor Candid*, who urged that ſuch Behaviour is at any Time highly culpable, but more particularly at a new Piece, written by a valuable Author, and abounding with many elegant Paſſages. After this the Witneſſes were examined.

WILLIAM WATCHFUL *ſworn.*

I was at ſome Diſtance from the Priſoner, and in the beginning I thought he looked very conceited, frequently drawing up his Head behind a double Chin, and twiſting it about with great Appearance of Affectation. Upon a cloſer View of him, I perceived he was faſt aſleep, which I thought very indecent.

MISS PRIM *ſworn.*

I went to the Play dreſſed out like any Thing—and as nice as Hands could make me—and the Priſoner at the Bar ſat next to me, and he deſtroyed the whole Fabric of my Hair—You did you ugly Thing—and I hope this Court will inflict a proper Puniſhment upon him for his Rudeneſs—You great Bear of a Man—you deſerve it—that's what you do—

PRISONER's *Defence.*

May it pleaſe this honourable Court; I am ready to plead Guilty as to the Matter of Fact, but with Regard to the Crime, I think I am perfectly innocent: That I did ſleep, it is moſt true; true I ſnored; for ſince this Head of mine had ſeven Years pith, till now ſome ſix Moons waſted, I never ſaw a play ſo ill acted. I could not underſtand half what paſſed, but I defy Malice to prove that I ever nodded while Mr. *Barry* was on the Stage. In Regard to the Author I muſt own, that if every other Part had been ſo well acted, I ſhould have had a very elegant Entertainment, and I muſt add, that I think the Town did not do common Juſtice to a Piece deſerving of their Encouragement. Verdict NOT GUILTY.

Drury Lane, March 1.

The new Tragedy of *Virginia* is performed to ſuch Advantage, that it is no Wonder it draws a numerous Audience every Night. Some Strokes of Mr. *Garrick*'s in the laſt Act, to ſpeak of them in the Terms they deſerve, are equal to any Thing he ever did on the Stage. Mr. *Moſſop* ſupports his Character with juſt Elocution; Mr. *Roſs* gains great Reputation in his Part, and Mrs. *Cibber*, by her affecting Manner of dying, ſhews herſelf a powerful Miſtreſs of the Pathetic. Add to this that a new Actreſs, with a pleaſing Form, and good Voice, is a further Addition to the Entertainment, not to mention that an humorous Prologue by Mr. *Garrick*, and a very ingenious Epilogue ſpoken with a Perfection of Pleaſantry by Mrs. *Cibber*, render the whole highly agreeable to the Public.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 24. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1754.

Spring-Gardens *Mar.* 9, 1754.

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.
VIRG.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

AMIDST all the frolic Excurſions of Fancy to which you have occaſionally given vent in your *Saturday* Compoſitions, I have obſerved that there is not one of them but has ſome Degree of Tendency to the Inſtruction, as well as Entertainment of your Readers. On this Account, I hope you will not refuſe a Place in your Paper to a Correſpondent, who means to ſhew the Fertility of a Maxim, which has gained Credit with moſt People, though extreamly ill-grounded, as, I think, I can fairly evince from an experimental Knowledge of Mankind.

You undoubtedly recollect that *Ovid* begins one of his Elegies with the following Lines.

Donec eris felix multos numerabis Amicos;
Tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris.

Now, Sir, it is ſo far from being true, that a Man is ſurrounded with Friends in Proſperity, and is left deſtitute under his Misfortunes

tunes, that I will undertake to prove the very Reverſe; in doing this I flatter myſelf I ſhall ſerve the Purpoſes of Virtue, and vindicate the Dignity of human Nature.

You muſt know then, that I came to this Town, a few Years ſince, with Intent to read the Law, having juſt Fortune enough to ſupport me in my Studies, until I might fix myſelf in a tolerable Road of Buſineſs. For this Purpoſe I lodged in one of the Inns of Court, and the Œconomy, which I was obliged to obſerve, rendering it impoſſible for me to go much into Company, I ſoon found out that I led a very muzzy Sort of a Life. I therefore ſoon ſhifted the Scene, and though, in a ſhort Time, I found means to run out my little Fortune, I cannot ſay, that I have found myſelf relinquiſhed by the World on this Account. It is true that ſome of my Acquaintance totally deſerted me, but it was the Occaſion, at the ſame Time, that others were more earneſtly attached than they would otherwiſe have been. I remember the laſt Word my Aunt in the Country ſaid to me, was "*Bob, wherever you go, be ſure to make Friends for yourſelf*;" this Advice, I will venture to ſay, I have had the Addreſs to conform to with great Succeſs, as will appear from the Sequel.

Most of the Friendſhips of the World are Leagues in Debauchery and Intemperance, made in the Drawing of a Cork, and often ended in the ſame Manner: *Out of Sight out of Mind* is certainly true with Regard to the Generality of Connexions, but the Impreſſions I have made upon the Minds of my Friends are not ſo eaſily effaced. On the contrary, when it happens that I am ſeldom ſeen by them, they are known to be in very great Sollicitude about me, are conſtantly very earneſt in their Enquiries after me, and the Diſcourſe they uſually have with each other is, "Have you ſeen our old Friend lately? — I can't think
" what's become of him -- I hope he is not gone out of Town —
" I have not ſeen him for a long Time — faith, I'm very un-
" eaſy about him --- I wiſh to God he would ſee and ſettle his
" Affairs --- He's a very careleſs young Fellow — a great deal
" too wild — throws away his Money like Dirt — I have called
" upon him Morning after Morning, but all to no Purpoſe — I'd
" give a Bottle of Wine I could meet with him — I'd rather that
" than my Dinner — I never long'd ſo much to ſee any Body."
Theſe are the general Expreſſions of Anxiety which my Friends expreſs on my Account, and there are ſome of them who are not content to reſt here; Words coſt nothing; they carry the Thing to ſuch a Length as to employ a couple of Fellows, who are daily in all Quarters of the Town hunting and prying about for me. As there are few Inſtances of ſuch earneſt Friendſhip in the World, I am ſenſible what I have ſaid, may have a romantic Appearance, and Mr. *Ranger* may ſuggeſt to himſelf, that I am entertaining him

all this Time with a Novel; but, Sir, I muſt take leave to aſſure you that every Word is literally true, and what may perhaps raiſe your Idea ſtill higher, is, not one of all theſe People has ever got a Shilling by me, and I verily believe few of them are ſanguine enough to expect it. Having ſaid thus much in the Praiſe of theſe my Well-wiſhers, it will naturally be deſired of me, to inform the World who and what they are, who are in ſuch Concern about a Stranger, and not to keep you any longer in Suſpenſe I will now tell you, that I have experienced all this Generoſity from MY CREDITORS.

BY this it will appear that the Pleaſure of being in Debt, though very common in Life, is very little underſtood by the Generality of thoſe, who addict themſelves to this Gratification. The Art in all theſe Caſes is to refine upon the Occurrences and Diſappointments, to which our State is liable; and, for my Part, I own that the Pleaſure juſt mentioned is one of the moſt valuable Enjoyments of my Life. My Morning *Levee* is as great as any Nobleman's, whereas in the Days that I could ſay I was in Poſſeſſion of a Competence, I never had any Viſitor whatever, except a Laundreſs to make my Bed in the Temple. But now the Caſe is perfectly altered; there is a conſtant Crowd of Attendants about my Doors, and to thoſe, that are admitted, I have the Pleaſure of making as many Promiſes, as a Miniſter of State, beſides a lofty Pride in keeping them much after the ſame Faſhion. Upon theſe Occaſions it will now and then happen, that they, who beſt know how to make their Court, and have the Art of taking a pliant Hour, ſometimes prevail upon me to appoint a Day for the Completion of their Wiſhes. As Things of Conſequence cannot be done in a violent Hurry, the Day, agreed upon, is generally very diſtant, may be from ſix to nine or twelve Months, during which Space of Time, it is obſervable that their Good-nature never ſuffers the leaſt Abatement, but they remain as ſollicitous as ever, frequently expreſſing the moſt tender Regard for my Welfare. "My dear "Sir, do, take a little Care of yourſelf —— it goes to my very Heart to hear you cough ſo hard —— why you'll not live "three Months at this Rate — be adviſed by me, and put a "Stocking about your Neck to Night, and take ſomething to "ſweat you a little and eaſe your Cheſt —— you ſhould not drink "ſo much — conſider it impairs both Conſtitution and Purſe — "you know it's for your Good I ſpeak — you'd be a great Loſs "to your Friends —— take up a little, Fleſh and Blood can't "hold it always."

THUS, Mr. *Ranger*, am I beloved, and that for no other Reaſon, but my Addreſs in making Friends for myſelf, and I am ſo cloſely watched by theſe generous Creatures, that it is totally out of my Power to take any wrong Step, that might be detrimental to my Affairs. Of this I had a convincing Proof about a Year ago, when the Interpoſition of my Taylor hindered me from committing a very inconſiderate Action. I was going with a Friend to take a Trip to *Paris*, by which Expedition I muſt certainly have been drained of all my ready Money; but the Vigilance of my Friend contrived to have me ſtopped as I was juſt ſtepping into the Poſt-Chaiſe, and I was thence conducted to another Friend's Houſe upon an amicable Arreſt for ſeventy Pounds. Here I remained confined till my Paſſion for Travel was perfectly cool'd, and when I was at length reſtored to my Liberty, my abovementioned Friends, took particular Care not to leave me a ſingle Shilling, for fear I ſhould take the ſame unhappy Turn a ſecond Time.

While I thus enjoy the Aſſiduity and Benevolence of ſuch a Number, who are kind enough to intereſt themſelves in my Affairs, I muſt own that there is a Species of Creditors, who are an Exception to the general Rule; for though all thoſe of whom I have hitherto been ſpeaking, are upon every Occaſion highly pleaſed to meet me, this laſt Claſs deteſt the very Sight of me. As I am not conſcious that I have ever done any Thing to incur their Diſpleaſure to ſo great a Degree, their Averſion ſhocks me the more; and notwithſtanding all the Pains I have taken to ſoften them by Politeneſs they ſtill remain inexorable. Whenever I do not pay them what is due to them, I endeavour to put them off with the handſomeſt Apology in my Power; but all to no Purpoſe; I have run too far in Arrears, and they are not by any Means to be ſatisfied. As I ſhould be glad you would give them a Word of Advice, I will juſt hint to you that the Perſonages, whom I mean, are no other than GENTLEMEN'S SERVANTS. The Cry among them all is, what can a poor Serving-man do, if he is rob'd of his juſt Vails by ſuch Scoundrels? They are all very unwilling to let me run further in their Debt, and therefore it is I can hardly get any Thing out of their Hands. If I call for Beer at Table, they are ſure not to hear me, till their Maſter orders them to ſerve the Gentleman, when I receive the Leavings of the Tankard juſt out of the Hands of the moſt capacious Swallow in the Company. In ſhort, the Peeviſhneſs of theſe my Creditors is a great Diſcount upon my Happineſs, and I muſt confeſs there is no Kind of Pleaſure in being in Debt to them. However I muſt endeavour to bear this Inconvenience, and if you will be pleaſed to inſert this Letter in the GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL I ſhall be proud to get into your Books, and ſhall have the further Pleaſure of being *indebted* to Mr. *Ranger* for this Act of Civility, which will always oblige me to be,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant

And ſincere Well-wiſher

ROBERT DUNS-SCOPE.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, March 9

SINCE the Profeſſion of *Buckiſm* is grown into ſuch Repute, a Bard, who boaſts himſelf a Deſcendant of the ſame facetious *Wagſtaffe*, that in the *Tatler* opened a new Vein of Poetry by his admirable Verſes on *a Shower in Town*, and afterwards in *a Deſcription of a City Morning*, has attempted an Ode in Honour of every honeſt Fellow, who bears a laudable Attachment to the ſaid Profeſſion. In this Ode he endeavours to recommend the Practice of *Buckiſm*, by ſhewing, that it makes the neareſt Approaches, of any modern Diſcipline, to the antient *Stoiciſm*, which is well known to have been the wiſeſt and moſt rational Philoſophy amongſt the Antients, as may appear more at large by having Reference to my laſt Paper, in which I have fully explained the ſeveral Branches of the Science. The Piece, which I now preſent to my Readers, is an Imitation of that celebrated Ode of *Horace*, which begins with *Integer vitae, &c.* and is the twenty ſecond of his firſt Book. The whole ſeems to be very clear and intelligible; but if any Paſſages ſtand in need of a Comment, I could wiſh ſome ingenious Critic would favour me with Notes, and various Readings, which, I promiſe ſhall be punctually inſerted, as I think it a great Pity, that ſo diverting a Superfluity, as verbal Criticiſm, ſhould be entirely exploded.

I.

A BUCK ſecure the Streets may paſs,
Nor fear the burniſh'd Front of Braſs,
At *George*'s often ſeen;
He, though with Oaths equipt from *Tom*'s
And bluſt'ring Airs, dare Devil comes,
Shall aſk no ſhelt'ring Skreen.

II.

Me once at *Jonathan*'s a Jew
Approach'd in Ire, but ſtreight withdrew,
And grinn'd with ghaſtly Grace;
No tawny Surface of a Phiz,
No Horrors of a Brow like his,
Are found in all *Dukes Place.*

III.

Place him where *Fleet-Ditch* torrent Rolls
Amidſt a Crew of captive Souls,
No Ills can there approach him;
Inſidious Catchpoles, baſe and ſly,
At Diſtance wait with cautious Eye,
And fear to ſeize and coach him

Or

IV.

Or where with buſy curious Hum,
Wits and grim-viſag'd Critics come,
To blaſt a Striplin's Bays;
The *Bedford* he nor fears to trace;
But walks the Room with meaſur'd Pace,
Nor Cenſure minds, nor Praiſe.

V.

When in full Houſe with dreadful Ire,
Pit, Box and Gallery conſpire,
To doom the Poet's Fate;
Amidſt the Storm he ſits ſerene,
Pleas'd to behold his Heart's ſoft Queen
Sweetly ſmile, and ſweetly prate.

Drury Lane, March 9.

On *Monday* the 25th. Inſtant will be revived, for the Benefit of Mr. *Moſſop*, the Tragedy of *Zara*, in which the Part of *Luſignian* will receive ſuch additional Conſequence from the maſterly Touches of Mr. *Garrick*, *Zara* will be ſo ſkilfully performed by Mrs. *Cibber*, and the Character of *Oſman* ſo well ſupported by Mr. *Moſſop's* own Action, that it is not doubted this excellent and ſtill improving Actor, will have the Pleaſure of bringing together on the above Day a very large Number of Patrons of riſing Merit.

Bath, March 5.

The Amuſements of this Place are not ſo lively, at preſent, as they have been heretofore; Mr. *Quin's* Account of our Situation ſeems to come pretty near the Mark, "*a good convenient Home, Sir, to lounge away the Dregs of Life.*" Mr. *Foote* indeed, has contributed, ſince his Viſitation, to exhilerate the few choice Spirits reſiding here, but we are apprehenſive his Stay will not be of long Duration, as we find a Call of Friendſhip will oblige him to return to *London* in order to play for Miſs *Bellamy*'s Benefit on *Saturday* the 23d of *March*, which, he ſays, will poſitively be the laſt Time of his appearing this Seaſon.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE
GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 25. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *March* 15, 1754.

> ——— *Quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant*
> *Tela, nec adverſo glomerati ex Agmine Graii,*
> *Nunc omnes terrent Auræ, Sonus excitat omnis*
> *Suſpenſum* ———
>
> VIRG.

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a more exquiſite Pleaſure in the Power of Man, than what ariſes from an internal View of his own mental Conſtitution. To obſerve the various Aſſociation of Ideas, combined with a Rapidity, which ſcarcely leaves a Trace behind it, to watch the ſubtile Movements of the Paſſions, and thence to deduce the ſecret Source of many of our Senſations, which are in Appearance extremely complicated and ſurprizing, is a Taſk requiring the fineſt Perception in the Reſearch, and alſo productive of the moſt uſeful Knowledge we can boaſt, and the higheſt Delight our Faculties are ſuſceptible of.

THE Solution of a mathematical Problem may be agreeable to that Curioſity, which is implanted in us; and the *Newtonian Philoſophy* may expand the Imagination with ſtupendous Ideas of the Diſtances of heavenly Bodies; but in theſe Occupations, like

Swift's Taylor, it is poſſible, we may miſtake one Figure, and then all our ingenious Labour evaporates into Air; whereas in the Purſuit of Self-knowledge, our Reaſonings are from Feeling, and all our Diſcoveries beſides the Advantage of being as ſurpriſing as in any other Science, carry with them a further Acceſſion of Pleaſure, as we are ourſelves more immediately concerned in them. In travelling thro' an open champain Country the Proſpect on every Side may adminiſter to the Pleaſures of Imagination; but a Man will certainly feel more lively Senſations when riding upon Land belonging to himſelf; the Landſkip of his own Eſtate will look more beautiful to the Eye, the Lawn ſhall ſpread a more pleaſing Verdure, and the Diſcovery of a Mine, or the ſecret Spring of a little Rill running thro' his Meadows, afford him a Delight not to be equalled by the gayeſt Scenes that can be preſented to him.

THE Study of the human Mind is, therefore, the moſt rational and pleaſing Employment we are capable off; for my Part I am always highly delighted when any accidental Circumſtance throws me into this Tract of thinking, and whether reading *Rablais*'s frolic Ravings, or the ſublimeEnthuſiaſm of *Homer*, I am ſure ever and anon to lay aſide the Volume, in order to trace the Pleaſure, which I have received, to its hidden Source, and to account for the Appearance upon ſome Principle in our Conſtitution. An Opportunity of gratifying this Turn occurred to me the other Day, when caſually turning over ſome of the moſt beautiful Paſſages in epic Poetry, I could not help taking notice, that I peruſed the Deſcription of thouſands ſtretched upon the Field of Battle, weltring in Blood, agonizing with their Wounds, and trampled under Horſes Hoofs, without feeling any of thoſe Propenſities to Compaſſion, which were frequently awakened in me by the Death of a ſingle Perſon. I could read with the greateſt Compoſure and Serenity, Lines, which mention dying Groans of numbers falling in one promiſcuous Carnage, broken Limbs of Warriors, Men and Horſes, all mixed in one general Scene of Deſtruction.

Tum vero Gemitus morientum, et ſanguine in alto
Armaque Corporaque et permiſti cæde Virorum
Semianimes volvuntur Equi ———

A Muſter-Roll of Heroes, who in one Line embraced their Fate, did not move me to the leaſt tender Senſation.

Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therſilochumque.
Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque.

The Mind is totally impaſſive in all theſe general Accounts of the Calamities of War; but, when the Poet thinks proper to diſtinguiſh a ſingle Perſon from the Throng, we melt in Pity of his Fate, heedleſs of the general Devaſtation, which is ſpread around him; That this is the Caſe every Body that has read the *Æneid* will be ready to acknowledge; and yet it might be imagined that our Hearts ſhould be more intenſely agitated, when Deſolation ſweeps whole Ranks of our Fellow-Creatures from the Face of the Earth, and War renders all Nature one horrid Scene of Deformity, than when we read the Fate of an Individual; but ſuch is our Diſpoſition, that we can go through all theſe Narratives without Emotion, and when the epic Writer throws out but a ſhort Reflection upon the Fall of one Man, we are inſtantly fixed in Attention, and our Hearts throb with Compaſſion for his untimely End.

The Reaſon of this I take to be, that in the former Caſe, we are only told that ſo many embraced their Fate in Battle, in which Circumſtance there is nothing to excite Commiſeration in a reaſonable Being. Death is one of the Conditions of human Life, and we all hold our Exiſtence in this World upon the ſame precarious Tenure. We therefore conſider the Deſcriptions of *Homer* and *Virgil* as no more than a mere Bill of Mortality, and when they inform us that ſuch a Number periſhed upon the Spot, we peruſe it with as much Calmneſs as the Paragraph which tells us, “Encreaſed in the Burials this Week five hundred.” Of this thoſe excellent Poets ſeem to be ſenſible, and on this Account we find them endeavouring to ſeize our Paſſions, by giving a particular Account of the Wounds inflicted on the Combatants. One receives an Arrow in the jugular Vein; another has a Spear run through his Shoulder, and is rivetted with his Body double to the Ground; a third is wounded in the Mouth and has his Head ſplit in two. But even theſe are but the common Contingencies of Life, and after all the Poet's Pains, they do not amount to more than what we read in a common News-paper, “Yeſterday a Labourer “fell from the Top of an Houſe, by which Accident he broke his “Collar-bone and inſtantly expired.” An Account of bodily Pain has but a very ſlight Influence upon our Paſſions; it is mental Diſtreſs that principally operates upon our Hearts, and our Pity riſes in Proportion to the Agitations of Mind, which we perceive in the Perſon afflicted. Beſides this, the Poet frequently finds collateral Avenues to our Souls, by a Mention of Family-Connections, and to heighten our Sorrow, he addreſſes himſelf to the moral Senſe of his Reader, and intereſts him ſtill more in the Fate of his Hero, by repreſenting his amiable Qualities, and the elegant Accompliſhments, which would have rendered him a deſerving Member of Society. By theſe Means our tendereſt Feelings are awakened, and the Effect is not unlike what a Man may experience in a Church-yard, where he ſees a Multitude of different Graves in which, the good, the bad, the old and young lie in promiſcuous Silence, and he therefore beholds the Scene without Emotion; but as ſoon as the Tomb-ſtone preſents a Character of one diſtinguiſhed from the Reſt, he then laments the generous Friend, the tender Huſband, the indulgent Father, and mourns for him who acted agreeably to the Relations in which he ſtood to his Fellow Creatures. Thus when we hear of a dying Perſon, that he was a Friend of the Muſes, and that Harmony was the Delight of his Soul, we conſider him in a different Light from thoſe, who, as Mr. *Addiſon* expreſſes it, are celebrated for nothing but being knocked in the Head.

——— Amicum Cretea Muſis,
Cretea Muſarum Comitem, cui Carmina ſemper
Et Citharæ Cordi, numeroſque intendere Nervis.

When we are told of another, that his Death was lamented by his Friends in ſundry Parts of his Country, we cannot help joining in the general Grief.

Te Nemus Agnitiæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
Te liquidi flevere Lacus. ———

The Number of Sufferers is encreaſed, and our Paſſions encreaſe in Proportion to the Knowledge conveyed to us of their Affections, their tender Friendſhips, and their Schemes for future Happineſs. One falls in the Midſt of his half-finiſhed Projects; Him his blooming Miſtreſs mourns with frantic Sorrow, and all his Relations bewail his Loſs. Another receives his mortal Wound through the very Garment which his Mother worked for him with her own Hands.

Tranſiit et Parmam Mucro, levia Arma minacis,
Et Tunicam, molli mater quam neverat Auro,
Implevitque Sinum Sanguis ———

Beſides theſe little Touches which the epic Writer occaſionally makes uſe of to awaken and engage the Paſſions, they are further obliged to diverſify their Battles with Epiſodes, or ſhort Accounts of particular Adventures, in order to ſecure our Attention, and relieve us from that general Scene of Slaughter, which, they are conſcious we peruſe without any of thoſe Senſations, which it is the primary Excellence of Poetry to excite. Thus the Story of *Niſus* and *Euryalus* will always ſoften the Reader into Compaſſion, when other Paſſages, in one Line of which there is infinitely more Miſchief done, will be paſſed over with Indifference. I ſhould not think the worſe of him that ſhould calmly go through moſt of *Homer*'s Battles, but I hope there is not one of my Readers who would not yield to the tendereſt Impreſſions at the Fall of *Pallas*, and the Lamentation of *Æneas* over his dead Body.

The Uſe I would make of what has been premiſed is, that, as it is manifeſt we all ſympathize with a virtuous Mind ſuffering unmerited Affliction, and our Paſſions are worked up in Proportion to the many amiable Qualities of the Character in Diſtreſs and the Keeneſs of Senſation, with which it feels its Misfortunes, our modern Writers of Tragedy ſhould attach themſelves to this Circumſtance, and conſider that it is not the theatrical Apparatus, the Bowl, the Dagger, the Dungeon or the Clink of Chains, that can affect an Audience, but a faithful Portrait of a Mind ſtruggling with various Senſations. If the Players would alſo conſider the ſame, Noiſe and Rant would be effectually baniſhed, and inſtead of liſtening to the Muſic of their own ſonorous Voices, they would endeavour by every Look, every Tone, and every Attitude to mark the infelt Anguiſh of their Minds.

X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

S I R,

I WAS ſitting a few Days ſince at a Coffee-Houſe, when the Company was ſuddenly alarmed by the Appearance of an exotic Beaſt, which ruſhed in precipitantly, to the great Confuſion of every one preſent. It ſeems this Monſter lately eſcaped from a *French* Keeper; the Forepart of his Body had a ſtrong Likeneſs to a *Smyrna* Baboon, and behind he reſembled a *Norway* Bear. His Eyes rolled like two fire Balls; his Jaws were all diſtorted, and his grey Briſtles ſtood an End. He grumbled Hoarſe diſlike of the whole Room, but did not procede to any Miſchief, which made me inclined to think ſome one of the Company had formerly releaſed him from Captivity, or had drawn a Thorn from his Foot in ſome Foreſt of Chace, as it is certain, were there not ſome Reſtraint upon him, he could eaſily have torn the whole Company to Pieces. The Beaſt went off with great Ferocity; But I am informed that a Reward has been ſince offered for apprehending him, by a Tanner, whoſe Yard he watch'd in Quality of a Maſtiff-Dog. If he ſhould come in Mr *Ranger*'s Way, I muſt beg he will order him to be ſecured, and, if he would further prohibit his Admiſſion into Places of public Reſort, it would be a ſingular Service to thoſe well conditioned Beings, who are deſirous to ſit in a Coffee-houſe without Moleſtation. I am,

S I R,

March 12, 1754. *Your moſt obedient Servant*,

JOHN QUIET.

As I think it very material, that this wild Beaſt ſhould be hindered from going about this Metropolis, I hereby make a firm Conveyance of all Property in the ſaid wild Beaſt to him or them that ſhall ſecure him; and I further authorize the ſaid Perſon or Perſons, to confine him in a proper Room at *Charing-Croſs*, to be ſhewn to the Nobility and Gentry with the *Hyrcanian Tyger*, the *Porcupine*, the *Yahoo*, and the *Talleſt Woman in the World*. Given under my Hand this Sixteenth of *March*, one Thouſand ſeven Hundred and fifty four.

CHARLES RANGER.

Court of Cenſorial Enquiry, March 13.

This Day the Court met at nine o'Clock, when WILLIAM DOUBTFUL was brought to the Bar, upon an Indictment that he, without having common Senſe before his Eyes, but urged on by the Inſtigation of Madneſs, did in the Year of our Lord one Thouſand ſeven Hundred and Forty nine, renounce all Guidance of Reaſon, and did embrace an abſurd Syſtem of Philoſophy, introduced into the World by the *Sceptics*, who profeſſed themſelves Unbelievers of the moſt obvious Truths. The Indictment further recited, that the above-mentioned *William Doubtful*, did not only avow this abſurd Doctrine, but likewiſe endeavoured to corrupt the Faith of all his Majeſty's Subjects, and to fill their Heads with wild Chimeras, ſtrange Doubts and frantic Imaginations, to the great Detriment of Common Senſe, Religion and Morality, &c.

Miſs SWEETLIPS *Sworn*.

I was walking up *Pall-mall* about Seven o'Clock at Night, and I met the Priſon at the Bar—I remember him perfectly well—He called me a pretty Apparition, upon which I could not help telling him, that I was as good Fleſh and Blood as himſelf—" Let me ſee what you are made of (ſaid the Priſoner) and then he led me to a Lamp, and ſtared me full in the Face—" How do you like me (ſays I)—Upon which he gave me a rude Kiſs, and then exclaimed.

Ha! ſhall I truſt the Evidence of Senſe?
How can this be?—It muſt be Madneſs all——
I know I rave, and this is all Illuſion.—

He then bruſhed away without making any Apology for his Incivility.

JOHN BUCKRAM.

I made Cloaths for the Priſoner at the Bar, for three Years paſt, and I have often gone to him with my Bill, but he never would diſcharge it, ſaying that he doubted the Identity of the Perſon, as I think he called it. He told me that I muſt prove the ſame Conſciouſneſs, before he could be convinced —and ſo I have been kept out of Money for this long Time.

MARY SPINSTER.

I am a maiden Lady, and I let Lodgings in St. *Martin*'s-*Lane*, the Priſoner had an Apartment in my Houſe for fifteen Months, and during that Time, he has always uſed me extremely ill—He never would believe that I am a Maiden—He ſaid he did not believe there were any ſuch Thing in the World; and when I aſked him Payment for his Lodging, he ſaid he owed for no Lodging, but that it was all Elyſium round him.

PRISONER'S *Defence.*

I muſt declare I do believe this to be a World of Apparitions, and that there is no Reality any where. As for Inſtance I have heard of Honour and Honeſty, and Virtue, and Patriotiſm, and Friendſhip for a great many Years paſſed, but I never met with any ſuch Thing in my Life; and I inſiſt that there is no Inſtance to be met with. They are all mere Chimeras without Reality, and as I am convinced of this Truth, I am apt to ſuſpect the ſame upon all Occaſions, and therefore I doubt of the Exiſtence of the Sun and Moon, and every Thing elſe that I have heard of; for if there is a falſe Parade made about one thing why not about another?

Here the Jury withdrew, and in a few Minutes brought in their Verdict, GUILTY *of Wilful* SCEPTICISM.

Clerk of the Court.

Priſoner at the Bar hold up your Hand; what have you to ſay why Sentence ſhould not be paſſed upon you according to Law.

PRISONER'S *Anſwer.*

I move an Arreſt of Judgment, that there is no ſuch Thing as the *Cenſorial Court.* I doubt the Exiſtence of all thoſe Appearances about me, and till this Doubt is cleared up I demur to your Juriſdiction.

Ordered to cloſe Confinement in Bedlam *for Twelve Months.* Adjourned.

To be Let and enter'd upon the 25th of *March*;

Mr. *Keith*'s Chapel in *May-Fair*, very proper to be converted into a Licence Office for Marriages. Expected for the Good Will, Five hundred Pounds, as it is judged, from the Cuſtom it has had hitherto, it will be the beſt frequented Shop in *England*, it not being ſuppoſed there will be ten Licences taken out in all the Reſt of the Kingdom.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 26. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1754.

Gray's Inn, *March* 23, 1754.

Scimus inurbanum Lepido Seponere dicto.
HOR.

THE Humours of Mankind are in a conſtant State of Fluctuation, flowing with Impetuoſity to a Point, and then ebbing back as faſt to the oppoſite Extreme. By theſe Means it reſults, that few Things are permanent among us, and almoſt every Period of Time is marked with ſome peculiar Characteriſtic, which, like Faſhions with the Ladies, prevail for a ſhort Space, and then give Place to ſome other ſucceſſive Innovation. Thus the Æra of Humbugging ſeems to have expired, and the happy Period of Raillery begins to dawn upon this Metropolis. I have in a former Paper delivered my Sentiments concerning the notable Art of Humbugging, and I ſhall this Day throw together ſome curſory Reflections upon the Practice of Raillery, which, in my Opinion, it is the Intereſt of Society to explode from every Company.

I AM induced into this Way of thinking from an Obſervation, that few People are properly qualified to exerciſe this Talent, there being hardly any Talent which requires ſo fine an Underſtanding, together with ſo much Delicacy in the Exertion of it. But as Matters are generally managed, there is nothing ſo coarſe as the Attempts of thoſe, who are ambitious of ſhining in Converſation, and are therefore determined to banter Mankind into an exalted Opinion of their Accompliſhments. But the utmoſt that can be allowed to theſe Gentlemen, is, to join in the general Laugh; and, if Mirth and Jollity are going forward, they may very properly be admitted to partake of the frolic Feſtivity, without vainly pretending to take the Lead, or to engroſs the Converſation into their own Hands; in like Manner as the uninformed Country Squire ſhould not be ſuffered by the Maſter of the Ceremonies in a polite Aſſembly, to come forward in a Minuet, where the Graces of Movement are required, though he may be tolerated to romp in a Country Dance, and diſplay all the Gambols of his unfaſhioned Agility.

———— *Nec cum ſis cætera foſſor*
Tres tantum ad numeros Satyri moveare Bathylli.

Were I to define Raillery, I ſhould call it a delicate Exertion of Pleaſantry upon the Foibles or the ſlight Inadvertences, which diſcloſe themſelves in the Actions of Men. From this View of Matters, it will appear that no Tincture of Ill-nature muſt be ſuffered to disfigure the Surface; that only ſlight Errors muſt be the Ground on which the colouring is laid, and that good Manners muſt give a poliſh to the whole. No Man has any Degree of right to invade another's inward Peace, and therefore a well turn'd Mind will always decline any Thing that comes near to the Boſom of any Perſon, with whom he is willing to enter into Society. Whatever may tend to create Diſ-eſteem in the Circle of our Acquaintance, or to throw a ridiculous Light upon a Character; whatever may diſcover an intellectual Imbecillity or excite uneaſy Senſations by touching upon Circumſtances, about which it is poſſible a Perſon may have a tender Feeling, though in their own Nature, they are not of any material Importance; In ſhort all Topics, but ſuch, as we are convinced the Object of our Merriment will give up, are carefully to be avoided; and even in Matters, from which Decency does not command us to abſtain, it will be highly neceſſary to glide gently over the affected Part, that the Wound may appear to be probed by a ſkilful Hand. I have ſomewhere read a Story of *Jack Ketch*'s Wife, which I think throws a Light on this Matter. Any Body, ſays that elegant Lady, can tuck a Man up, and ſtop his Breath, but to do it with Dexterity, and make the Culprit die an eaſy pleaſant Death, is only the genteel Qualification of my Huſband. Thus it requires no very ſhining Abilities to inform our Neighbour of his Oddities, and point out to him his ſlight Indiſcretions ; but to open his Eyes, and let in the Light without rendering it painful to him ; to give a Senſe of the Error, without diſturbing the natural Complacence, with which every one is willing to behold himſelf, is a Taſk which requires more Elegance and Refinement than happens to fall to the Share of every Individual. And yet there is no going any where without meeting Pretenders in this Way ; every Quarter of the Town abounds with Men of Raillery, and to all theſe it is neceſſary to render an Account of our Actions, our Friends, our Attachments, our Cloaths, our Walk, and what not? But if People would conſider their own Inſufficience, they would not obtrude their Dullneſs upon Society, nor expoſe the Aukwardneſs of their own Underſtandings. The late Doctor *Swift* has a Paſſage to the preſent Purpoſe, which I have always greatly admired for a Turn of Senſe and Expreſſion peculiar to himſelf. "There is a Brain, (ſays he,) that will endure but one *Scumming* ; let the Owner gather it with Diſcretion, and manage his little Stock with Huſbandry ; but of all Things let him beware of bringing it under the *Laſh* of his *Betters* ; becauſe that will make it bubble up into Impertinence, and he will find no new Supply ; Wit, without Knowledge, being a Sort of *Cream* ; which gathers in a Night to the Top, and, by a ſkilful Hand may be ſoon *whipped* into *Froth* ; but once ſcummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for Nothing but to be thrown to Hogs."

I SHALL fill up the Remainder of this Paper with an allegorical Account of the Birth and Parentage of *Raillery*, which, I think, may ſerve to lay before the Reader its ſeveral efficient Qualities, and thereby deter him from the Ambition of putting it in Practice, or remind him of the Requiſites, that muſt accompany it, whenever it offers to appear in Company.

GOOD-SENSE and RIDICULE were joined in Wedlock ; the Offspring of their Marriage was HUMOUR, who for a long Time roved about *Parnaſſus*, placing the Follies and Whims of Mankind in ſuch a Light, as never failed to excite Mirth in the Synod of *Apollo* and the Muſes. At length happening to wander out of Bounds, HUMOUR met, upon the Borders of *Parnaſſus*, juſt upon the Verge of worldly Commerce, a certain Lady known by the Name of ILL-NATURE. Drawn in by falſe Allurements and a Glavering Smile, which ILL-NATURE always wore upon her Countenance, HUMOUR offered Propoſals of Marriage, which were carried without Delay into Execution, and in nine Months Time SATIRE was uſhered into the World. Having a Mixture in his Compoſition of his Father's Qualities blended with the complexional Habits of his Mother, SATIRE grew up in the Practice of expoſing the Infirmities of all who came in his Way. Without Reſtraint he took unbecoming Liberties with private Families, ſowed the Seeds of Diſcontent in every Breaſt, and in

Time began to diſturb the Harmony of the ſacred nine. Whereupon THALIA, who had been before extreamly attached to SATIRE, conceived a ſecret Diſlike to him, and in order to mend the Breed preferred a Petition to APOLLO to divorce HUMOUR from his Wife ILL-NATURE.

AFTER a full hearing of the Cauſe, APOLLO iſſued out his Edict of Separation. HUMOUR could not live ſingle, and in a ſhort Time made another Match, which, as good Luck would have it, turned out better than the former. His ſecond Wife's Name was WIT, a Lady of great Vivacity, and abounding in ſurprizing Turns in all her Converſation. She hardly could ſee any Thing, but her Way was inſtantly to compare it to ſome other Object in Nature, and ſhe frequently would make her Auditors laugh by pointing out a latent Reſemblance in Things, which ſeemed in their own Natures abſolutely repugnant to each other. Her principal Attention was to ſet off her Huſband, and though ſhe was fond of great Variety in her Dreſs, ſhe would upon many Occaſions lend her beſt Apparel to HUMOUR, who never fail'd to look moſt engaging, when WIT contributed her Ornaments. HUMOUR in his Turn gave ſupernumerary Embelliſhments to his Wife, and they both reflected a reciprocal Luſtre upon each other. They continued in a State of mutual Fondneſs, and their faithful Love was in Time rewarded with a tender Daughter, who was immediately called with the general Conſent, by the Name of RAILLERY. The MUSES cheriſhed her in their Boſoms, and as ſhe grew up ſhe diſcovered a Propenſity to her Father's Way of thinking, but with a conſiderable Abatement of his Severity. The Mother's Delicacy ſhe poſſeſſed entire, and whenever ſhe touched upon any Thing, like her, ſhe endeavoured to give it an agreeable Colouring. In this Habit ſhe was further confirmed by POLITENESS, a collateral Relation by the Mother's Side, who took upon her the Care of her Manners, and inſtructed her perfectly in all the ſecondary Qualities or leſſer Morals, which are commonly known by the Name of Good-breeding. Being confirmed in theſe Principles RAILLERY was, at a mature Age, truſted abroad into the World, where ſhe had not been long before ſhe was careſſed by the courtly *Horace*, who took her home to his own Houſe, introduced to *Mecænas*, and found her of ſingular Service in all his Writings. At the Demiſe of that Bard, RAILLERY wandered a Vagrant up and down, till at length ſhe took it into her Head to viſit *Boileau* in *Paris*, from whence ſhe came over to *England* and reſided for many Years at *Twickenham* with the late Mr. *Pope*, from whoſe Retreat ſhe would now and then make an Excurſion to paſs ſome Hours with Doctor *Young* and Mr. *Addiſon*. At preſent it is ſaid that ſhe is taken into Keeping by a certain noble Earl, of whom ſhe is ſo enamoured, that it is confidently reported, ſhe will not quit his Company, though he is now inclined to be deaf; and it is further ſaid, that ſhe will ſtick by him to his laſt Breath; but, at that unhappy Juncture what will become of her, no Body can pretend to determine. X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

"——— *Vitiis Parentum*
Rara juventus. HOR.

I WAS greatly ſurprized a few Days ſince upon the Receipt of a Letter from my old Friend, the ſecond-ſighted *Scotchman*, whoſe Fore-knowledge has formerly contributed to the Entertainment of the Readers of the *Gray's-Inn-Journal.* I received his Epiſtle with that Pleaſure, which is always the Conſequence of hearing from an honeſt Man, and, as I am in Hopes that the Contents of his Packet will not be found diſagreeable, I ſhall lay the whole before the Public, without any further Ceremony, taking only the Liberty to ſuppreſs a few Compliments to myſelf.

Extract of a Letter from a Second-Sighted Scotchman, *dated* Inverneſs, *the 9th* February 1754.

—That we have had a Share by our joint Labours in obtaining a Repeal of the Jew-Bill affords me muckle Content; I am glad that the Completion of my Prognoſtics is prevented by the Interpoſition of ſuperior Power; but notwithſtanding this, there is another Affair of no ſmall Moment which gives me very great uneaſineſs. I need not tell you that I mean the Marriage-Act, which, I make no doubt, was deſigned for very good and laudable Purpoſes. But alas! how ſhort-ſighted is human Wiſdom?—my dear Mr. *Ranger*, I have Reaſon to imagine this very Step will be the Ruin of the *Britiſh* Nation. I foreſee the decay of your Nobility; I perceive them dwindling by inſenſible degrees into an emaciated, puny, ſickly Race, without any Poſſibility of their being improved by an Intermarriage with wholſome Fleſh and Blood. Of the Conſequences thereof, I have lately had a ſtrong Conviction; for as I was ſojourning upon the height of a Caledonian Mountain, the Air was ſuddenly rarified to a greater degree of Purity than uſual, and ſuch Scenes of Futurity were preſented to me, that I was ſhocked at the Reflection, and as ſoon as my Viſion was cloſed, I faithfully recorded the moſt ſtriking Particulars, in Order to communicate them to my Friend *Ranger*, in full Confidence that he will give them a Place in the *Gray's-Inn Journal.*

N. B. *The Original to be ſeen by the Curious at the Printer's hereof.*

News for one Hundred Years hence in the Public Advertiſer.

—On *Wedneſday* laſt arrived in Town from his Travels thro' *Europe*, the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pentweazel*, of rare Accompliſhments and very promiſing Genius. He is counted the talleſt Nobleman in the World, being in Height very near four Feet ten Inches, which is greatly above the common Standard of Nobility at Preſent.

Yeſterday came on, at the Sittings in *Lincoln's-Inn Hall*, a remarkable Hearing in the Cauſe mentioned in our laſt, upon a Petition from *George Beverley*, Eſq; a Minor, complaining that his Guardians have unreaſonably hindered him from performing a Contract with Miſs *Maria Healthy*, a beautiful young Lady, with a ſmall Fortune. The Guardians of the young Gentleman replied, that they have concluded a much more advantageous Match for him with *Miſs Ricketty Barren*, upon which this Cauſe, which has been depending for near two Years paſt, was finally determined in Favour of the Defendants, this being the *ſummary way of Proceeding* in Caſes of this Nature.

By the laſt Mail from *Ireland* we have Advice that as ſoon as his Grace the *Duke of Slender-Shanks*, Lord Lieutenant of that Kingdom, landed on *George's* Key, the People all burſt into a loud fit of Laughter, crying out "*Arrah but is that he?*" which is juſtly thought a very diſaffected Reception to one delegated to ſo high an Office.

We can aſſure our Readers that the Managers of both Play-houſes have reſolved to fit up the Boxes with Stoves, in Imitation of the Opera-houſe, in order to prevent the general Complaint of their being too cold for People of Quality, who have ſuffered great Inconveniences, for want of this Accommodation, of late Years.

Laſt *Tueſday* Night as the Lords *Scrophulous* and *Spindle* were returning Home from the Burletta in a *vis-a-vis* Sedan Chair, one of the Chairmen fell down and broke his Leg; but happily their Lordſhips received no further Damage than that of being greatly frightened, and their Nerves being leſs convulſed at preſent, it is thought theywill do perfectly well.

On *Sunday* laſt an excellent Sermon was preached at the Chapel-Royal by Doctor *Rubric*, Chaplain in Ordinary, upon which Occaſion the Sword of State was carried by their Lordſhips the Earl of *Jeſſamy* and Lord *George Fribble*.

About Eleven o' Clock laſt Night the Lady of the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount *Shadow* was delivered of a dead Child,—to the great Diſappointment of his Lordſhip and all his Relations.

This Morning early, died of the Gout in his Stomach, his Grace the Duke of *Burgundy*, aged nine Months. His Diſorder was ſo inveterate, that it was not in the Power of the Faculty to aſſiſt him; by this fatal Event that noble Family is Extinct.

We hear that ſeveral Petitions for Divorce with leave to marry again, have been lately preſented to the Lords,—*all at the Suit of the Ladies.*

On *Monday* laſt was Reviewed upon *Putney Common*, the firſt Regiment of Guards, by the Honourable Sir *Robert Lungs*, who was handſomely mounted upon an eaſy Pad ſent to him, as a Preſent, by the Biſhop of Man. Sir *Robert* was in great Spirits and wore a white Handkerchief about his Neck.

A Suit is commenced in the Commons by a Perſon of Faſhion, againſt a Gentleman of *Ireland*, for criminal Converſation with his Wife, and we hear that a Law will ſhortly be Enacted to prohibit the Importation of *Iriſhmen* into *England*, without a ſpecial *Recommendation* duly obtained from the *Primate of that Kingdom.*

Never was the crying Sin of Fornication ſo much practiced as at preſent, on which Account it is ſaid the B—— of *L——n* apprehends another Earthquake, and intends ſhortly to publiſh an Exhortation to Piety in Order to ſuſpend the Laws of Gravitation.

A Duel was fought Yeſterday in *Marybone Fields*, between Sir *Dilbery Diddle* and *Lord Trip*, in which the latter had his Cheek ſo violently ſcratched that it's feared he cannot poſſibly recover.

By Letters from *Portſmouth*, we are informed that Lord *John Lightfoot* hoiſted his Flag there on *Wedneſday* laſt, but, an hard Gale coming on, his Lordſhip was unfortunately blown over-board.

The ſame Advices add, that the Banns were publiſhed twice in the proper Pariſh-Church between Captain *Hardy* and Miſs *Buxom*, but failing Orders hurrying the Captain away upon a Voyage round the World, the Nuptials remain unfiniſhed.

Births and Burials this Week.

Chriſtened	Males	14	Buried	Males	232
	Females	11		Females	229
	In all	25		In all	461

Increaſed in the Burials this Week, 59.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

Numb. 27. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, March 29, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *March* 29, 1754.

O Rus! quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc Somno & inertibus Horis,
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.
Hor.

I Lately met with a Fable in a *French* Writer, which I thought, carried with it a great Deal of Propriety, and, though it was rather eked out, as is ſometimes the Caſe among the livelieſt Genius's of that Country, beyond the juſt Limits preſcribed by the Matter contained in it, it was however conducted with ſuch a Prettineſs of Fancy and Expreſſion, that I was very much entertained with the Peruſal of it. Poetry (ſays my Author) is the Son of the God of *Eaſe* and the Goddeſs *Meditation*. He bears in his Appearance ſuch a ſtrong Reſemblance to theſe his Parents, that it is impoſſible, to miſtake the Marks of his Legitimacy, and therefore, whenever theſe Proofs of his Birth are deficient, we may with Reaſon conclude him to be of a ſpurious Breed.

From his *Father* he derives his apparent Indolence, his Serenity, his graceful Elocution, and his unlaboured Turn of

Thought, together with his elegant Felicity in all his Compoſitions; a Diſregard for Riches and the ſplendid Enjoyments of Life. A remarkable Deſire of Complacence, an entire Reſignation to all human Occurrences, and a total Abſence of all worldly Ambition, ſave what is inſpired by Virtue and honeſt Fame, are his diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtics. From his *Mother* he poſſeſſes his Modeſty, which makes him not very fond of obtruding himſelf into Company; his penſive Air, which inclines him to be always enforcing ſome Precept of Morality or ſome Topic which may be ſubſervient to the Uſe or Enjoyment of Life; his Love of Solitude, which induces him to ſhun Crowds and great Cities, and leads him into rural Scenes, where he may give free Scope to his Imagination, undiſturbed by the Cares and Anxieties of Life. The ſame Diſpoſition in his Temper renders him not very fond of being known by the Bulk of Mankind, that he may prevent the Inconveniencies attendant on him when his Affairs require that he ſhould make his Appearance in Public. If he puts any Thing abroad into the World, and thinks proper to publiſh the Reſult of his contemplative Moments, he does not like to be pointed at by the Multitude; but chuſes to receive the Tribute of Applauſe, obtained by his Writings, without being liable to the Sarcaſms, the Taunts, and malevolent Jeſts, which are always the ſure Concomitants of Praiſe, and which are generally a very great Diſcount upon his Happineſs.

From theſe Motives he is enamoured of Retirement, and he is further confirmed in his ſequeſtred State by a Conſideration, that the more he keeps himſelf at a Diſtance from the Reſt of Mankind, the more Beauties they are willing to deſcry in his Productions; in like Manner as the Hills and the remote Parts of a Proſpect preſent a more vivid green to the Eye, than when our Advances to them have brought the Scene more cloſe to our Inſpection, aud the Heath, the craggy Rock, and ploughed Land are familiariſed to the naked Eye.

This is the Subſtance of the Fable; the Meaning that it inculcates is certainly very juſt and obvious. The beſt Writers in all Ages have ſubſcribed to it, and the moſt applauded of the antient Poets are conſtantly offering warm Pictures of rural Imagery to our Imaginations; they ſeem to be ſtifled with Duſt and Smoke, when they are expatiating with Rapture upon the Pleaſures of a Country Life, which they look upon to be the Nurſe of Thought, and the only Sphere in which their Studies can be proſecuted with any Degree of Happineſs and Succeſs. The ſame Obſervation will hold good with Regard to all Kinds of Writing, unleſs it be thoſe excellent Productions of the Preſs which make their Appearance under the various Shapes of *Newgate* Memoirs, News-papers, and political Pamphlets. In Works, that call for a long Train of Reaſoning, ſubtile Diſquiſitions, and unwearied Application, undoubtedly the proper Place to accompliſh them, is in thoſe Regions, where Riot and Debauchery are Strangers, where Gaming, Drinking, and idle Amuſements of all Sorts are unknown, and where above all Health and Cheerfulneſs add new Luſtre to the Face of Things. It may perhaps ſeem a Paradox, if I ſhould aſſert, that, among all the Gentlemen of the Quill, there is not one, to whom Solitude and Eaſe are ſo neceſſary as the periodical Writer ; but though his Compoſitions are generally compriz'd in a narrow Compaſs, and tho' he does not, for the moſt Part, pretend to ſearch every Subject to the Bottom ; though it is not expected of him to lay before the Reader deep, philoſophical Speculations, abſtracted Reaſonings, and new Syſtems of Morality and Religion ; yet, in my Apprehenſion, it will be found, upon an attentive Survey of his Situation, that it is particularly incumbent on the Adventurer in this Way, to withdraw himſelf from the Buſtle of Mankind, and to appear, as ſeldom as poſſible, in little Circles at Coffee-houſes, convivial Clubs at Taverns, and the long Train of public Places, which ſerve no other Purpoſe in this Metropolis than merely to *kill Time*, as the Phraſe is, and to hurry a Perſon into a Courſe of Vanity and Diſſipation.

There is a Paſſage in Mr. *Pope*, which I have ever peruſed with Admiration, becauſe it ſhews him to have been a Man of the moſt prudent Underſtanding, as well as the moſt finiſhed Poet ; Two Adjuncts which are ſeldom found to coexiſt.

I ne'er with Wits, and Witlings paſs'd my Days,
To ſpread about the Itch of vulgar Praiſe.
Nor, like a Puppy, daggl'd thro' the Town,
To fetch and carry Sing-ſong up and down.
Nor at Rehearſals mouth'd, and ſweat, and cry'd,
With Handkerchief and Orange at my Side.
I aſkt no Homage from the Race that write,
But kept, like Eaſtern Monarchs, from their Sight ;
And ſick of Fops and Poetry, and Prate,
To Bufo *left the whole* Caſtalian *State.*

Perhaps too great a Tincture of Pride runs through theſe Lines, for any one elſe to make Application of them to himſelf. *Pope* had Talents ſuperior to almoſt all Mankind, but if a more humble Writer cannot withdraw himſelf from our preſent Town-Smarts and Critics, like an Eaſtern Monarch, he may at leaſt accompliſh it, like *Juvenal*'s Friend in his third Satire, who retired from *Rome*, to avoid it's Plagues and Inconveniencies, and enjoy his Soul in Quiet in the Country. *Atque unum Civem donare Sibyllæ.*

It is poſſible, my Readers may think theſe Tenets inconſiſtent with the Character of *Ranger* ; but airy and gay as *Ranger* may appear, he is now perfectly averſe from the wild Sallies of his Name-ſake in the Play: He would not chuſe to ſtagger home from a Box and Dice in the Morning, nor to get through a Window into an honeſt Gentleman's Houſe at Night ; He cannot run after every White Apron he ſees, nor keep Company with a Set of Fellows whom he deſpiſes. And yet there are Diſſipations to which a Reſident in Town is for ever liable ; add to theſe, the Danger attendant on a Writer's making himſelf known in too many Quarters of the Town. Prejudices are ever apt to ariſe againſt an Author, who does not take care to conceal himſelf. The Tranſition is ſo quick from the Performance to the Perſon who produced it, that from the Moment a Man begins to publiſh, he is enliſted into a State of Warfare with almoſt all the Critics and *Malevoli* of the Age.

Some Readers have no Criterion, by which to judge a Production, except the Rules of Phiſiognomy, and, according to the Information derived from this Source, they pronounce Sentence upon Wit. " Lord! I have ſeen *Ranger*; —he looks like " other People; —I have heard him ſpeak too, and it is nothing " but common Converſation -- He does not ſeem to have a " thoughtful Look:—How can he pretend to give his Judgment " upon Writers and Actors?" — Others there are, who take a different Road, and direct their Opinions by the Succeſs of their Enquiries, and when, like *Scrub*, in the Play, they have got a whole Packet full of News, they decide as ſagaciouſly as that notable Perſonage of the Drama. Theſe People are for looking into the Pariſh-Books, to know how old an Author is, and they are never willing to allow him the leaſt Degree of Strength beyond his Years. " A grey Head upon young Shoulders, neigh" bour *Wilſon*, is not to be expected— You can't look for any " Thing ſolid at this Time of Life." At this, the diſcerning Critic revolves into himſelf, and is inſtantly wrapped in the Gloom of his own Dulneſs, which is moſt aſſuredly of a very comfortable Solidity. It is, by the Way, ſomewhat ſtrange, that this experienced Claſs will not allow a Man to be fit to entertain them, until his Imagination begins to flag, his Invention to cloſe, like Flowers at the Setting of the Sun, his Memory to decay, and his Wit, if he have any Share of it, to become ſlow and tardy. This, however, is what is deſired by the Man who would look an Author in the Teeth to know his Age, and from thence make an Eſtimate of his Merit. *Qui redit ad Faſtos, et Virtutem æſtimat Annis.*

A third Set of People make it their Buſineſs to pry into a Writer's Connections, and thoroughly inform themſelves of his Attachments, his Friendſhips, and his Reſentments. According as theſe coincide with their own Way of Thinking, they blame or approve. " There, ſays one, *Ranger* is right — *O, D——n* the " Fellow! was ever ſuch a Poſition as this? —He has not com" mon Senſe —O my dear *Ranger*, that wont paſs upon us —We " know you're prejudiced in this Affair — and there again; -- you " praiſe this Man becauſe you are intimate with him — Did I " not ſee you walk Arm in Arm with him the other Night at " *Macklin*'s Coffee-houſe? — Not him! I would not take his O" pinion of an Egg-Shell."

In this Manner is the Perſon judged, who attempts to run the dangerous Career of Wit and Genius, as *Boileau* expreſſes it, *Du Bel Eſprit la carriere Epineuſe*; and upon the whole, I think, it may be laid down as a Maxim, that no periodical Writer ſhould ever reſide in this Metropolis, that he may effectually evade the Cenſures of Prejudice, the Blaſts of Detraction, the Envy of rival Wit, and the ſeveral Avocations of a Town Life. It may be added, that it is abſolutely neceſſary that an Author ſhould never ſuffer himſelf to be known, on Account of the Antipathy which will ariſe to his Perſon. *Patroclus* conquered for a long Time in the Armour of *Achilles*; but had he let the Secret eſcape abroad, with double his Strength and Valour, he would not have been able to atchieve any Thing remarkable againſt the *Trojans*, who would have inſtantly conceived an utter Contempt of him, whom they dreaded in a feigned Appearance.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter Office, 30th March, 1754.

HAVING obſerved, with no ſmall degree of Compaſſion, the Strainings, the Contortions, and the violent Throes, to which moſt modern Authors are reduced, by the Forms of Addreſs, which the Tyrant Cuſtom has impoſed upon them; and having further taken Notice that the Drift of moſt of their Compoſitions in this way have, in the general, the ſame Tendency, without ever remembering that their *unfeeling Maſter*, as Mr. *Pope* expreſſes it, *the more he is tickled, gripes his Fiſt the faſter*, I have deviſed a new Method of Application, which will ſave them a World of Pains, and efface the common Imputation of Servility and mean Submiſſion fixed upon them by the greater Part of their Readers. For this Purpoſe, I would recommend to them the following Stile and Manner, upon all Occaſions, and he, who firſt conforms to it, will have the Pleaſure of producing a Piece, in its way, perfectly Original, which is certainly an eſſential Quality in all Works of human Wit.

Dedication, to any Great Man whatever.

My Lord,
or
Sir,

Pay to the Bearer Twenty Guineas, and place the ſame to the Account of,

My Lord,
or
Sir, *Your moſt devoted humble Servant.*

The AUTHOR.

Court of Cenſorial Enquiry, 27th March.

This Day came on a Hearing, in a Cauſe, wherein *William Gayleſs*, Eſq; was Plaintiff, and *Elizabeth* his Wife, Defendant, upon a Motion made by the Council of the ſaid Plaintiff, praying this honourable Court to bring to condign Puniſhment the ſaid *Elizabeth Gayleſs*, for unreaſonably ſlighting her Huſband, and giving all her Attention to Gaming, to the great Detriment of her Family, and to the total Extirpation of all domeſtic Peace and Happineſs, &c. A Jury being Impannelled, *Councellor Reaſonable* urged in a long Harangue, that it is an abſolute Apoſtacy from all that is elegant in the fair Sex, to yield to the Impulſe of the unruly Paſſions incidental to Gaming; that ſuch a Courſe of Life extinguiſhes every delicate and tender Feeling, baniſhes that Train of Ideas, which ſhould reign in the female Mind, ruffles the Temper, diſturbs the ſerenity of their Diſpoſition, puts to flight the Loves and Graces, which would otherwiſe hover round them, and ſurrounds them with a Band of *Harpies*, who deface the pleaſing Tincture of the Skin, furrow the Face with indelible Traces of Eaſe and Anxiety, diſturb their Repoſe, ſhake the Curtains of the nuptial Bed with inceſſant ding, deſtroy their tender little ones, and drive the Fair at length to ſuch an Extreme of Madneſs, that they make nothing of *Staking* an Huſband upon a Rubber, *Betting* a blooming Daughter upon a Die, or *Bragging* an Eſtate upon one Hand, not to mention that their *lovely Perſons* are by theſe Means rendered liable to an *amorous Arreſt* upon an *Habeas Corpus*, from the Court of *Venus*.

After this, *Betſy Tattle* was examined, who depoſed that ſhe has been Waiting-Maid to the Priſoner at the Bar for ſeveral Years paſſed, and that her Miſtreſs never went to Bed till Three in the Morning, frequently making it much later; that for her Part, ſhe believed *as how* there is not ſuch another Woman in the World, nothing ever running in her Head but Cards, and that ſhe was as ſure *as any thing* that Mrs. *Gayleſs* thought the *King of Clubs* a much handſomer Man than her Huſband.

Robert Luteſtring, Sworn.

I have had the Honour of ſerving the Lady for three Years paſt with Silks of all Sorts; but I know no more of the Colour of her Money, than of the *real* Colour of her Face, and I have heard ſeveral Tradeſmen make the ſame Complaint. I have often applied to the Lady's Huſband, and was told, that he took care to ſupply her ſufficiently for all her reaſonable Demands.

The DEFENCE.

The Priſoner called ſeveral Witneſſes to prove that ſhe always preſerved her Character, and that no Inſtance of Infidelity to her Huſband could be alledged againſt her. She further aſſerted, that Captain *Horner* had offered to forego a Debt of two Thouſand Pounds in Conſideration of certain Liberties which he propoſed to take with her Perſon, and tho' it is a Debt of Honour, that ſhe peremptorily refuſed Compliance. This the Priſoner enforced very ſtrongly, and upon this Argument reſted her Cauſe.

Hereupon the Bench ſummed up the Evidence, and in the Charge to the Jury, it was urged, that it is not ſufficient for a Woman to guard her Virtue, if ſhe is inſenſible to Shame in every other Point, agreeably to the Statute 6th *Young*.

Some modern Ladies think one Crime is all;
Can Women then no Way but backward fall?

Lord *Townly's* Caſe was alſo cited, by which it appears, that it makes very little Difference, whether a Man be cuckolded by a ſpotted Ace, or a powdered Beau; after this the Jury withdrew, and in about ten Minutes brought in their Verdict, *Guilty*; upon which the Court ordered her, during a cloſe Confinement for the Space of Twelve Months, to read the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, with ſerious Attention, and then to give Security for her good Behaviour for three Years afterwards. Adjourned.

Macklin's Coffee-Houſe, 28*th* March.

Yeſterday Evening this Place was opened for the firſt Time. The Coffee-Room is magnificently prepared for the Reception of all the Choice Spirits of the Age. Notice being given to the Company, that nothing under Silver would be taken, a Gentleman deſired to know whether ſix penny-worth of Half-pence would be looked upon as a legal Tender, and the Queſtion was anſwered in the Affirmative, to the Satisfaction of every one preſent, who all agreed that ſo elegant an Undertaking deſerved ſuitable Encouragement. As this Scheme was not *damned* the firſt Night, but, on the contrary, met with univerſal Applauſe, it is not doubted but it *will run* for many Seaſons, the more eſpecially, as it will be conducted conformably to the moſt eſſential Rule of the *Drama*, with a Preſervation of Character. *The Reader ſhall have conſtant Intelligence from this Quarter for the future.*

Covent-Garden, 29*th* March.

Laſt Night Mr. *Foot* performed his laſt new Piece to a ſplendid Audience, for the Benefit of Miſs *Bellamy*, and it is now ſaid, that a Motive of good Nature will induce him to appear (once more this Seaſon) on *Monday* next, in order to ſerve Mr. *Ryan*, at his Benefit, which, it is thought, will be, on the Side of Mr. *Foot*, a genteel Manner of expiating ſome former Strokes of Pleaſantry upon the Peculiarities of a veteran Actor, who has on many Occaſions a very great Share of Merit.

Drury-Lane, 30*th* March.

On *Tueſday* next will be acted, for the Benefit of Mr. *Roſs*, the laſt new Tragedy, called *Virginia*. As this young Performer acquits himſelf in many Parts with a graceful Propriety, and as he makes a conſpicuous Figure in this Play, it would be leſſening his Merit, to ſuppoſe it neceſſary to beſpeak due Encouragement for him on the above Night.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE
GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 28. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d*.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *April* 6, 1754

> ———— *Migravit ab aure Voluptas*
> *Omnis ad incertos Oculos & gaudia Vana.*
>
> HOR.

THE pantomime Poet, from whom I ſome Time ago felt a little Interruption in my Studies, has remained in the Chambers over my Head ever ſince; but, the Fervour of his Enthuſiaſm being a good Deal abated, he has proved a very peaceable and quiet Neighbour. For tho' he cannot, entirely refrain from his peripatetic Lucubrations, he is, however, careful to conduct them with a Degree of Temperance, and he now proves a Companion of very ſingular and entertaining Oddities. The other Morning he paid me a Viſit, and was contented in the Beginning to converſe with me upon common and ordinary Topics, upon which he diſcourſed with ſufficient Sedateneſs. At length he took occaſion to introduce the Subject which was the Cauſe of his Viſit, and I obſerved, that the Moment he touched upon his favourite Scheme of thinking, he betrayed ſeveral whimſical Geſtures, and an extraordinary Manner of Addreſs. "Sir, (ſays he,) I have taken the Liberty to intrude upon you this Morning in order to conſult you, in Relation to a Work, which I have had in Hand for ſome Time paſt, and which I think cannot fail to be of public Utility, as it is one of the Deſiderata in Literature, and a Species of Criticiſm likely to be productive of ſingular Advantages to the learned World. The Thing I mean, Sir, is, THE ART OF PANTOMIME, which I propoſe to publiſh by Subſcription, not doubting but I ſhall meet with ſuitable Encouragement to proſecute ſo arduous a Taſk, and if Mr. *Ranger* will be kind enough to favour me with his Recommendation, I ſhall for the future eſteem him, as a generous Promoter of the polite Arts."

IN order to be able to comply with my Friend's Requeſt, and to ſerve him as effectually as my ſmall Abilities will permit me, I deſired him to explain to me at large the Plan of his Undertaking, and the whole Method, which he had chalked out to himſelf for ſo noble a Work. Upon which I was informed, that he intends to execute his Deſign, in Imitation of *Ariſtotle*'s *Art of Poetry*, divided into as many Sections, and, as near as the Nature of the Subject will admit, comprized under the ſame Heads. His firſt Chapter is to ſet out with an Account of the imitative Arts, in which Pantomime will be proved to be ſuperior to all the Reſt, having the greateſt Variety of Geſticulation, and the moſt expreſſive Significance in all it's Attitudes and Actions. In the next Section it will appear what Sort of Perſons and Things are proper for Imitation, and that the Pantomime Poet muſt either attach himſelf to the Repreſentation of Perſonages above the ordinary Race of human Nature, ſuch as Magicians, Enchanters, Genii, Gods, Imps, and Monſters, Devils, Furies, *&c.* or to the Exhibition of Characters to be met with in the ordinary Occurrencies of Life, ſuch as we find introduced in *Harlequin Ranger*, which would make a very pretty Comedy of Two Acts, if Sentiments, and Language were put into the Mouth of each Character. Then follows a Diſſertation upon the proper Manner of imitating, and Enquiry into the Origin of Pantomime, tracing it from the Time of *Horace* down to the glorious Time of Mahomet *Carathra*.

AFTER this our Author proceeds to examine into the Nature of *Farces*, and ſhows how they differ from the *Pantomime*. He then enters more minutely into the Laws of *Pantomime*, and gives an Account of it's ſeveral Parts. Among theſe the Fable is firſt conſidered, and it is allowed it may be either ſimple or implex. He does not totally reject the former, but inſiſts principally upon the Beauties of the complicated Plot, ſuch as *Harlequin Sorcerer* or the Loves of *Pluto* and *Proſerpine*; *Harlequin Fortunatus* being of the ſimple Kind, conſiſting of one Action only, impeded or accelerated by ſeveral Incidents, all tending in a direct Line to the Completion of the Whole.

THE refined Beauties of the Art offer themſelves next, and our Author exhauſts all his Erudition, all his Rhetoric, and all his whole Stock of Criticiſm, to point out the Advantages ariſing to a Piece from a well conducted *Peripetia*, which he defines in theſe Words. " The pantomimical *Peripetia* conſiſts in " ſudden Changes of Fortune, ariſing from a Concatenation " of Incidents highly improbable in their Nature." Then the *Agnitio* is diſplayed at large and proved to be the livelieſt Beauty in this Species of the Drama, it being a ſudden Recollection in the Perſonages of the Piece, when, after a long Abſence, they recognize and know each other again. As when *Harlequin* finds Acceſs to his Colombine in a diſguiſed Appearance, ſhe by ſome Token diſcovers her Lover, and is happy in his Embrace.

AFTER having enforced theſe ſtriking Particulars he delivers Rules for the Encitement of Terror, Pity, and the marvellous. The two former he mentions but ſlightly, not thinking them eſſential in theſe Compoſitions but in the marvellous; he obſerves, conſiſts the utmoſt Effort of human Genius, and then enumerates the various Means by which it is excited, ſuch as flying Mercurys, Rope-Dancers Kicking Straws, Children playing on the Flute, Storms of Rain, Thunder and Lightening, &c.

THE next Diviſion of the Work, relates to the Manners of each Perſonage of the Drama, in which he recommends a ſerious Attention to Character, in Order the more forcibly to unfold Men and Manners, and the Cuſtoms, the Intrigues, the Flights and Deſcents of the Gods, with the whole Hiſtory of the Heathen Mythology. In this Part of the Work he expatiates at large upon the Uſe of Machinery, and I make no Doubt, will greatly excel the celebrated *Boſſu* in this Part of the Performance. Having the Intereſts of the Theatre greatly at Heart, our Author proves that no Playhouſe can long ſubſiſt without a good Set of Carpenters, an expeditious Band of Scene-Drawers, excellent Candle Snuffers, Fire-Eaters, Trap Door-Men, Oſtriches, Monkeys, Serpents, and the whole animal World, beſides a Race of Beings never ſeen upon the Face of the Earth.

The Sentiment comes into Conſideration in the following Chapter. The ſeveral Modes of the Mind are explained in an ample Manner, and Directions given to the Performer to render himſelf perfectly acquainted with the Operation of all the Paſſions on the whole Frame of the Body, and it is laid down as a Rule that he muſt be careful to mark the different Actions of Begging, Commanding, Threatning, Interrogating, Anſwering, that he may be able to impreſs a lively Idea of each upon the Minds of his Spectators.

The Sentiment being eſtabliſhed, the Diction claims our next Regard. Under this Head the ſeveral pretty Pieces of Poetry introduced into *Pantomimes* are criticiſed, and proper Rules preſcribed for Writing theſe Kind of Nonſenſe — Verſes. To the whole Work is annexed a particular Examen of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, in order to give a Specimen of the great Utility and Truth of the foregoing Rules. I ſhall therefore conclude this Paper with an Abſtract from this Part of the Work.

There cannot, ſays my Author, be found in any Pantomine Writer a better imagined Opening for the Drama, than the firſt Incident in this Piece. The Scene diſcovers a large Wood in which the poor forlorn Harlequin is wandering, in a violent Storm of Rain, Thunder and Lightening. In a Fit of Deſperation he throws himſelf on the Ground,and to heighten our Compaſſion poor Madam *Fortune* is introduced bemoaning her Condition in a very pathetic Strain of Poetry. The amiable Character of *Fortunatus* is ſeen in his Readineſs to aſſiſt the diſtreſſed, and the Sequel conveys a fine Moral, *viz.* that Riches, Riot, and Debauchery are the moſt deſirable Things in this World, as the Piece ends with Harlequin's being in the full Enjoyment of all his Wiſhes. The Farmer's Yard affords a pleaſing Image of rural Happineſs, and the beautiful Incident of the Dog's biting the Clown conveys this Inſtruction, that a Dog's obeyed in Office, and it ſerves further to enforce the Neceſſity of an Act of Parliament to leſſen the Number of Dogs, which overrun the Kingdom, to the great Annoyance of his Majeſty's loyal Subjects. The frequent Remembrances between *Columbine* and her *Harlequin* make upon all Occaſions an admirable *Agnitio*, and the ſudden Changes of their Fortunes form a very beautiful *Peripetia.* Harlequin's Eſcape into the Oven, his running up the Chimney, and his Leap over the Gateway, when his Enemies are in cloſe Purſuit of him, are all Touches of the higheſt Elevation and Genius, and upon the whole we may ſay with Mr. *Dennis*, that this Piece is admirable for its fine Moralities, it's Univerſality, and its Integrity.

* *

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Macklin's, April 6, 1754.

NOtwithſtanding the great Reſort of various Sets of Company, who are attracted hither by the Magnificence of the Rooms, ſome certain Critics, whoſe Taſte for Literature leads them to think fine Writing of more Conſequence than any other Subject whatever, found Means to form themſelves into a Kind of Committee, in which ſeveral Debates aroſe a few Nights ſince. While others, in a mixed Kind of Tumult, were admiring the Elegance of the Structure, the Choice Spirits, juſt mentioned, were employed in the Diſcuſſion of a Point relating to the following Lines in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*.

———————*Thou from the firſt*
Waſt preſent, and with mighty Wings outſpread
Dove-like ſatſt brooding on the vaſt Abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant.————

It was ſaid, that, in his Paſſage, our great Epic Poet has fallen ſhort of that Sublimity, which is his Characteriſtic, and that he has debaſed the Idea of an Almighty Power, by repreſenting the Work of Creation ſo ſlow and tardy. That the Spirit ſhould ſit *brooding*, for a Length of Time, over the Chaos, before it could animate the Maſs, is directly repugnant to the Account of *Moſes*, from whom we learn, that it was performed at the inſtantaneous Command of Providence. It was further added, that were the Philoſophy juſt, the Image is too poor and frivolous, nor can the Creation of the World be ſuppoſed to have been *hatch'd* in ſo trifling a Manner. During this Criticiſm, *Monſieur Baptiſt* regaled the Company with Refreſhments of his own preparing, all excellent in their Kinds, which is not to be wondered at, as he informs us, that his Mother was the beſt Maker of Lemmonade in *France*. "Ma foi, Monſieur, Elle etoit la meil-
"leure Lemonadiere en France."

Covent-Garden, April 6.

ON *Monday* Evening laſt, the Tragedy of *Othello* was performed here for the Benefit of Mr. *Ryan*; *Othello* by Mr. *Barry*, and *Iago* by Mr. *Ryan* After the Play Mr. *Foote* performed his laſt new Piece, called the KNIGHTS, which he introduced with a new occaſional Prologue ſpoken with a great deal of Humour. As I imagine a Peruſal of it will gratify the Curioſity of my Readers, I have ordered it a Place in this Day's Paper.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE.

WHILST one brave Vet'ran quits the Tragic Lore,
And ſwagg'ring *Falſtaff* yields Delight no more ;
His firm *Achates*, to the Drama's Laws
Attentive ſtill, ſerves in the good Old Cauſe.
Bleſs'd in th' autmunal Verdure of old Age,
But ſomewhat ſtiff—* *with Buckram of the Stage.*
Urg'd by your Candor to my ſhort Eſſay,
A Whim he takes to add it to his Play.
A Viſit pays me ;—compliments enſued ;—
" Welcome from *Bath*—I hope I don't intrude—
" You look extreamly healthy in the Face—
" And my old Friend—you left him in good Caſe—
Then with a Smile and Looks of ſoft Condition
Comes to the Point—" I've, Sir, a ſmall Petition."
Proud of the Word erect I ſit in State
" Petitions numberleſs are ſent of late."—
" Your Farce—I mean your laſt new Comedy—
" I'm ever bad at Phraſeology—
" Exactly pleas'd the Palate of each Wit—
" I'd take it kind, Sir, at my Benefit."
For former Freedoms willing to attone,
" I'll play once more, Sir—and for you alone:
" I'll write a Prologue *—*when I was at School*
" Th' USHER *wrote Prologues*—th' USHER *was no Fool*,
Pleas'd he retir'd—and pleas'd I now appear,
To ſerve known worth a cheerful Voluntier.
If feigning well be our conſummate Art,
How great his Praiſe, who, in the Villain's Part,
Has UTTER'D THOUGHTS—ſo foreign from his Heart?
From him ſucceeding *Richard* took the Clue,
And hence the Stile, if not the Colour, drew.
Oft in this Houſe your ſympathetic Sires
Wept at his Woes, and kindled at his Fires.
Over their Offspring ſtill he boaſts his Sway ;—
Witneſs that Circle of the Fair and Gay,
Who gild with gen'rous Beams his Ev'ning Hour,
And pleas'd adorn the Sunſet of his Pow'r.

* *Vide* the PROLOGUE to the new Tragedy of *Virginia.*

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.

N. B. At the End of the Year will be printed a Title, Contents, and Tranſlation of the *Latin* Quotations.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 29. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *April* 31, 1754

> ——— *Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
> *Labentem Pietas & Apollinis inſula texit.*
>
> VIRG.

AS the late Lord *Bolingbroke*'s Works have come abroad into the World with all the Pomp of a ſuperb Edition, and as Part of them, by being addreſſed to Mr. *Pope*, may be thought to coincide with his religious Tenets, I have judged it not improper to lay before my Readers, ſome Particulars relating to this Matter, which I lately met with in a Volume of the ingenious Monſieur *Racine.* It ſeems this Gentleman had given vent to ſome Animadverſions on Mr. *Pope*'s *Eſſay on Man*, and the Conſequence was, that our great Poet, uneaſy at the Reflection, reſolved to aſſert his Syſtem in a Letter to the *French* Writer, which he encloſed to the celebrated Chevalier *Ramſay*. This Correſpondence will throw a Light on *Pope*'s Way of Thinking in religious Matters, and will evidently ſhew that he was far from embracing *Bolingbroke*'s Principles. As the Sanction of ſo great a Genius is what the noble Writer ſeems to aim at, it will be defeating part of his Purpoſe, to convince Mankind that Mr. *Pope* thought the Imputation of *Deiſm* a Blemiſh in his Character; and it may prove entertaining to the mere *Engliſh* Reader to ſee what a polite Interconrſe was carried on between two Geniuſes of different Nations, Strangers to each other, and only connected by their Wit and Parts.

A Letter from the Chevalier RAMSAY *to M.* RACINE.

SIR,

I WAS highly pleaſed, and do not doubt but you will be pleaſed alſo, at the Receipt of a Letter which Mr. *Pope* has ſent me to be forwarded to you. You will perceive by the Contents, that it was not without juſt Grounds I undertook in a former Letter, to juſtify the Principles of my illuſtrious Countryman. My Vindication of him, I am ſenſible, might appear inſufficient, as it might poſſibly be ſuſpected to have its Source in Friendſhip. But here, Sir, he pleads his own Defence; his Letter will demonſtrate to you his Zeal for Religion, and, it is to be hoped, will ſilence his Accuſers. You will find it accompanied by a Defence of his Syſtem, written by Mr. *Warburton*, a celebrated Clergyman of the Church of *England.* Mr. *Pope*, by diſtributing this Performance amongſt his Friends, adopts the Doctrine, approves the Sentiments, and thereby gives the whole an additional Value.

THE Opinion which you conceived of Mr. *Pope*, is on your Side very excuſable. You received the Impreſſion from the Miſrepreſentations of his Enemies; for many Enemies he has. *Urit enim fulgore ſuo*, &c. His ſuperior Talents have excited a great deal of Envy towards his Perſon, and his Connections with ſeveral eminent Perſonages, all engaged in oppoſite Intereſts, or attached to the Court, have further ſerved to inflame the Minds of Men againſt him. But there are many evincing Proofs of his Probity, and the Incorruptibility of his Principles.

I HAVE been informed, that he was in Intimacy with ſeveral ſucceſſive Miniſters, and often with many at the ſame Time. Thus circumſtanced, it would have been eaſy for him to create a large Fortune, had he avail'd himſelf of the Diſgrace of one Party, in order to recommend himſelf to the other. But he poſſeſſed a Soul ſuperior to ſuch mean Artifices.

MY Intelligence adds further, that a certain Princeſs, who was an Admirer of his Genius, expreſſed an Inclination while ſhe was Queen of *England*, to employ him, without requiring any thing further of him than a diſſembled Conformity to the eſtabliſhed Religion of his Country, promiſing at the ſame time to diſpenſe with the Strictneſs of the Oath uſually adminiſtered upon ſuch Occaſions. But Mr. *Pope* was inacceſſible to Temptation, which may ſerve to prove he was directed by other Principles than thoſe of a Sceptic or a Deiſt.

I muſt aſſure you, Sir, that I am not induced to this Taſk by ſupererogatory Friendſhip to Mr. *Pope*, nor am I willing to offer him the Incenſe of Adulation. I mean ſolely to ſerve the Cauſe of Truth and Juſtice, and am,

SIR, &c.

Letter from Mr. Pope *to M.* Racine.

SIR,

THE Expectation, in which I have been for ſome Time paſt, of receiving the Preſent you have honoured me with, was the Occaſion of my delaying ſo long to anſwer your Letter. I am at length favoured with your Poem upon Religion, and ſhould have received from the Peruſal of it, a Pleaſure unmixed with Pain, had I not the Mortification to find that you impute ſeveral Principles to me, which I abhor and deteſt. My Uneaſineſs met ſome Alleviation from a Paſſage in your Preface, where you declare your Inability, from a Want of Knowledge of the *Engliſh* Language, to give your own Judgment on the *Eſſay on Man*; you add that you do not controvert my Tenets, but the evil Conſequences deducible from them, and the Maxims, which ſome Perſons of notable Sagacity have imagined that they have diſcovered in my Poem. This Declaration is a ſhining Proof of your Candor, your Diſcretion and your Charity. I muſt take leave to aſſure you, Sir, that your Unacquaintance with the Original has not proved more fatal to me, than the imperfect Conceptions of my Tranſlators, who have not ſufficiently informed themſelves of my real Sentiments. The many additional Embelliſhments, which my Piece has received from the Verſion of *M. D. R*———, have not done an Honour to the *Eſſay on Man* equal to the Prejudice it has ſuffered, from his frequent Miſapprehenſion of the Principles it inculcates. ' Theſe Miſtakes you will perceive are totally refuted in the *Engliſh* Piece, which I have tranſmitted to you. It is a critical and philoſophic Commentary written by the learned Author of the *divine Legation of Moſes*. I flatter myſelf that the *Chevalier Ramſay* will, from his Zeal for Truth, take the Trouble to explain the Contents of it. I ſhall then perſwade myſelf that your Suſpicions will be effaced, and I ſhall have no Appeal from your Candor and Juſtice.

In the mean Time, I ſhall not heſitate to declare myſelf very cordially in Regard to ſome Particulars, about which you have deſired an Anſwer.

I muſt avow then openly and ſincerely, that my Principles are diametrically oppoſite to the Sentiments of *Spinoza* and *Leibnitz*:

they are perfectly coincident with the Tenets of *M. Paſchal*, and the *Archbiſhop of Cambray*, and I ſhall always eſteem it an Honour to me, to imitate the Moderation, with which the latter ſubmitted his private Opinions to the Deciſions of the Church, of which he poſeſſed himſelf a Member. I have the Honour to be,

London, *Sept.* 1, 1742. *SIR*, *&c.*

RACINE's *Anſwer to Mr.* POPE.

SIR,

THE Mildneſs and Humility, with which you juſtify yourſelf, is a convincing Proof of your Religion; the more ſo, as you have done it to one, on whom it is incumbent to make his own Apology for his raſh Attack upon your Character. Your Manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any Mixture of Reproach; but though you acquit me with ſo much Politeneſs, I ſhall not ſo eaſily forgive myſelf.

CERTAIN it is, a Precipitance of Zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard Poſitions, ſaid to be yours, or at leaſt Conſequences reſulting from your Eſſay, cited againſt certain Truths (which I now find you reſpect as much as myſelf) I thought I had a Right to enter the Liſts with you. The Paſſage in my Preface was extorted from me by a Degree of Remorſe, which I felt in writing againſt you. This Remorſe, Sir, was awakened in me by the Conſideration, that the greateſt Men are always the moſt ſuſceptible of the Truths of Revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr. *Pope* ſhould oppoſe a Religion, whoſe Enemies have ever been contemptible, and it appeared ſtrange, that in a Work which points out the Road to Happineſs, you ſhould furniſh Arms to thoſe, who are induſtrious to miſguide us in the Reſearch.

YOUR Letter, at the ſame Time that it does honour to your Character, muſt bring a Bluſh in my Face, for having entertained unjuſt Suſpicions; but, notwithſtanding this, I think myſelf obliged to make it public; the Injury which I have done you, was ſo, the Reparation ſhould be the ſame. I owe this to to you, I owe it to myſelf, I owe it to Juſtice.

WHATEVER may be ſaid in your Favour in the Commentary you have ſent me, it is now rendered unneceſſary by your own Declaration. The Reſpect, which you avow for the Religion you profeſs, is a ſufficient Vindication of your Doctrine; I will add, that, for the future, thoſe among us, who ſhall feel the laudable Ambition of making their Poetry ſubſervient to Religion, ought to take you for their Model, and it ſhould ever be remembered that the greateſt Poet in *England* is one of the humbleſt Sons of the Church I am

Paris, 25 *Oct.* 1742 *SIR*, *&c.*

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Macklin's, 13 *April*, 1754.

WHile Preparations are making to receive the politer Part of the World in the upper Rooms of this Houſe, the Men of Letters ſeem to be determined, that the Cultivation of Taſte and Genius ſhall not be neglected in the lower Apartment. In Conſequence of this Reſolution, the ſame Company, mentioned in my laſt, met again here, when one of them produced a Latin Tranſlation of a little Ode of Mr. *Pope's* which he ſaid had many elegant Turns of Expreſſion, and did ſtrict Juſtice to the Beauty of the Original. Others objected to it, that it did not carry with it the ſame Simplicity and Cloſeneſs in the Phraſe, and that in a Strophe or two it was rather a Paraphraſe, than a Tranſlation. *Ranger*, for the Amuſement of the learned Reader, has ordered it to be printed this Day, together with the Original; and if the Peruſal of it ſerves no other Purpoſe then to ſuſpend for a while the Proceſs of Cares and more diſagreeable Thoughts, he ſhall think he has gained his End by this Publication of it.

ODE.

HAppy the Man, whoſe Wiſh and Care
 A few paternal Acres bound;
Content to breath his native Air
 In his own Ground.

Whoſe Herds with Milk, whoſe Fields with Bread,
 Whoſe Flocks ſupply him with Attire;
Whoſe Trees in Summer yield him Shade
 In Winter Fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, Days and Years ſteal ſoft away;
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
 Quiet by Day.

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Eaſe
 Together mixed, ſweet Recreation,
And Innocence, which moſt diſpleaſe,
 With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the World, and not a Stone
 Tell where I lye.

ODE

ODE.

O Ter, O pluſquam quater ille felix,
Auream quiſquis Mediocritatem
Diligens, Vitæ trahit in paternis
Tempora Campis

Plena cui lactis faciles Capellæ
Mulctra propinant, Cereremque Tellus
Dædala emittit, ſimul atque præbent
Vellera Veſtem.

Cui per Æſtatem dociles miniſtrant
Arbores Umbram, tepidaſque reddunt
Commodè Brumas, glaciale quando
Frigus adurit.

Semper hic felix oculo irretorto
Reſpicit lapſum fugientis ævi;
Semper et ſanam gerit ille ſano
Corpore Mentem,

Cernit hunc Phæbus placidum renaſcens,
Cernit occumbens gravidum Sopore;
Uſque et alterna fruitur quiete,
Non ſine Muſis.

Inſolens Culpæ ſceleriſque purus
Aureos condit ſine labe ſoles,
Callidus dulci Studio Laborum
Fallere Curas.

Sic mihi vano procul a Tumultu
Vivere obtingat popularis Auræ;
Sic mori detur, careatque ſculpto
Marmore Nomen.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe.

The Critics here are pleaſed to find, by an Advertiſement for the Benefit of Mrs. and Mr. *Davis*, that the Tragedy of *Zara* is to be acted once more this Seaſon. As Mrs. *Cibber*. Mr. *Garrick* and Mr. *Moſſop* are all three highly excellent in their Parts, it is ſuppoſed that a numerous Audience will embrace that Importunity of ſeeing *Voltaire*'s beſt Tragedy performed with all the Advantages, which it can receive from ſuch ſkilful Performers.

From my own Apartments.

All the young Perſons of both Sexes are deſired to take notice, that on Thurſday next will be preſented the *Suſpicious Huſband*, for the Benefit of Miſs *Haughton*. It is expected they will attend ſo pretty an Actreſs on that Day, and of this they are not to fail, under Pain of our higheſt Diſpleaſure.

CHARLES RANGER.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
forme Numbers.

N. B. At the End of the Year will be printed a Title, Contents, and Tranſlation of the *Latin* Quotations.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 30. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1754.

> *O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.*
>
> HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

IF I remember right, you ſome time ſince recommended the Maxim of an old *Greek* Philoſopher, who lays it down as a Rule, that we ſhould not ſuffer any Thing in Life to take too ſtrong an Hold of our Imagination, becauſe that Power of the Mind is found to have a very conſiderable Influence upon all our Sentiments and all our Actions. When once the Reins are thrown looſe upon the Neck of ungoverned Fancy, we become inſtantly addicted to what is called in the common Phraſe, *Caſtle-Building*, than which there is not a more dangerous Exerciſe of our intellectual Faculties. It is a continual roving of our Thoughts to ideal Scenes of Joy; Pleaſure is our Purſuit, and when it does not appear within our Reach, we catch at the Shadow, inſtead of the Subſtance; we ramble into a kind of Fools Paradiſe, and lounge away our Hours in the imaginary Gardens of a dreaming *Epicurus*, from whence it reſults that the Sinews of the Underſtanding become relaxed; an enervating Stillneſs ſpreads over all the Powers of the Soul, which is conſtantly diſſolved in Luxury of its own Creation; fond Self-love helps to finiſh the Picture, and Deluſion throws ſome Joys into Perſpective, flings what is diſagreeable into Shades, and totally hides from us the thorny Parts of the Landſkip. Theſe perhaps may be accounted Pleaſures, but they are in the Main like the viſionary Ideas excited by taking *Laudanum*; at the ſame Time that they adminiſter a Flow of Spirits, they invade our Nerves and render us entirely unfit for any Sphere of Action.

An Inſtance of this intoxicating Power of *Caſtle Building* I have obſerved for ſome Time paſt in Mrs. *Vainlove*, who has ſpent the greateſt Part of her Life in a waking Dream, and can hardly be accounted one of this World, as ſhe has been, in the General quite abſtracted from Society, and has dwelt moſtly in the airy Regions of Fancy. Mrs. *Vainlove*, in the greener Part of her Life, was flattered into a Notion of her own Beauty, by which Means ſhe became fond of Power. Her Eyes, ſhe thought gave her a *Right divine* to be a pretty Tyrant over the oppoſite Sex, and as the Imagination never deals out Bleſſings with a ſcanty Hand, her Sway ſoon became in Appearance as extenſive as her moſt deluſive Hopes could deſire. But though ſhe led the whole Race of Man in Captivity, ſhe at length condeſcended to let an ambitious Lover to aſpire to her Bed. The Conſequence of this Condeſcenſion was, that in due Courſe of Time ſhe was the happy Mother of a fair Daughter, in whom ſhe ſaw her own Features, but moulded with greater Delicacy. Self-love inclined her to admire this flattering Likeneſs of herſelf, and the Emanations of Fancy beſtowed upon her every Grace. Before Miſs could walk, in the Mother's Eye ſhe danced with all the Elegance of *Auretti*, and as ſoon as her Tongue began to utter imperfect Words; "Lord what a Deal of Wit the Child has? Dear Cou-
"ſin a'nt you aſtoniſhed at her? 'pon Honour I never taught her
"that." In Proceſs of Time Miſs *Vainlove* devoured up theſe Expreſſions of Admiration with a greedy Ear, and ſhe began inſenſibly to believe every Word perfectly true, till at length her Imagination took the very ſame Turn which had diſtorted the Thoughts of her Mother before, and a Series of Years, inſtead of baniſhing the Deceit, but ſerved to give a ſtronger Tincture to her Fancy.

When *Virgil's Dido* is croſſed in Love, and ſhe finds herſelf upon the Point of being deſerted by the *Trojan Perine*, her ready Fancy ſeizes the Occaſion to diſturb her with viſionary Scenes of Solitude, in which ſhe thinks herſelf abandoned and forlorn.

> ———————— *Semperque relinqui*
> *Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur*
> *Ire Viam.* ————

But with Miſs *Vainlove* the Caſe is quite reverſed; though it ſhould happen that her Fate removes her from the dear Society of Man; though the ſudden Excreſcence of a Pimple on her Face or Neck ſhould doom her a Recluſe, until her Skin regain its native Alabaſter-Smoothneſs; though an untractable Lock ſhould refuſe to join in amicable Confederacy with the Reſt of her Head-dreſs, and determine her in a Fit of Peeviſhneſs to ſequeſter herſelf from the World, yet ſtill ſhe reigns Queen of the Aſſembly, and has a Circle of Beaux about her; the ideal Footman's Rap ſounds Tranſport to her Ear, and ſhe is every Inſtant receiving the Homage of contending Lovers, who have no Exiſtence but in her own Brain. Her Mother confirms her in the Deception, and through the Force of Habit, they are conſtantly amuſed with Pictures of their own Creation; like thoſe, who, Mr. *Lock* tells us in his Treatiſe on the *Conduct of the Underſtanding*, through ſome Diſtemperature in their Blood, or any other internal Cauſe, ſee a Variety of Colours paſſing continually before them, and frequently perceive a Groupe of human Figures, Soldiers and Combatants marching in Proceſſion before the deluded Eye of diſtempered Fancy.

Miss *Vainlove* has carried Matters to ſuch an Extreme, that ſhe now ſees no Perfection in the two Hibernian Siſter-Graces. "I don't find, ſays ſhe, that the Men like ſuch tall Women; "Beauties of a middle Stature are more the Taſte at preſent." This ſhe delivers with viſible Tokens of Self-complacence in her Countenance; ſhe really thinks herſelf the moſt celebrated Toaſt about Town at preſent; *Ryan* at the *King's Arms* is under infinite Obligations to her for the plentiful Libations of Burgundy, which have been poured out to her Beauty at his Houſe; and ſhe does not in the leaſt doubt but *Macklin* will the next Winter feel the happy Influence of her Beauty.

Her Footman has the beſt Place in *England*, becauſe he is in the conſtant Receipt of Bribes at all public Places, to induce him to tell the Name of his young Miſtreſs, and the Place of her Abode. Madam *La Place* owes a great deal of her Succeſs in Buſineſs to Miſs *Vainlove*'s having the Lead of all the Faſhions, and directing the Ladies of her Acquaintance to her Milliner, that they may ſet themſelves off with the ſame Advantages of Ornament.

Miss *Vainlove*, without having one real Lover, has conſtantly a large Number of fancied Slaves to her Frowns and Smiles, and from thence it happens, that ſhe looks upon all the Women as a Set of Creatures that envy her, and the Men ſhe conſiders as her Votaries, fit for nothing but to grace her Triumph. There is nothing more common with her than to be within a few Days of being married to a Man of large Fortune, even when ſhe never exchanged a Word with him. " Well, " to be ſure, ſays ſhe, it's ſurpriſing how Things are whiſpered " about; the common Report is, that I am to be married to " Mr. *What-do-ye-call-him*, without Doubt it is in my Power " — but — Lord the whole Town has it." It is in vain to aſſure her that the Town does not trouble it's Head about her; Her Mother has told her ſhe does not meet ſo fine a Woman any where, and ſo the Opiate works. I once met both theſe egregious Characters at a Play, when they informed me, that the whole Set of foreign Ambaſſadors were now in the young Ladies Train, and that * * * * who is a Man of Conſequence and Fortune in the Country, which he repreſents, is abſolutely expiring for Miſs *Vainlove*. It happened, that after this I paid her ſeveral Viſits, and never meeting any of her florid Retinue, I took the Liberty to mention that I never had the Pleaſure of ſeeing that gay Set of Enamoratos; to this Mrs. *Vainlove* replied, that ſhe had given them their Anſwer, " Whenever we " give them their Anſwer, they never come again."

Thus theſe two Ladies never ſee any Thing in its proper Colour; they think their Dreams Realities; and, like mad People, are conſtantly Reaſoning right from wrong Principles. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, miniſter to a Mind diſeaſed, as *Shakeſpear* phraſes it; let them know that they cannot ſubſiſt very long up- ſuch airy Pleaſures, as they imagine to themſelves, and convince them, that there is great Truth in what is ſaid, perhaps too looſely by the comic Poet.

There's nought but willing, waking Love that can
Make bleſs'd the ripen'd Maid, or finiſh'd Man.

I am, Sir, your conſtant Reader,

T. W. G.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court *of* CENSORIAL ENQUIRY, 18 *April.*

THIS Day came on a remarkable Tryal in this Court, in which the *Muffin-Man*, the *Watchmen*, &c. &c. &c were *Plaintiffs*, and —— *Shuter*, Comedian at the Theatre Royal in *Covent Garden*, *Defendant*, upon an Action brought againſt the ſaid *Shuter* for Damages ſuffered by the *Plaintiffs* at a public Exhibition on *Wedneſday* Evening laſt, when they were all taken off, as it is called, with ſuch lively Touches of Mimickery that the Audience was kept in a conſtant Burſt of Laughter, to the very great Uneaſineſs of the ſaid *Plaintiffs.* The Jury being impanellèd, Counſeller *Blunderbuſs* opened the Cauſe in a very vehement Speech. He inveighed ſeverely againſt *Stage-Players*, and urged, it was a very great Hardſhip, that honeſt and worthy Characters ſhould be converted into Ridicule by the Buffoonery of an impertinent Player. For his Part he would take upon him to ſay, that his Clients were Perſons of known Integrity, Probity, and Honour, and he thought them more valuable Characters in Life than any Set of Comedians whatever.

The *Muffin-Man* he inſiſted was ſo reputable and worthy a Perſonage, that nothing but the Height of Inſolence could induce a Mimic on the Stage to attempt to hurt him in his Reputation. If theſe Things are permitted, he could not determine where the Thing would end, and he himſelf, he added might be treated in the ſame Sort; he therefore prayed that the Gentlemen of the Jury would take the Premiſes into Conſideration, and award ſuitable Damages for ſo audacious an Offence. He then proceeded to call his Witneſſes to the Fact.

WILLIAM TOPEWELL ſworn.

I live near *Temple-Bar.* I ſaw the Priſoner at *Comus's* Court, and he was ſo diverting, that I took two Tickets for myſelf and my Wife. I could have ſwore as how it was our Watchman that was ſpeaking, and I alſo heard the *Muffin-Man* very diſtinctly, and my Wife was ſo fond of hearing him, that I began to be uneaſy at it, and I thought it was very miſbecoming that honeſt Folks ſhould be brought to Shame in that public Manner.

ELIZABETH SUGARKEY.

I was ſent with a good Character from the Regiſter-Office to live in a ſober quiet Family, and with much ado—Lord bleſs me I never had ſo much Trouble in my Life about any Thing—Mrs. *Molly* was waiting for me till almoſt one o Clock before we could ſet out—and ſo at laſt we went and we got good Places near the Door in the *Piazza*, and there we waited till the Houſe was opened. And then there came ſuch a Crowd of Fellows that it was with much ado we got in at all—and when we did get in they placed us on the Stage—Well, ſure I never was ſo aſhamed in all my born Days—I thought I looked as impudent as any Actreſs among them,—and at laſt the Priſoner came on the Stage, and as he was paſſing by, he ſaid to me " *you had better take off your Pattin's* Miſs "

Saucy Fellow ! — and ſo he began to mimic the *Muffin-Man*, and it was the very ſame Perſon that ſerves my Miſtreſs with *Muffins*.

The DEFENCE.

Mr. *Shuter's* Council owned the Fact, but offered many Arguments in Mitigation. They inſiſted it could not be of any material Detriment to the Plaintiffs, even allowing that they were mimicked. Why, therefore, then, continued the Council, “ I cannot perceive, Gentlemen of the Jury
“ that my Client — a — has — a — incurred ſo ſevere a Penalty, becauſe
“ why — it was not done with an evil Intent — and — a — my Client has
“ but followed the Example of Mr. *Garrick*, who formerly availed him-
“ ſelf of his Talents for this Species of acting, and took very unlimited Li-
“ berties with all the Actors on the Stage. As did likewiſe — a — Mr. —
“ *Foote*, who called it, if I remember right, giving Chocolate. Why therefore
“ then all that is to be ſaid in the preſent Caſe, is — a — that — my Client
“ Gentlemen of the Jury, has given Chocolate to the *Muffin-Man*.”

Upon this the Jury withdrew and in a few Minutes brought in their Verdict Not-Guilty ; whereupon the Court diſmiſſed Mr. *Shuter* with Honour, and told him, if he does but endeavour ſtrenuouſly to exert thoſe excellent comic Powers, which Nature has beſtowed upon him, he cannot fail to be the beſt Comedian on the *Engliſh* Stage. Adjourned.

Covent-Garden 20. *April.*

It is currently reported here that the Manager intends ſhortly to exhibit a new Piece, of two Acts, which could not have been brought out earlier in the Seaſon, on Account of the Multiplrcity of Buſineſs occaſioned by the new Tragedies. In this Production, it is ſaid, there is ample Room for Mr. *Shuter* to diſplay his Talents for Mimickery, which have hitherto been dormant, for Want of a proper Opportunity to call them forth. It is not doubted but on this Occaſion he will contribute very greatly to the Entertainment of his Auditors, and give a Idea of the Extent of his comic Powers.

Drury Lane, 20 *April.*

A new Tragedy, entitled *Creuſa*, and written by Mr. *Whitehead*, Author of the *Roman Father*, will be exhibited here for the firſt Time this Evening, when all Perſons of Taſte promiſe themſelves an elegant Entertainment, as this Gentleman's Writings have convinced the World, that whatever he puts out of hand, will be neatly finiſhed.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.

N. B. At the End of the Year will be printed a Title, Contents, and Tranſlation of the *Latin* Quotations.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 31. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *April* 27, 1754.

> ———— *Gratiæ decentes*
> *Alterno Terram quatiunt Pede.*——
>
> HOR.

A Celebrated *French* Critic has given it for a Rule, that every Author ſhould from Time to Time, *Sacrifice to the Graces*; thereby beautifully inſinuating, that Writers ſhould endeavour to faſhion their Minds into an elegant Way of Thinking, which will be always ſure to tranſpire into their Compoſitions, and will be manifeſted by a delicate Choice of Sentiment and Expreſſion. *Ineſt facundis Gratia dictis* is the Phraſe, by which an Author of Taſte has ſignified a Poliſh and Refinement in a Performance; and indeed among the Antients in General, it is this peculiar Grace, this genteel Manner of conceiving and expreſſing their Thoughts, that has made their Productions the Admiration of Ages; and thoſe have been accounted claſſic Writers among the Moderns, who have ſucceeded beſt in imitating the *Greek* and *Roman* Orignals.

FULL of theſe Reflections I retired to reſt a few Nights ſince, when, in the Hours of Sleep, my buſy Imagination perſued the ſame Tract of Contemplation, and preſented to me the following Scene. I dreamt that an Order was iſſued out from the High-Court of *Parnaſſus* requiring the immediate Attendance of all the Inhabitants of the Place at a SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES, according to an anniverſary Inſtitution in Honour of the Day, in which *Apollo* ſlew the *Python*. For this Purpoſe the three lovely Siſters walked together, interchanging in their Way mutual Glances of Cordiality and Affection, to an elegant Edifice raiſed by *Inigo Jones*; each had in her Hand Mr. *Hogarth*'s *Analyſis of Beauty*; They placed themſelves on an eminent Altar in ſuch amiable Attitudes, as have not been equalled on any of our Theatres, ſince the Manager of *Drury-Lane* Houſe withdrew a certain Lady from the public Eye.

As ſoon as the *Goddeſſes* were thus prepared for the Solemnity, *Apollo*, in all the Pride of manly Beauty, advanced to the Altar, and paid his Adoration. This done, the Muſes came forward in Proceſſion, and, after proſtrating themſelves in a reſpectful Manner, they mixed together in a Dance and ſung Hymns of Praiſe in Honour of the Graces. *Ducunt Choreas, & Carmina dicunt.* The whole poetic Region was exhilerated at the ſound, and every Thing, that before looked beautiful, ſeemed to glow with additional Charms.

As ſoon as this Part of the Ceremony concluded, a Trumpet ſounded three Times, as a Signal for Men of Genius to make their Approach; and inſtantly a *Grecian* Band appeared. The moſt remarkable among them were *Homer*, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Sophocles*, and *Longinus*; *Ariſtotle* having ſend Word that he was engaged in a *Syllogiſm* and could not attend. *Socrates* began immediately to dance before the Altar, and *Plato* ey'd him with a ſtedfad Look. *Longinus*, having acquitted himſelf in the due Forms of Veneration, fixed his Attention on *Homer*, and *Sophocles* with a polite Addreſs gave the *Goddeſſes* a Paper to peruſe. This I obſerved they did with Marks of Approbation; and I ſoon after learned that it was a Propoſal from the Reverend Mr. *Franklin* for a Tranſlation of *Sophocles* into *Engliſh*.

LUCRETIUS was Leader of the next Diviſion; he thanked the *Graces* for having ſcattered ſo many Flowers amid the Thorns, which ſhoot up in his Part of *Parnaſſus*. *Terence*, who was always an *elegant Obſerver of Forms*, ſeemed to receive great Delight from beholding ſo much Beauty, and he preferred his Prayer with the utmoſt Purity of Diction.

THE Poſture in which *Tully* placed himſelf recalled to my Mind the Deſcription of him in the *Temple of Fame*.

> *Gath'ring his flowing Robe he ſeemed to ſtand,*
> *In Act to ſpeak, and graceful wav'd his Hand.*

He declared in a flowing Stile, that " from an Habit of ſurveying the Beauty of external Objects, the Mind makes an eaſy Tranſition to the Fitneſs, the Order, and Regularity of it's own inward Frame, and from a View of outward Decorum it begins to require the ſame Correctneſs and Elegance in its own Operations; ſtudiouſly careful not to think or do any Thing unhandſomely, from whence reſults that *Grace of Character*, which is, in its very Nature, highly eligible and Praiſeworthy.

VIRGIL came forward with a modeſt Mien, and great Regularity in his Motion. He deſired to paſs all his Time with the *Graces* and the *Muſes*; and bowing reſpectfully thanked the *Graces* for that elegant Simplicity, the *Molle atqué facetum*, which they had conferred upon him. He then retired to a laureate Shade, where he almoſt hid himſelf in illuſtrious Eaſe. *Statius*, *Lucan*, and *Silius Italicus* endeavoured to walk in the ſame Path after him, and ſometimes they even aimed at his Footſteps, but an aukward ſtrut in their Gate rendered it impracticable. The Goddeſſes told *Ovid* that they were ſorry they could not follow him into Exile. At the Approach of *Horace*, *Venus*, and all the laughing Loves, ſmiled with peculiar Pleaſure. *Tibullus* was received with every Token of Affection, and, before he withdrew, he begged Leave to introduce Mr *Hammond* to their Preſence, which was granted, and accordingly Mr. *Hammond* had the Honour of kiſſing their Hands.

AFTER this a Pauſe enſued in the Rites, occaſioned by the Delay of ſeveral *Monks* and *Fathers*, to whom a Summon had been ſent commanding their Attendance. They were all in a Cluſter at the Foot of *Parnaſſus*, and they at Length returned for anſwer, that they did not chuſe to worſhip falſe Deities. After ſuch a Declaration, it was with Surprize I beheld a *Popiſh Biſhop* lay aſide his Mitre, and venerate the Pagan Goddeſſes. Upon enquiring his Name, I found this Perſonage to be the celebrated *Vida.* He was followed by *Eraſmus*, *Strada*, *Bohours*, and ſeveral *French Jeſuits*, who were at length joyned by *Boileau*, and *La Fontaine.* The former had a Degree of Severity mixed in his Smiles, and the latter was all Quickneſs, Vivacity and Wit. In Imitation of *Tibullus*, they begged Leave to preſent their Friends, and accordingly, *Young*, *Garth*, *Prior*, and *Gay* were introduced.

SHAKESPEAR and *Milton*, came down from the higheſt Eminence in *Parnaſſus*, to pay their Reſpects. *Dryden* had not Money to procure a ſufficient Quantity of *Frankincence*, but the Graces accepted the Intention for the Deed, convinced by ſeveral Touches in his Works that no one had a finer Senſe of Beauty. Mr. *Pope* advanced with his Eyes fixed upon *Homer*, who was then in Company with *Virgil*; His Look was thoughtful, but bright, and he delivered himſelf in the moſt harmonious Numbers. *Addiſon* followed cloſe at his Heels, and he delivered himſelf in his peculiar Manner of giving good Senſe the Air of ſmall Talk. He obſerved how much Good Humour added to the Beauty of the *Graces*, and he was pleaſed to ſee them without any faſhionable Edifice of Hair on their Heads, and free from any enormous Circle of the Hoop.

By this Time a general Whiſper began to ran through all the Ranks, owing (as I ſoon perceived) to the Appearance of Dr. *Swift*, who approached with ſome Marks of Reluctance. As he drew nearer he *ſucked in his Cheeks*, and the Goddeſſes turned to each other with a Smile. Upon his making an Apology for ſome Strokes in his Works, they aſſured him that they could overlook thoſe Singularities, on Account of his other admirable Qualities, and they added, that what was formerly granted to *Virgil*, ſhould be in ſome Meaſure allowed to him, *viz. To toſs about his Dung with an Air of Gracefulneſs.*

Lord *Shaftſbury* was ready to yield all Veneration to three Goddeſſes, who had always warmed his Fancy with the brighteſt Ideas. This noble Writer was ſucceeded by the Lord Viſcount *Bolinbroke*, who declared himſelf an Enemy to all Forms of Worſhip; He avowed at the ſame Time, that he was readier to pay Adoration to thoſe bright Exiſtencies, than to the *God* of *Moſes*, or the *God* of *Paul*, on which Topics he harangued with a Rowl of Periods, in which, if he did not advance the ſtrict Truth, he deſerved at leaſt to be called, in the Words of a witty Satyriſt, a *polite Apoſtate for God's Grace to Wit.*

His Lordſhip withdrew, and I then perceived ſome certain modern Periodical Eſſay-Writers entering the Temple; They approached the Altar with a College Mien, and a pompous Affectation of learned Induſtry. Though there was no Deficiency of Senſe in what they delivered, their Stile appeared too elaborate, and their Words frequently formed an *exotick Dialect of adventitious Phraſes*, by which Means all Eaſe was diſcarded from their Writings; and where Eaſe is wanting, Grace will be always deficient.

Emboldened by the Example of my Brother Writers, methought, I approached the Altar, but I was told by *Euphroſine*, that I advanced with rather too great an Air of Negligence, and the Goddeſs adviſed me to avoid having an Air of Thoughtleſſneſs, while I endeavoured to appear careleſs. I was ſo ſtung with this Reproach, that my Repoſe was inſtantly diſturbed, and, when awakened, I pleaſed myſelf in the Reflection that the whole was but a Dream.

W.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, April 25.

THIS Morning I received a Meſſage-Card, the Contents of which were as follows. " Mr. *Shuter's* beſt Reſpects to the Author of the
" *Gray's Inn Journal*; he takes this Opportunity to inform Mr. *Ranger*
" that the new dramatic Entertainment, which he mentioned in his laſt, is
" called the CONJUROR, and is to be acted for the firſt Time on Friday
" the 10th of *May*, at the *Theatre Royal* in *Covent Garden*; as the Piece
" itſelf is a new Species of the Drama, Mr. *Shuter* thinks he will be able
" in his Part, to entertain the Audience with ſeveral new Strokes of Hu-
" mour, and he therefore hopes for the Favour of Mr. *Ranger's* Company
" on the above Night. "

The Green Room 25 *April*, 1754.

In theſe gloomy Days, when poor Comedy is neglected, and nothing but Tragedy dares aſcend the Stage, I ſhall be glad to relax my Muſcles with the *Conjuror* and Mr. *Shuter's* excellent comic Force, and therefore he may depend on my being preſent on the ſaid Day.

Macklin's, 26 *April.*

Will's Coffee-Houſe formerly fixed the Seat of Poetry and Criticiſm in this Part of the Town; ſince that Houſe has been ſhut the Muſes were obliged to ſtroll about; but at preſent there ſeems to be a Gleam of Hope, that they may be happily recalled to this Quarter of the World again, as the Critics of Taſte and Erudition frequently aſſemble in this Place, in Order to ſettle the true Criterions of Wit, Humour, Pathos, *&c.* The new Tragedy of *Creuſa, Queen of Athens*, has been the Subject of their Enquiry for ſome Evenings, and the Reſult is, that a better Piece has not been produced for a long Time; that the Story is intereſting and well-conducted, the fourth Act particularly fine, that in ſome Scenes the Acting is very touching, and that Miſs *Macklin*, by appearing in the Character of the young Prince, is no inconſiderable Addition to the Piece.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe 25th, *April.*

Yeſterday at Noon it was currently reported that Doctor *Hill* had got one Subſcriber to his Book upon *God* and *Nature*, but ſuch is the Degeneracy of the Times, we can now aſſure the Public that the ſaid Report is entirely without Foundation.

Jonathan's, Change Alley, 24 *April*

At a Meeting of ſeveral Stock-Jobbers, Children of *Iſrael*, &c. held here this Day.

Jacob Zorobabel, in the Chair.

It was unanimouſly reſolved to ſupport the Election of a certain Candidate, on Account of his Attachment to our Cauſe in the laſt Parliament. His Zeal upon that memorable Occaſion, and the Contempt he ſhewed the City-Petition at *Weſtminſter*, deſerve our warmeſt Acknowledgments, and we are therefore determined to procure him as many Votes, as we can influence. Our Friends are deſired to aſſemble on the Day of Election, in *Dukes-place*, from whence they are to march in a Body to the Poll, with Cockades in their Hats, and this Motto, *Ut Ædificentur Muri Jeruſalem, that the Walls of Jeruſalem may be rebuilt*, and the following Gentlemen are deſired to ſignify this our Reſolution to the ſaid Candidate.

Abraham Salvadore,
Aaron Franco,
Moſes Aminidab,
Adolphus Lopez,
Joſephus Shylock,
Jeremiah Tubal.
Lancelot Gobbo,
Solomon da Coſta.
Jacob Zimri.
Melchizidec Mammon.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

N. B. At the End of the Year will be printed a Title, Contents, and Tranſlation of the *Latin* Quotations.

THE
GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 32. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *May* 4, 1754.

——— *Hæc Ego mecum*
Compreſſis agito Labris; ubi quid datur oti,
Illudo Chartis———

HOR.

A SERIES of pointed *Thoughts on various* Subjects has been put abroad into the World by ſeveral eminent Writers, and in *France* to this Day, it continues to be a favourite Manner of conveying an Author's Sentiments to the Public. The famous *Rochfaucault* ſucceeded ſo well upon this Plan, that he is univerſally admired, wherever Wit and Poignancy of Matter are reliſhed. Though this Scheme of Writing frees the Mind from the Fatigue of purſuing a long and regular Tract of well-concerted Reaſoning, and may from its appearing in looſe detached Sentences, ſeem to the Reader to carry with it no great Difficulty in the Execution, it is nevertheleſs as hard as any other Vehicle of Inſtruction. It diſcards many of the requiſite Embelliſhments of Stile, but raiſes a Demand for Senſe and a lively Turn of Expreſſion in almoſt every Line. Hence it is, that the Writer already mentioned has been ſo much celebrated by People of Taſte, and hence it is, that *Pope* and *Swift* have thought proper to follow him in this Path of *Satyr*. A very ingenious *French* Writer has alſo publiſhed, within this ſhort Time an entire Volume in this Way, abounding in excellent Reflections upon all Occurrences in Life, full of ſtrong Senſe, and highly ſpirited in the Diction. After having peruſed this Author, my Mind acquired ſuch a Habit of thinking in this unconnected Faſhion, that I could not ſettle my Thoughts on any one Topic for the Entertainment of my Readers. Wherever I went, whether through the Streets upon ordinary Buſineſs, or into the Fields, in order to participate of that vernal Delight, of which there is at preſent a pleaſing Emanation all around us, I found myſelf conſtantly talking Sentences. I therefore reſolved to commit them to Paper for the Inſpection of my Readers, and this not out of any Ambition of emulating my Betters, but becauſe I am of Opinion, it may make a Variety, not entirely diſagreeable, in the Eſſay Part of this Paper.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A PERIODICAL Writer, in order to procure himſelf a ſufficient Number of Readers, ſhould endeavour to render his Works agreeable to the various Palates, which predominate among the ſeveral Inhabitants of this Metropolis; But though he ſhould ſeaſon his Papers to the Taſte in vogue, he ſhould not entirely give up his own Judgment; As *Cowley* has it, The World may ſo come in a Man's Way, that he may ſalute it, but he ſhould not go a whoreing after it.

THE ſevereſt Critics upon Writing are thoſe, who know the leaſt of it, which is ſome Comfort to an Author, who lives in an Age of Envy, Malice, Ill-Nature and Detraction.

DEAN SWIFT tells us, that when he was a young Man, he believed that the Reſt of the World reſembled himſelf in talking of nothing but the laſt New Play: In this particular *Ranger* has been perhaps too much like that great Genius.

WHEN a Set of Bookſellers are concerned in a News-Paper, a *Monthly Review*, or a *Magazine*, they take every Opportunity in the ſaid Productions of Praiſing the Works, in which they have a Property themſelves, and of decrying every Thing that may prevent an Encreaſe of their own Sale. Writers who are ill-uſed by them in this Shape, may enjoy always this Comfort, that were theſe People to *poll* in *Parnaſſus*, their Votes, upon a *Scrutiny*, would be ſtruck off, as they are only *Copyholders.*

When I ſee Mr *Barry* in the Tomb-Scene of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, he puts me in Mind of the Deſcription of the *Nightingale* in *Strada*'s Proluſions;

> *Præbet iter Liquidum labenti é pectore Voci.*

When I ſee Mr. *Garrick* in the ſame Scene, he recalls to my Memory two Lines of *Tibullus*;

> *Te ſpectem, ſuprema mihi cum venerit Hora;*
> *Te teneam moriens deficiente Manu.*

You may know what a Gentleman thinks of you, by the Behaviour of his Servants, while they wait at Table. Theſe People are always ſuch ſincere Friends to their Maſter, and have his Honour and Glory ſo much at Heart, that they generally place their Affections and Reſentments upon the ſame Object.

On the contrary, you may know what the Waiting-Maid thinks of you, by the Reception you meet with from her Miſtreſs; for at preſent all young Ladies are directed in their Opinions concerning the Men by what Mrs *Betty* is pleaſed to ſay at the Toilet, and if ſhe declares, "O Ma'am, he's a fine Man—I "loves to ſee him like any Thing"—or, "Oh! the Fright "—I hate the Sight of him." You are ſure to find the Conſequences of it, at the firſt Meeting.

As the World goes, there is generally more *Art* to obtain Succeſs, than *Merit* to deſerve it.

Sounding Periods and pompous Expreſſions no more conſtitute a beautiful Stile, than ſtruting in *Red Heel* Shoes, and *Gold Clock* Stockings can make a graceful Walk; Both may ſerve to impoſe upon the injudicious, but thoſe, who are acquainted with Men and Books, will always think Eaſe a very requiſite Quality.

Discretion has its Bounds as well as all other Virtues; and it degenerates into a Vice, if, like *Aaron*'s Serpent, it ſwallows up the reſt.

A MOTTO for the *JEWS*;

> ——— *Nos alia ex aliis in Fata vocamur.*

Madam de Puisieux, in the ſecond Part of her *Characters of the Age*, deſires to know what Women, in general, do with a *Mathematician*, a *Chemiſt*, or a *Schemiſt?* It ſeems, this Lady thought too much Study an Enemy to Love.

When I reflect on the late *Marriage-Act*, I cannot help crying out with the Poet;

Curſe on all Laws, but thoſe which Love has made.

It is well remarked by a very good *French* Writer, that a King who does not keep a Miſtreſs, is highly eſtimable, provided he does not become a Bigot through too much Devotion.

Politicians have obſerved, that *England* can never be undone but by a Parliament, and, for my Part when I read the Addreſſes from Candidates to their Electors, I look upon them, for the Majority, to be neither more, nor leſs than begging to have an Hand in *Naturalization-Acts*, *Jews-Bills*, Taxes, and in ſhort the Ruin of their Country.

It is much more difficult to hear in Company, than to speak; Every one is willing to do the latter, but few have Politeneſs enough to do the former, though it ſerves a double Purpoſe; it ſhews our Manners at the ſame Time that it improves the Underſtanding.

The late Doctor *Swift* is not generally eſteemed as a Man; in this Point the World agrees with the *Dean* himſelf, who was always mortified to think himſelf of ſuch a Species.

Of all the Arguments in Favour of Vice, *defendit Numerus*, is the worſt; who would chuſe to travel in a dirty Road, becauſe it is crowded?

Every Age has a peculiar Characteriſtic to diſtinguiſh it; the laſt Century was remarkable for a comic Genius, which ſometimes broke out into unwarrantable Luxuriancies, and a Breach of Manners; the preſent Times have acquired a politer Taſte, but cannot produce any Thing. The former tranſgreſſed through an Exceſs of Vigour, the latter are decent, but they have that kind of Decency which ariſes from a Want of Power, rather than of Will, and ſhould take for their Motto the Deſcription of *Eunuchs* in *Terence*; *Amatores eſſe eos maximos, ſed nihil poteſſe.*

A Woman-Hater is the moſt monſtrous Character in the World; it is to be void of the natural Affections, and averſe from the moſt pleaſing Society our Nature is capable of.

WHEN a Periodical Writer has been well received by the Public, he ſhould take care not to *eke* out his Plan, becauſe the Novelty of a Work will wear off both with the Writer and the Reader, and beſides the *Latin* Proverb ſhould always be remembered, *ne quid nimis.*

PEOPLE of the ſame Profeſſion frequently ſpend their Time in envying each other whereas, if they were actuated by *Emulation* and each would mind his own Buſineſs, every Man would find his Account in it; as at Play, the Way is not to be fretting at the Cards you ſuppoſe your Adverſary may have, but to make the beſt of your own Hand.

SOME Peoples Diſcretion is the Reverſe of Charity; it covers a Multitude of Virtues, as the latter does a Multitude of Sins.

IT was well ſaid by a Gentleman at a Coffee-Houſe, that the laſt Scene of a modern Tragedy is like a Statuary's Yard; the Players are all fixed Attitudes.

WHEN once a Writer is known, his Enemies all will rail at him, and his Friends will damn him with faint Praiſe, becauſe he has dared to take the Lead of them. He fares like one who meets with ſpeedy Preferment in the Army; the Enemy will be ſure to ſhoot at him, and his Brother-Officers will hate him for being put over their Heads.

RELIGION, which ſhould make us live in Peace and Charity, is the Source of our moſt violent Animoſities, no one being willing to let his Neighbour worſhip the ſupream Being according to his own Ideas, and his own Feelings, though each Perſon is reſolved to uſurp that Liberty himſelf.

THE late Lord *Bolingbroke* wrote againſt the Chriſtian Religion; Doctor *Hill* intends to write againſt Lord *Bolingbroke. Felices errore ſuo!*

THE beſt Comment on the Writings of Lord *Bolingbroke* would be a Review of his Life.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

IF you think the following Epigram worthy of a Place in your Paper, by inſerting it, you'll greatly oblige.

Your conſtant Reader and Admirer

Lambeth Thurſday, 2 May, 1754. L—— P——

Upon the Author of the Lives of the Pope's being made Clerk of the Buck-Warrants under Sir *G*—— *L*——

FRom Romiſh *Faſting, Pennance and Belief*
B—s *fled to* Engliſh *Liberty and Beef.*
With moſt reformed Appetite and Palate,
He left his Brethren to their Fiſh and Sallet ;
From Rome *to* L——t——n *tranſfers his Hopes,*
And now he cuts up Venſon, *and the* Popes.

From my own Apartment.

I have taken the Liberty to alter one Word in the foregoing Epigram, which I hope the Author will excuſe, as I perſwade myſelf the Epithet, which I have ſubſtituted, helps to give the whole an Air of Irony, whereas the Term made uſe of before, conveyed its Meaning too bluntly and indelicately.

Macklin's, 2 *May.*

The Converſation is ſtrangely altered here within theſe few Days; inſtead of fine Scenes, Plot, Incident, Fable and Character, the Gentlemen now talk of nothing but real Landſkips, natural Caſcades, Labyrinths, Viſtas, purling Streams and ſhady Groves. The Critics begin to look extremely dejected at this Revolution, and ſome of them, it is thought, will go *ſtroling* into the Country, in order to exerciſe their favourite Talents upon the Performances of the itinerant Actors, during the Summer Seaſon. In the mean Time theſe Gentlemen conſole themſelves by reflecting, that on Friday next they are to have one Opportunity more, the *Conjuror* being on the Evening of the ſaid Day to give a Tryal of his Skill at the *Theatre Royal* in *Covent-Garden.* At preſent the Critics are adjuſting among themſelves the Behaviour they are to obſerve, and they are fixing who is to ſpeak to him firſt from the Pit. In this Converſation our Connoiſſeurs reſemble the Servants in the *haunted Houſe*; I overheard one of them ſay, “ *it ſtands with Reaſon a* “ *Conjuror muſt have a long Beard, for did you ever know a Witch that was* “ *not an old Woman*” ? Another very ſeriouſly ſaid, “ *I wiſh he ben't a* “ *Jeſuit.*” Upon the whole, they all agree, that when in the Houſe, they muſt take care to keep out of his *Circle*, leſt he ſhould expoſe them among his other Characters on the Stage.

Bedford-Coffee-houſe, May 3,

Since our laſt we are informed that *Alexander Cruden the Corrector* has ſubſcribed to the Book upon *God* and *Nature*, and it is further ſaid, that he himſelf intends to give the World a Treatiſe upon *Soul* and *Matter.* A Book upon *God* and *Nature*, and another upon *Soul* and *Matter* will certainly ſupply the two grand Deſiderata in Literature, there not being above one hundred thouſand Volumes upon theſe Subjects already, all equally entertaining, equally inſtructive, and equally edifying.

It is creditably reported that the Caravan, which has gone to the Bedford during the winter Seaſon, will alter its Courſe, and ſet out from the *Croſs Keys* in *Grace Church Street* for the following Places on the proper Days for Entertainment. To *Enfield* every Monday fortnight, and paſſes thro' *Newington* and *Tottenham*; to *Humpſtead* every Saturday and Sunday, paſſes by *Mother-Redcaps*, *Kentiſh Town*, &c. To *Richmond*, time enough for the Play two Nights in the Week ; *St. Albans*, when there are Moonlight Nights ; to *Dulwich*, *Woolwich* &c.

N B. No *Fidlers* to be admitted, the Places being reſerved for the *Nymphs* and *Swains* who delight in ſoft Thoughts in the approaching ſoft Seaſon of the Year.

We hear from *Hornſey* that *Georgе Tridridgeon* of *Holbourn* Dealer and Chapman, took the Diverſion of eating a Syllabub at that Place on Wedneſday the firſt Inſtant.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
forme Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 33. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *May* 11, 1754.

> *Impreſſit memorem dente labris Notam.*
>
> HOR.
>
> ——————— *Oſcula, quæ Venus*
> *Quintâ parte ſui Nectaris imbuit.*
>
> HOR.

THE following Letter came to Hand juſt as my Printer's Devil was at my Door, to call to me for ſome Copy. After having peruſed it, it appeared to me to carry with it a Vein of Pleaſantry, under which there lies couched an artful Turn of Senſe, not improper to be peruſed by the Fair. If therefore it will ſerve for one half Hour to baniſh, from their Company, a certain Concomitant of the Tea-Equipage, called SCANDAL, I ſhall think this Day's Paper ſubſervient to a moral

Uſe, and I ſhall be glad to have ſuppreſſed an intended Eſſay of my own, *to give the Step, as* the Ladies term it, to an Author, who is ſo genteel a Maſter of Raillery.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

THE *Exerciſe of the Fan* was propoſed in the Days of the *Spectator*, as a Study highly neceſſary to the Ladies of *Great-Britain*, and the Scheme, offered to their Conſideration, included all the requiſite Perfections in the Management of that pretty verſatile Machine. Though I muſt allow that Directions of this Nature were greatly conducive to a proper Diſplay of many female Charms, there is ſtill a more uſeful Syſtem of Rules for the playing off Love's Artillery, which I beg Leave, through the Channel of your entertaining Paper, to convey to the Notice of my beautiful Countrymen. The Syſtem of Rules which I here intend, is the *Exerciſe of the Lips*, and, after mature Conſideration, I think the whole Secret may be comprized under the following Heads.

Moiſten your Lips,
Bite your Lips,
Open your Lips,
Cloſe your Lips,
Pout your Lips,
Reſt your Lips.

THE Mouth being a leading Feature in the Countenance, and the Seat of the Graces, where all the winning Loves and each amiable Smile have planted their Allurements, there cannot be too much Care employed by the Ladies to acquire a Pair of well diſciplin'd Lips, readily obedient to each of the Rules above-eſtabliſhed, and capable with Quickneſs and Eaſe to perform every Branch of this delectable Exerciſe.

WITH Regard to the firſt Word of Command; a due Degree of Moiſture gives a ſparkling Luſtre to the natural Vermillion of the Skin, like Roſes freſh be-ſprinkled with the morning Dew; it has alſo this further pleaſing Effect, that when once a Lady is known to have this Cuſtom, the Men are conſtantly upon the watch for ſome agreeable Contingencies, which frequently happen in this Diſcharge of the Exerciſe. It contributes likewiſe to hinder them from appearing dry and rough, as is generally the Caſe with old Maids, the leaſt Suſpicion of which the Ladies ſeem willing to avoid, by the preſent Taſte of extending the

Shape beyond its juſt Proportion by a faſhionable Enormity of the Stays.

Biting the Lips is attended with more Difficulty than the premiſed Rule, becauſe it is more complicated in its Nature and includes the Operation of the Paſſions. There are always many Topics in Converſation, upon which this Practice if well managed, has a very expreſſive Significance. When, for Inſtance, diſagreeable Thoughts obtrude, it ſerves to excite new Ideas in the Fancy; it likewiſe prevents the unſeaſonable Eruption of a conſcious Laugh, when the Libertine Wit of *Congreve* or *Vanbrugh*, provokes a betraying Simper; not to mention that it helps to heighten the Natural Redneſs of the Lip, and raiſes a Degree of Anxiety in the Men, for Fear the Delicacy of the Skin ſhould ſuffer too much from too violent a Preſſure.

I do not doubt, but it may ſeem perfectly eaſy to open the Lips; but this alſo I take to be a Matter of no ſmall Difficulty. Very few it is obſervable open their Lips to any Purpoſe; beſides it ſhould never be done with too great a Precipitance, but always gradually and by dûe Degrees. Should there happen to be drawn up, within, an elegant Row of beautiful white Teeth, it will be ſure to add greatly to the natural Bloom, by exhibiting an agreeable Contraſt; like Ivory ſtain'd with a juſt Arrangement of crimſon Colours. On this Head it may not be imp̓roper to caution my pretty Readers againſt an indolent Cuſtom of relaxing into a Yawn, which diſtends the Mouth beyond its proper Size, and generally occaſions the witty Saying, "*Thank you for* "*not ſwallowing me.*"

BEFORE the Lips are cloſed, it is eligible to confer upon them a new Refreſhment of Moiſture, and, to enliven the Colour, if they were to undergo the Operation of Biting, I ſhould not think it amiſs. Shutting the Lips I have often remarked, is extremely becoming in moſt Ladies, and, I think, cannot be too much practiſed by old Maids, Wives, and indeed the generality of Women. In cloſing them, however, there are different Degrees of Preſſure to be obſerved, becauſe in this alſo the Paſſions are concerned. When they gently touch each other, it gives a Variety to the Air of the Face, by giving it an unuſual Degree of Length; but in this, thoſe, who have naturally a long Viſage, are to be particularly cautious. When ſomewhat compreſſed, the Dimples in the Cheeks are diſplayed to advantage, and the whole Face is enlivened with a pleaſing Gleam of Serenity. If ſqueezed cloſe together, it throws a beautiful Penſiveneſs into the Looks, which is ſeldom acquired to any Degree of Perfection by the Generality of the Sex, but when properly attain'd, in carries with it an elegant Kind of dumb Eloquence, which the Critics have obſerved, is often a great Beauty in Poetry, and certainly has its Portion of Grace among the fair Sex. I know a Gentleman who can read the Thoughts of any Lady whatever by obſerving the Adjuſtment of the Lips. He tells me, he has obſerved a Pair of Lips ſpeak, without any Motion, for an Hour together, and he has a Liſt of Lips, which he ſays, are abſolute Prudes; others that are Rakes; ſome that are amorous, and ſome that are ſwelled with Pride, and from a long Courſe of Enquiry he finds that they have more Electricity than any other Subſtance in Nature.

But theſe Remarks belong more immediately to the following Head of *Pouting the Lips*, which is more difficult than any Rule advanced as yet. In doing this, it will be always found expedient to moiſten and bite them firſt, that, when prominent, the Under-lip may look as if pregnant with Delight. The Paſſions of Scorn, Indignation, Contempt, and the whole Family of Pride are finely marked by this Poſition. I have known a pouted Lip to look down upon a Rival Beauty during an entire Tragedy, and I have ſeen a Lady, without uttering a ſingle Word, tell a Man, that ſhe thought him an unmannered Coxcomb, by a forcible Exertion of this expreſſive Feature. I muſt obſerve, that this Practice becomes handſome Faces only; to ſuch it gives an Air of Elevation, or a pretty Sullenneſs, which throws a kind of amiable Severity over the whole Countenance. Ugly Women ſeldom have this Art in any Perfection.

The laſt Rule is to *Reſt your Lips*, and is the moſt neglected of any, though highly eſſential in this beautiful Language. Young Girls can never be brought to pay the leaſt Attention to this Precept; but were they ſenſible, that when the Features are left to diſplay their own native Graces without Art, their Charms are irreſiſtible, I am convinced this Word of Direction would be better obſerved. This Rule is more extenſive than the foregoing, becauſe it is proper for all Ladies in general; whereas the former ſhould never be practiſed but by ſuch of the Fair, as are bleſſed with a blooming Complexion and a Delicacy of Features.

The Bounds of Mr. *Ranger*'s Paper will not permit me to expatiate further; I ſhall therefore at Maturity publiſh by Subſcription an entire Book, called the *OEconomy of the Lips*, in which I ſhall explain at large the Doctrine here delivered, and I ſhall adapt each Article to the Make of the Countenance. The whole ſhall be concluded with *an Eſſay on the Paſſions of the Female Lips*, and to the Honour of this Part of the Face, I ſhall prove, that in theſe Days of *Atheiſm*, all Religion is centered with them, as what few Prayers are ſaid at preſent, come from the Lips only, without the *Underſtanding* or *Heart* being at all concerned in the Matter. I have the Honour to be,

SIR,

Your moſt obſequious humble Servant,

JOHN LIPSALVE.

P. S. The Song in the *Beggars Opera*, "*Lip to Lip while we are young than our Lip to the Glaſs,*" will be conſidered, with ſome Hints to prevent the *angry Mab* of *Shakeſpear* from cauſing Bliſters. I alſo teach the Ladies how to cheat at Cards, and diſcover the whole Game by the Language of the Lips.

N. B. I may poſſibly take another Opportunity to conſider the Eyes.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

HAving an Inclination to reap the Profit of induſtrious Application, and at the ſame time ambitious of a literary Fame, by publiſhing a Set of periodical Eſſays, not written in the eaſy Manner, which ſome Writers would preſcribe, but ſo conducted as to give every Thing a ſufficient Elevation, by a proper Dignity of Stile, and Phraſeology: I have plann'd an Undertaking of this Nature, which, I am confident, will not die away like an evaneſcent News-paper of the Day, but continue after their Author's Migration to a future State, to be a Vehicle of Senſe and Erudition. With this View I have glean'd together all the moſt expreſſive and ſonorous Words in our Language, ſuch as *anomalous*, *erratic*, *chaotic*, *Category*, *Cachexy*, *Peripneumony*, &c. all which Terms artfully intermixed will lift the Language above what is commonly met with, and will give an ornamental Pomp to the Whole. But to variegate the Performance, it will be neceſſary to introduce, from time to time, a Paper of humourous Feſtivity, in order to irritate the Propenſity to Mirth, to which moſt Readers are addicted. To diſcharge this part of the Deſign, I crave leave to ſolicit Mr. *Ranger*, and remain,

SIR,

Your moſt obſequious,
Moſt attached and moſt devoted,

PINDARICUS.

From my own Apartments.

I am apprehenſive that my Manner of Writing would not coincide with the Specimen juſt given, and therefore I would have this Gentleman think of forming another Coalition, that may, (if talking to one of this Claſs I may uſe a familiar Phraſe) *turn better to account*, or (as he himſelf would expreſs it) *adminiſter the tributary Advantages of lucrative Emolument and literary Fame.*

It being repreſented to the Court of cenſorial Enquiry, that the Influence of the preſent ſoft Seaſon of the Year, leads every Mind, more or leſs, with a ſtrong Propenſity to Poetry, and it being reported that a Barber while he was ſhaving one of his Cuſtomers, ſpoke very feelingly of the genial Spring, and added with an Air of Ethuſiaſm, "*Sir, the pretty Queriſters of the Wood begin to pour forth their little Notes*;" and it being apprehended that this Diſtemper may become epidemical, an Order will ſhortly be iſſued out, forbidding all Perſons to verſify until the Dog Days are over, and of this all paſtoral Poets, all Compoſers of *Elegy*, *Anagram*, *Acroſtic*, &c, are to take proper Notice, and, upon Pain of the higheſt Diſpleaſure of the Court, they are not to pilfer any Thing from *Pope's Paſtorals*, *Hammond's Elegies*, or the *Progreſs of Love* in *Dodſley's* Collection; and it is further directed to all, who ſhall overhear any of theſe People mutter Verſes to themſelves, to take them inſtantly and dip them in the *Salt-Water*, in order to prevent the Malady from increaſing.

Accidents. The *Conjuror*, who was to have appeared the 10th Inſtant, at *Covent-Garden*, has proved a Kind of *Bottle-Conjuror*, by not appearing at all; it is now ſaid, the Author of the ſaid Piece is writing another *dramatic Satire*, to be called, the *Conjuror outwitted*; the principal Parts to be performed by Meſſ. *Shuter* and *Dunſtall.*

Committed. To the cenſorial Enquiry *David Quibble*, for the horrid, barbarous, inhuman, and bloody Crime of *Punning*, for which Fact he is to take his Tryal at the enſuing Seſſions, which will begin on *Wedneſday* next.

Robbed. Shakeſpear of two Farces, one called *Sheep Sheering*, the other *Catherine* and *Petruchio*; Sir *Charles Sidley*, of a piece called the *Grumbler*; whoever can give Information againſt the Perpetrator or Perpetrators of the ſaid Fact, ſo that he, ſhe, or they, may be brought to Puniſhment, ſhall receive an handſome Reward, and the Thanks of the cenſorial Court.

To all Gardeners and others whom this may concern.

If any Body wants a large Number of Tin-Caſcades, imaginary Fountains, or unreal Water-Works of any Sort, very proper to be had in all rural Places during the warm Weather, they may be ſupplied at reaſonable Rates by *John Burleſque*, who is at preſent engaged in preparing to throw the whole Theatre under Water next Winter, to give the Company ſome Idea of *Enfield-Waſh*, in a Scene to be added to *Harlequin-Fortunatus.*

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 34. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d*.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *May* 18, 1754.

Miſce ſtultitiam conſiliis brevem
Dulce eſt deſipere in Loco. HOR.

AFTER having peruſed the new Tragedy of *Creuſa*, with all that Pleaſure which generally reſults from a well conducted Story, and intereſting Situations of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, I was at length ſtruck in a very particular Manner with the ſecond Epilogue, which the Author has annexed to it. A Parliament of Women ſuggeſts many Ideas of a pleaſant Nature to the Fancy, and there is a Variety in the Turn of Expreſſion, for which this little Piece may very juſtly be called a pretty Compoſition. Having laid aſide the Book, I found that the female Houſe of Commons had taken entire Poſſeſſion of my Imagination, I fancied to myſelf, to ſee my amiable Countrywomen engaged in a deep Debate; the lovely *Whigs* and *Tories* carried on their Party-Diviſions with great Warmth and vehement Elocution; the Words *Court* and *Country* Intereſt, *Britiſh Conſtitution*, *Patriotiſm*, *Virtue*, *Bribery* and *Corruption*, *Liberty* and *Property*, *free uninfluenced Election*, *arbitrary Power*, with a long *Et cætera* of Phraſes, with which our Ears are ſtunned in all popular Harangues, were methought banded about by theſe beautiful Repreſentatives, with as much Zeal and Impetuouſity, as ever they could poſſibly have been from the Days of *Hampden* down to the preſent happy Period. Their Fans, I imagined, prettily diverſified with various emblematical Figures; and, inſtead of loveſick Virgins, Jeſſamine Bowers, Rural Swains playing on the Flute, they diſplayed to View nothing but Scaffoldings, Executions, Scenes of Broils, and Battle, Sea-pieces, embattled Squadrons, the Spirit ſtirring Drum, as *Shakeſpear* has it, the *Ear-piercing Fife*, the *Royal-Banner*, and *every Circumſtance of Glorious War*. The Patch no longer ſerved as a mere Embelliſhment of Beauty, but carried with it a very expreſſive Energy, and denoted the Attachments of the Ladies to the Court or Country-Party. *Blue* and *Yellow* Ribbons adorned the Head-Dreſs, and hung out a Kind of Flag of Defiance to the oppoſite Party. Elections were ſtrongly conteſted all over the Kingdom; The *Old* and *New-Intereſt* claſhed in *Oxfordſhire*, and ended at laſt in a double Return; the Wives of ſeveral Copyholders were polled in different Places, and each Perſon ſwore, "*as I live to breath*" that ſhe was a Freeholder. In *Kent* a Lady of antient and honourable Family was thrown out. The People of *Briſtol* paid a voluntary Compliment to a Lady of diſtiguiſhed Genius, who had been inſtrumental in bringing *Briſtol* Stone Buckles into Faſhion. After a very warm Conteſt for the City of *London*, upon finally cloſing the Pool the Numbers ſtood thus;

Lady *Betty Allworthy*, She-Knight, and *Milliner*	3650
Mrs. *Mary Meanwell*, *Haberdaſher*	3570
Lady *Fanny Comely*, She-Knight, and *Perfumer*	3125
Mrs. *Elizabeth Sugerkane*, of *Billinſgate-Ward*	2950
Lady *Harriet Luteſtring*, She-Knight, and *Mercer*	2603
Lady *Deborah Gideonite*, She-Knight, and *Malt-Diſtiller*	2591

WHEREUPON the four firſt were declared duly elected, and the laſt mention'd Lady, it was ſaid, would be brought in for St. *Maws* in *Cornwall*, by the Lady for *Briſtol*, and at the Recommendation of an old Dutcheſs at Court. The Writs being all returned, I ſuppoſed the Parliament aſſembled, the Ladies in the Upper-Houſe, and the Commoners in the Lower. The Female Commons immediately proceeded to chuſe a Speaker, which was a Point of great Difficulty, every one being eager for that Office, upon a Suppoſition, that the *Speaker* was to have the largeſt Share of the Debate; but being undeceived in this Point, the Matter was at length adjuſted, and they then went upon Buſineſs. As ſeveral Occurrences offered themſelves to my Thoughts on this Occaſion, I ſhall throw the Buſineſs of this Part of my waking-Dream, into the Form made Uſe of on theſe Occaſions.

Numb. 27,

VOTES

OF THE

FEMALE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Veneris, 17 *Die* Maij, 1754.

AN ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intitled, *An Act for repealing, an Act made in the laſt Seſſions to enable Perſons profeſſing the* Jewiſh *Religion to apply to Parliament for Naturalization*, was read a ſecond Time, and committed.

An ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intitled, *An Act for repealing another Act made in the laſt Seſſions for preventing clandeſtine Marriages, and other Purpoſes therein mention'd*, was read a ſecond Time and committed.

Ordered,

That Leave be given to bring in a Bill to amend ſeveral Laws relating to the Diſtemper raging among the *Horned-Cattle* in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; and that Mrs. *Letitia Loveit* do prepare and bring in the ſame.

A Message from the Ladies, by Mrs. *Tattle* and Mrs. *Go-between*, that the Ladies have paſſed a Bill, intitled, *An Act for Sale of a Capital-Meſſuage in* Groſvenor-Square *in* Pall-mall, *in the County of* Middleſex, *and the Gardens, and Out-Houſes thereunto belonging (Part of the Eſtate of the preſent Lord* Townly*) and veſting the ſame in* William Pounce *of* Lombard-Street, *Banker, and for laying out the Purchaſe-Money in Diſcharge of Lady* Townly's *gaming Debts, and for other Purpoſes therein mentioned*;

to which the Ladies deſire the Concurrence of this Houſe; and alſo,

That the Ladies have paſſed a Bill, intituled, *An Act for veſting Part of the Eſtate of* George Fiddlefaddle, *Eſq*; *in the County of* Suffolk, *and Part of his Eſtate in the* Iſle of Wight, *in Truſtees, to receive the Rents of the ſame, and apply the Iſſues in Payment of Mrs.* Fiddlefaddle*'s Pin-Money, to defray the neceſſary Expences attending Routs and Drums, the Keeping of a Faro-Bank, and other Purpoſes therein mentioned*, to which the Ladies deſire the Concurrence of this Houſe;

And then the Meſſengers withdrew.

An ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, entituled, *An Act to diſſolve the Marriage of Lady* Betty Witleſs, *with Lord Viſcount* Manly, *on Account of his inſolent Preſumption in controlling his ſaid Wife, and to enable her to marry again, and for other Purpoſes therein mentioned*; was read a ſecond Time, and committed to a Committee of the whole Houſe.

Reſolved,

That this Houſe will, upon this Day ſevennight, reſolve itſelf into a Committee of the whole Houſe upon the ſaid Bill.

Ordered,

That it be an Inſtruction to the ſaid Committee, that they do hear Counſel, and examine Witneſſes for the ſaid Bill, if the Defendant ſhould make it neceſſary to be heard by Counſel, or to produce Witneſſes.

Mrs. *Bigarre* (according to Order) reported from the Committee of the whole Houſe, to whom the Bill to repeal ſeveral Laws to prohibit the Importation of French *Laces* and *Cambricks*, and for an Act to ſuppreſs the *Spittle-Field* Weavers, to forbid the Importation of *French* Wines and allowing their *Liquors* Duty free; and relating to Paint, Waſhes, Fans, Gloves, *&c*, and for the better Encouragement of *French* Hair-Cutters, and to authoriſe the Payment of the Bounty to *John Exotic*, and others, upon a Ship fitted out for *China* in order to import Teas, and China Figures of all Sorts, and loſt near *Maddec-aſkher*, was committed; and ſhe read the Report, and afterwards delivered the Bill, with the Amendments, in at the *Tea-Table*, where the Amendments were read, and agreed to by the Houſe

Ordered,

That the Bill, with the Amendments, be ingroſſed.

Ordered,

THAT Mrs *Trifle* have leave to make a Motion:

And ſhe moved the Houſe accordingly;

AN ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *An Act to enable* Pompey the little, *Lap Dog to Lady* MARY CREATURE, *to relinquiſh the ſaid Name of* Pompey the little, *and aſſume for the future to him and his Heirs the Stile and Name* of MARQUIS, was read the firſt Time;

Ordered,

THAT the ſaid Bill do lie upon the *Tea Table.*

Ordered,

THAT Mrs. *Bragwell* have Leave to make a Motion:

And ſhe moved the Houſe accordingly;

AND an ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *An Act for changing the preſent current Stile in this Kingdom, and to convert Night into Day,* was read the firſt Time, and ordered to be read a ſecond Time.

AN ingroſſed Bill, intituled, *An Act for impowering Lady* STAKEALL *to cut down and ſell Timber ſtanding and growing upon the Eſtate of Lord* STAKEALL, *her Huſband, in order to enable the ſaid Lady* STAKEALL *to purchaſe Monkeys, Parrots, and other Neceſſaries, and alſo to make a very large Bet at the next Maſquerade, and for other Purpoſes therein mentioned*; was read the third Time.

Reſolved,

THAT the Bill do paſs;

Ordered,

THAT Mrs. *Fitch* do carry the Bill to the Ladies, and deſire their Concurrence.

And then the Houſe adjourned till To-morrow Morning nine of the Clock.

By Virtue of an Order of the Female Houſe of Commons, I do appoint William Faden *and* Joſeph Bouquett *to publiſh theſe Votes; and that no other Perſon do preſume to print the ſame.*

ELIZABETH GRAVEAIR, Speaker.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartments, May 15.

A Public Writer has many and frequent Opportunities of ſeeing into the various Tempers of the Inhabitants of this Metropolis, among which, his Correſpondence with ſeveral unknown Perſons is not the leaſt conſiderable, as it affords him Inſtances of their Proneneſs to Anger, their Modeſty, their Impatience of Correction, their paſſive Forbearance when a Piece is rejected, and many other Contingencies of equal Moment. I have often received Letters from my fair Correſpondents, in which they complain of my having altered their Stile and Spelling; others beg of me to take care of thoſe Inaccuracies, and tell me in a Poſtſcript, "*Mr*: Ranger *may ſpell this after the Manner of the Men.*" There are ſome, who when a Piece is rejected, have Humility enough to keep their Peace; from others, I am ſure to hear of it roundly on Monday Morning. Opportunities have offered for ſome to thank me for little Inſertions of Words which were moſt ſtrongly expreſſive of the intended Idea; others will not give up a Word upon any Account, "Won't you allow me, Sir, to be "a Judge of my own meaning? — Why do you make Slips in your "own Lucubrations?"—With many more Interrogatories, which argue a ſore and uneaſy Mind. Whenever I receive Letters from a Correſpondent of this Claſs, I cannot help ſaying, "Lord help his Wife."— as I apprehend, when Words become a Matter of high Importance, there muſt ariſe numberleſs Diſputes during a Courſe of Curtain-Lectures. For my Part, I have always made it a Rule, not to have too much Senſibility when my Writings are criticiſed, as I ſuppoſe that every good-natured Judge will make proper Allowances for Hurry and other Infirmities of the Mind.

May 17.

There's a Paſſage in *Horace*, which I never underſtood till within theſe few Days; *O ego lævus, qui purgo bilem ſub verni temporis horam.* "Fool that I am, ſays that Bard, to purge away my Gaul in the Spring "Seaſon of the Year." I ſuppoſe this Operation exhauſted his ſatirical View; for having been this Morning at the *Dog and Duck*, I find myſelf ſuddenly rendered ſo flaccid, that I cannot hit off one ſingle ill-natured thing for the Diverſion of my merry Readers. I ſhall therefore only add, that I think it adviſable for all Critics to drink deep of theſe Waters; if the Actors would alſo uſe them, they might help to carry off a great deal of the Stuff they have ſwallowed the laſt Winter: Witlings may here evacuate their Crudities; Poets their indigeſted Matter; and, in ſhort, all Degrees and Ranks of People, may purify their Imaginations to a proper Degree of Serenity.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 35. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *May* 25, 1754.

> *Studia adoleſcentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, ſecundas Res ornant, adverſis Perfugium & Solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctantur nobiſcum, perigrinantur, ruſticantur.*
>
> CICERO.

AN Application to Letters, and the affording of Part of our Time to Study, is finely ſet off by *Tully* with a Turn of Period, which at once elegantly diſplays the manifold Advantages reſulting from Reading, and is an Incentive to every Mind to enrich itſelf with a ſufficient Stock of Ideas, by a due Attention to the Labours of the Learned. " *Letters* (ſays the Author of my Motto) *give Culture to the growing Mind, amuſe old Age, add a Luſtre to Proſperity, and afford a Shield from the Arrows of Adverſity: They yeild Delight* *in our domeſtic Hours, and are no Incumbrance abroad; they trim the Midnight Lamp; attend us in our Travels, and make frequent Excurſions with us to our Retreats in the Country.*"

I AM aware, that the haſty Tranſlation, which I have offered to my Readers of this Paſſage, falls many Degrees ſhort of the Beauty and graceful Strength of the Original; but, ſuch as it is, it may ſerve to inculcate the real Utility and Pleaſure of a proper Regard to the Improvement of our intellectual Faculties, by an Allotment of a few Hours of our Time to this uſeful, as well as pleaſurable Employment, which is at preſent rather too much neglected by the People of Condition of both Sexes.

MR. *Addiſon* wonders how People can ſpend ſo many Hours together, without receiving any other Ideas, than what are ſuggeſted, by an Arrangement of black and red Spots. But ſuch is the prevailing Faſhion of the Times, that the *Book of four Kings* (to uſe the Gameſter's Phraſe) is the only *Volume*, that is peruſed at preſent with the leaſt Share of Attention. It is, in my Mind, a remarkable Circumſtance, that one ſeldom ſees a Meſſage-Card meerly to invite a Perſon to a Rout, that is ſpelt as if the Writer had fifteen Shillings Worth of Education. Beſides there are frequent Complaints in the Winter-Seaſon, that "*Every Body's engaged* theſe two *Months*." That it's impoſſible to make a Party for Love or Money; that in a full Town, one is very often totally at a Loſs for Company: In theſe Caſes, the only Reſource to which the Ladies betake themſelves, is, fretting, ſcolding the Maids, quarrelling with their Huſbands, ſacrificing Reputations at the painted Altars of the Tea-Table, combing Lap-Dogs, with ſeveral other elegant Accompliſhments for which the inventive Faculties of the Fair are never at a Loſs. I am ſenſible, that a Diſſuaſive from Purſuits of this Nature may appear extreamly unfaſhionable; eſpecially, when 'tis found, that I would ſubſtitute a few valuable Books in their Room.

IN my Apprehenſion, my pretty Readers are highly miſtaken, if they imagine, that by dedicating a few Hours to the Peruſal of the Productions of good Authors, they endanger their lovely Features, and run the Riſque of dimming the ſparkling Luſtre of the Eye. On the contrary, to me it appears, that a Page or two in the Morning may ſerve to adjuſt the Countenance; that the Acquiſition of a new Idea may give an higher Ornament to the Head, than a new Head-Dreſs, and that every Face looks in higher Bloom, with a more attractive Emanation of Charms, in Proportion as we can read an Appearance of an Underſtanding in the Direction of the Eyes. For my Part, I ſhould, at any Auction, ſet an higher Value upon a fine Picture than a fine Woman, unleſs ſhe revealed ſome Traces of an intelligent Mind, becauſe the former may be ſaid to poſſeſs every requiſite Quality to conſtitute it a Work of Value; whereas the latter wants the vivifying Soul to animate the Features, give Spirit to the Face, and demonſtrates a Capacity of compounding, comparing, and forming various Combinations of Ideas. Unleſs we are habituated to a conſtant Practice of performing ſomething in this Way, our Faculties will become totally relaxed and enervated, and the leaſt Tendency towards thinking will become an intolerable Fatigue.

How much more eligible, therefore, is it to portion ſome Detachments of our Time from other Avocations, in order to ſpend a little Thought, in a Way that will enrich us, in our greener Years, with ſome Topics of Converſation fit to be made uſe of among Perſons of common Intelligence! It is likewiſe laying up a Stock for old Age, or purchaſing a Field of Reflection, which in the advanced Period of Life we may conſider as the Eſtate of the Mind, where it may expatiate at Eaſe, and recreate itſelf with Speculations of Delight in its Decline.

There is nothing perhaps more juſtly to be accounted elegant than learned Affluence, or a Mind ſeduced by the Temptations of an ample Power of Expence, and judiciouſly employing itſelf in polite Improvements, which heighten the Luſtre of a proſperous Situation, and give an Embelliſhment to the moſt exalted Sphere in Life. Even Blockheads are frequently ſenſible of the Honour derived to them from a Reputation of this Kind, by their ridiculous Affectation of buying together an handſome Library, and making *Vailliant*, *Tonſon*, or *Dodſley* take more Pains to furniſh out an Apartment for them, than their Cabinet-maker to adorn their Drawing-Room.

But the greateſt Advantage in Reading, is, that ſoftening Quality which it has in all Caſes of Adverſity. By Caſes of

Adverſity, I would not be underſtood to mean, Diſappointments in our domeſtic Affairs, or pecuniary Loſſes only, but all Situations in Life, where the Mind is liable to any Manner of Uneaſineſs or Diſtreſs. The ſureſt and moſt certain Relief in thoſe Contingencies is derived from an Habit of converſing with the learned Writers in all Ages. By theſe Means, the Mind contracts a Cuſtom of not dwelling too long upon its own Idea, but readily it affords its Attention to the Inveſtigations of Truth, which ſpeculative Men have thought proper to ſend into the World. If I remember right, Mr *Locke* mentions a Power of transferring our Thoughts from one Object to another, as a very eſſential Faculty of a well-formed Underſtanding. When once this is attain'd, there is no Danger of our falling a Prey to Melancholy, to Grief, or any other Incumbrance which might reſtrain the Liberty of the Soul. From hence reſults that pleaſing Serenity of Temper, which we obſerve to be peculiar to ſome People more than others, that Readineſs to acquit itſelf in all the little Attentions due to thoſe with whom we have a ſocial Intercourſe; and when under the Frowns of Fortune. A well-turned Spirit will at all Times have Recourſe to Occupations of this Nature, to avert the Shaft, or ſoften its Smart, if its unerring Fate ſhould make it reach us.

My Intent in throwing together theſe looſe Thoughts upon the great Utility of Reading, is not to offer to my Readers this Day an entertaining Eſſay, abounding with Wit and Humour, to divert their Imaginations, but I conceive that a few curſory Reflections, thrown together in this random Manner, may ſerve to awaken in the Minds of ſome a due Degree of Regard to this too much neglected Occupation. If what I have premiſed ſhould in any Degree conduce to this laudable End, I ſhall value the Lucubration of this Day much higher than any of my former Papers, even tho' they met with the ſame ſmall Portion of Praiſe from the Witty, the Humourous, or the ſenſible Part of my Readers.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

SINCE our laſt arrived a Mail from *Vauxhall*, which brings Advice, among other Particulars, that Miſs *Burchell*'s Voice is improved to a great Degree of Perfection, and that there are great Crowds every Evening to refreſh themſelves with the Tin Caſcade, at which Time it is ſaid the Love-ſick Tribe take Advantage of the general Attention to this beautiful Phænomenon, and amuſe themſelves with a ſoft Congreſs in the dark Walks.

Where the coy Nymph her Lover's warm Addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.

The ſame Advices add, that a young Parſon muſtered up Courage enough to break his Mind to his Miſtreſs in this Place a few Nights ſince. It at firſt coſt him many Stammers and heſitating Pauſes, but having ventured to ſay, that the Walk he was then in was called, *L' Alley de Soupirs*, or the *Alley of Sighs*; he then proceeded with pretty tolerable Confidence, and talked fervently of *pure Joys, extatic Raptures, holy Bliſs, heavenly Attributes, divine Perfections*, &c. which had ſuch an Effect upon the young Lady's tender Diſpoſition, that it is ſaid, ſhe made a Party to go to *Hornſey* the next Evening with him, to drink a Syllabub. As there have been ſeveral Poets here of late to offer their Service for the Summer-Seaſon, it occaſions great Speculation among the Waiters, who cannot as yet decide whether the Laurel will fall to Mr. *Lyrick*, or Mr. *Spondee*, both Gentlemen of undoubted Appetites, and zealouſly attached to the preſent happy Conſtitution of this Country both in eating and drinking.

By Letters from *Ranelaugh* we learn, that the Hardſhip laid upon the Proprietors, by the Refuſal of a Licence from the Juſtices, does not hinder Numbers of People of Diſtinction from frequenting that Place, and that the Conſumption of Tea and Sugar will add much more to his Majeſty's Revenue than the immenſe Ocean of adulterated Wines, for the Sale of which the ſaid Juſtices have thought proper to grant their Permiſſion, judging it, no doubt, highly neceſſary for the Improvement of Morals and Preſervation of Health among their Fellow-Subjects.

Laſt Week ſeveral Malefactors were condemned at the Seſſions held at the Court of Cenſorial Enquiry; and in our next will be publiſhed the Seſſions-Paper, giving an Account of the ſeveral Malefactors who appeared at the Bar of this Court.

Though the Commanding-Officer of the *Covent-Garden* Forces has diſmiſſed his Subalterns to their Summer-Quarters, it is confidently reported, that the Generals, *Lacy* and *Garrick*, will keep the Field for ſome Time longer, which cauſes great Uneaſineſs among the inferior Officers, who are all impatient to mount upon Duty in their reſpective Country Garriſons, for which Purpoſe they have already purchaſed ſeveral Waggon-Loads of Thunder and Lightening, a Fountain little the worſe for the Wear, a flying Mercury ſomewhat moth-eaten, ſeveral caſt Domino's for *Romeo* and *Juliet*, a well-toned Bell, and ſundry other neceſſary Implements of modern Tragedy, by which Means it is not doubted but the country People will be full as much *humbugged* as the Play-followers in *London*.

We hear that a new Comedy of FIVE ACTS will be acted next Winter at the Theatre Royal in *Covent Garden*, which it is thought proper to mention at preſent, that the Critics may have Time, by proper Alteratives, to acquire ſome Degree of good Humour before this Piece is exhibited.

The Proprietors of the Caravans for *Enfield*, and other adjacent Places, are come to a Reſolution to carry Pumps, Wigs, and Shirts *gratis* for the better Accommodation of ſuch Gentlemen, as chuſe to make uſe of this convenient Vehicle.

From my own Apartments, *May* 25.

Upon coming into my Chambers laſt Night, the following Petition lay upon my Table.

The humble Petition of ELIZABETH WISHFORT;

Sheweth,

" That your Petitioner is one of thoſe who has an utter Averſion to the " odious Appellation of *old Maid*, and that, tho' well inclined to do all in " her Power towards fulfilling a very important Commandment, ſhe has " had ſeveral Lovers, who have all drilled away her Time in fruitleſs Ex- " pectations of Propoſals for Marriage, without ever coming to the Point.

" That ſhe is now bordering upon the Verge of that Period, when the " Name of *old Maid* commences, and cannot poſſibly hold out this Sum- " mer;

" Your Petitioner therefore moſt humbly prays, that, not- " withſtanding the late Marriage-Act, ſhe may have Re- " dreſs in the Court of Cenſorial Enquiry againſt the In- " conſtancy of any future Lovers.

And your Petitioner &c.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 36. *To be continued Weekly.* Pr. 2*d.*

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *June* 1, 1754.

Bonæ ſub regno Cynaræ. Hor.

THE following Letter comes from a Correſpondent from whom I ſhall be glad to hear as often as his Leiſure will permit him.

To CHARLES RANGER *Eſq.*

SIR,

I HAVE lately met with ſome Papers of your Writing, in which with a nice and delicate *Trait de Satire*, you touch the Foibles of the Fair, and at the ſame Time that you endeavour to retrench their Hoops and other Follies, you win their Eſteem by the Politeneſs of your Stile. I was the other Evening preſent in a large Company at Tea, when the *Gray's Inn Journal* became the Subject of our Converſation; I inſtantly took out of my Pocket your Exerciſe of the Lips, which I read out to the Ladies. " Well

" to be ſure, ſays one, he muſt be a charming Man—Lord " I have ſeen him, Ma'am, ſays another, at *Drury Lane* Play-" houſe in the Winter—He was often at *Drury Lane* Play-houſe " —Lord! I'm in love with his Paper up to the very Lips, ſays " a third—Where does the Creature get all this Stuff that he " calls *True Intelligence*, exclaimed a fourth? For my Part, I " vow and proteſt I don't believe there's a Syllable of Truth " in it." During this Interchange of Sentiments, I perceived that the Attention of the Ladies was principally attached to the Movement of the Lips, and ever and anon I could ſee them, as it were by Stealth, practiſing different Parts of that beautiful Exerciſe; whereupon I moved that they ſhould all go through it regularly. The Ladies agreed, and I gave the Word of Command. It was really diverting, Mr. *Ranger*, to ſee the Effect this Operation had upon their really pretty Mouths; for pretty Mouths, I think, they all had, except one of them, whom I had a Kind of malicious Pleaſure in obſerving, as ſhe ſeemed to be a Compoſition of Envy and Ill-nature; of a quarrelſome Diſpoſition, and ſhe was every Inſtant taxing the Reſt of the Company with having reported ſuch and ſuch Stories; ſo that, were it in her Power, the whole Converſation, by Means of this young Lady, would have been taken up in defending and proving, and all about mere Trifles, which, it was of no Manner of Importance whether they were true or not. I could not help remarking, and I believe Mr. *Ranger* you will concur with me in the Reflection, that it would be much more ornamental in this Lady to ſet off her Countenance in the amiable Gaiety of Smiles, and to aſſume the Appearance of a placid and ſerene Temper, inſtead of being ruffled by tormenting Paſſions, and ſwelling with Anger, which, as ſoon as it ſubſided, left her Mind and Face a Prey to the corroſive Thoughts of Reſentment; and I could ſee her affecting an Air of Careleſſneſs, while at the Bottom it was viſible ſhe was ill-at-Eaſe.

It was with great Difficulty I could manage to keep this unruly Mad-cap of a Girl within any Bounds of common Civility. The Fellows, ſhe ſaid, were extremely aſſuming of late; for which the Ladies might blame themſelves for giving them ſo much Encouragement; if they would but keep their own Reſpect, the Creatures would know their Diſtance, and they would not then vainly think themſelves Lords and Maſters of the Univerſe. From hence was opened a new Vein of Converſation, and the Queſtion with us was, whether the Ladies when once they have a Man in their Power, ſhould not act the Tyrant, and humble them to ſuch a Degree, as totally to extirpate all Seeds of that Self-ſufficience, which they all ſeem to bear about them.

AFTER a ſufficient Number of the Company had delivered their Sentiments, I interpoſed, that there was a Society for the Diſcovery of Truth at the *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, near *Temple Bar*; there I imagined the Queſtion might be diſcuſſed with all the Graces of Eloquence, all the Strength of Argument, and all the Decency and good Manners, with which a Reſearch after Truth ſhould be managed. However, I could not help offering it as my Opinion, though I plainly perceived that the Majority was againſt me, that a young Lady's chief Honour is Sweetneſs of Temper. In my Apprehenſion, ſaid I, Good-Humour is the beſt Feature both of the Mind and the Face, and the amiable Sex will certainly act conſiſtently with that Softneſs of Diſpoſition, which ſeems by Nature to have been aſſigned them, by giving vent to this Source of Cheerfulneſs, which will certainly anſwer many good and excellent Purpoſes at once. It will contribute to preſerve a Serenity in their own Tempers, will beam forth in gentle Irradiations through their Eyes, will preſerve the Faces from untimely Wrinkles, prevent the Bloom from fading prematurely from the Cheek, and above all, it may often ſerve to get a young Girl an Huſband, when ſhe can put in but a ſmall Claim for one on account of her Fortune.

HERE I was interrupted by a general Te-he, which was followed by biting the Lips, and the Practice of other Parts of that excellent Doctrine. When I was once entered upon the Subject ſo far, Mr. *Ranger*, I found it no Difficulty to proceed; I then informed the Ladies, that an inſolent Beauty was in my Eyes an abſolute Piece of Deformity; that the Affectation, which too often prevails in the Sex of diſplaying what they call their Power, was ſuch an Extreme of Vanity and Folly, that I really thought the Perſons, that could be guilty of it, however comely they might be, deſerved to have no Share in the Propagation of Mankind. Upon this, the Fan was lifted to the Countenance, and after a Diſcharge or two of that pretty, voluble Machine, I went on to inform the lovely Company, that I had met with the Hiſtory of two female Reigns; the firſt was that of a female Tyrant, and the ſecond of an amiable Queen, or Miſtreſs, call her which you will, who had a larger Number of Subjects than the former, and yet reigned over them with ſuch a Mildneſs and ſuch a gentle Sway, that the Men were all pleaſed to acknowledge her for the Miſtreſs of their Hearts. As well as I could from Memory I then gave a ſuccinct Account of thoſe two Ladies, with which I ſhall beg leave to cloſe this rambling Letter.

MARIA aſcended to the Throne of Beauty in the eighteenth

Year of her Age; immediately upon her Acceſſion, ſhe diſſolved her Parliament, turned out of her Privy-Council every Perſon of Genius, Senſe and Diſcretion, and introduced in their Room a *French* Hair-cutter, five Milliners, a Staymaker, a Chambermaid, and many other Perſonages of equal Rank and Condition. By the Advice of theſe Aſſiſtants ſhe reigned with deſpotic Sway. She heard the Complaints of her Slaves with great Complacency, and without ever feeling the leaſt Propenſity to a Redreſs of their Grievances, which occaſioned frequent Murmurings and violent Heart-burnings, and at length called forth a Shoal of Writers againſt her Government, as generally happens in all political States when the ſupreme Power is abuſed. On this Occaſion there appeared a Shoal of Sonnetteers, Libellers, and Epigrammatiſts, who daily poured forth Treaſon againſt her Beauty, and pronounced her born to enſlave Mankind. She had a very particular Pleaſure in ſigning metaphorical Death-warrants for her Votaries; and ſhe looked upon the whole Race of Mankind formed meerly for her Uſe, to flatter her Vanity and to pay her Adoration. She exacted Tributes of Admiration at ſuch an exorbitant Rate, that at laſt an *Hambden* aroſe, who diſputed with her a Contribution of Incences which ſhe inſiſted upon. This Proceeding opened the Eyes of the Reſt of her Subjects, who all conſpired to dethrone her in the twenty third Year of her Age; and then fell the Tyrant *Maria*, without one to lament her Fall, after a ſhort Reign of five Years, in which ſhe conquered with ſo wild a Rage, as the Poet has it, that with the univerſal Joy ſucceeded to her, the fair *Elizabeth*, whoſe Reign commenced, like a mild Evening after the violent Scorching of a hot Summer's Day.

ELIZABETH endeavoured to render herſelf the Miſtreſs of all willing Hearts, and valued herſelf more upon the Love of her Subjects than any idle Flattery ſhe might extort from them. The Poet's Deſcription was perfectly adapted to her.

Favours to none, to all ſhe Smiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.

She had no She-Friends in her Cabinet-Council, but guided herſelf entirely by the Directions of Prudence, Virtue, and good Senſe. An *Eſſex*, at length, inſinuated himſelf more particulaaly into her good Graces; but ſhe had ſuch a cool Command over her Paſſions, that ſhe never diſgraced him by a Blow, but in the End took him as an Aſſociate into her Empire, which ſhe, in a ſhort Time, finally reſigned, in order to enjoy the calmer Gratifications of a domeſtic Life, where ſhe now ſhines with every amiable Grace, while *Toaſts* and other ambitious Beauties fatigue their Eyes and every other Feature to gain to themſelves a Number of Admirers among the oppoſite Sex. *I am,*

SIR,

Your Reader and Admirer

* * *.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, May 27.

SINCE my laſt, I received a Letter ſigned *P. F.* concerning a ſmall Diſpute which has happened between that Writer and myſelf. The Matter of debate between us is, in my Opinion, of very great Importance, and it very much concerns the learned World in General, that the Affair ſhould be adjuſted. It ſeems this Author, ſome time ſince, ſent me an Epigram to be inſerted in the *Grays Inn Journal*, which I comply'd with, after having taken the Liberty to alter a ſingle Word, as I thought for the better, and having made a ſuitable Apology for it; in Conſequence of this I received a Letter from my unknown Correſpondent in the Stile of an angry Boy, which was, I thought, ſuch an Indecorum, that, as a public Writer, and a Corrector of the Foibles of the Mind, I thought his Manner of treating me, and his too quick Propenſity to Anger deſerved a due Degree of Reprehenſion. In anſwer to which, my Correſpondent has again thought proper to attack me, and he even carries Matters ſo far, as to charge me with a Plagiariſm, though I had pointed the Paſſage I had borrowed, with ſuch Marks as denoted it not to be my own. He further tells me, that he is married, and that his Wife and Family have not a very comfortable time of it, when his Wit does not ſucceed; which is undoubtedly the occaſion of his Anger to me; he adds, that I have uſed him ſomewhat rudely, and concludes with ſaying, "*Pray, Mr. Ranger, be kind enough in your next to let me know, what Countryman you are.*" For my part, I do not conceive what light it will throw upon our Diſpute to inform him of my Country; I think a Point of Literature might be managed without giving vent to *provincial* or *national* Prejudices, and it avails little, whether the preſent Writer be a *Corniſhman*, a *Kentiſhman*, a *Welchman*, an *Iriſhman* or a *Scotchman*. As I do not like to gratify this Perſon in his Whims, I ſhall for the Preſent, beg to be excuſed, if I do not unfold my Birth and Parentage; thus much I will hint, that if the Gentleman will ſend his Wife to me, *I will let her know what Countryman I am.*

Macklins, 27th May.

In a Circle of Choice Spirits aſſembled here a few Nights ſince, a Gentleman informed the Company, that he is preparing for the next Winter a Treatiſe to be entitled, περι Παθȣς, or *the Players Art of moving the Paſſions.* This Piece is to be written in Imitation of the Βαθȣς, and all the Actors now on the Stage will be diſtinguiſhed into proper Claſſes, in like Manner, as the Writers are in the Eſſay on the Profound, ſo that the Theatre, as well as the literary World, will be able to boaſt its various Degrees of ſinking, as well as all other Profeſſions.

Theſe will be all diſtinguiſhed under the Names of the ſame *Animals* made uſe of in the humourous Production juſt mentioned, and will be as follows.

1 *The flying Fiſhes*; Theſe are the Actors who now and then raiſe their Fins in order to emerge into Light; but their Strength is too feeble and they ſoon relapſe into nothing.

2. The *Swallows* are Actors eternally fluttering about, but their Agility ſerves no other Purpoſe than to catch an injudicious Clap.

3. The *Oſtriches* are ſuch whoſe Heavineſs rarely permits them to utter a Syllable with any Kind of Fancy or Taſte, and they are fitter to be ſhown in Pantomime than a regular dramatic Piece.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat an Author's Words without Idea or Meaning.

5. The *Didappers* are Actors who lye on the Carpet with their Faces concealed for a long Time, and pop up now and then where it is leaſt expected.

6. The *Porpoiſes* are clumſy and uncouth; they put their Perſons into great Turmoil and Tempeſt, but whenever they are to appear in a graceful Character, they are only ſhapeleſs Monſters.

7. The *Frogs* are ſuch as are only fit for the fine Gentlemen in Comedies purloined from the *French*.

8. The *Eels* are Actors with a thouſand Faults, but they are ſo ſlippery they elude the Examination of the Generality of Spectators.

9. The *Tortoiſes* are ſlow and chill, and like paſtoral Lovers, delight much in romantic Love; they have for the moſt Part a gay Covering to their Head, and underneath it a very heavy Lump.

Theſe are the Characteriſtics of our preſent Race of Actors, and a Key will be given with the Work to direct the Reader how to rank each Actor under the proper Claſſes, according as he aſſumes the various Shapes abovementioned.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 37. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *June* 8, 1754.

Contemptor Divûm Mezentius ——

VIRG.

AT the laſt Meeting of the Club, of which I muſt conſider myſelf an unworthy Member, as I have not of late attended them with proper Punctuality, my Friend Captain *Gulliver*, whom I formerly introduced to the Acquaintance of my Readers, produced a Paper which, he ſaid, he had brought with him from *Cairo*, amongſt ſeveral other Manuſcripts of the ſame Nature. After peruſing it, I judged it would make no improper Entertainment for my Readers, and I therefore have ordered it a Place in this Day's Paper,

IN the Days when the Empire of *Bagdad* ſpread Terror round the Nations, and their conquering Arms added a conſtant Acceſſion of Honour and Wealth to the Califfs, *Aboulcaſem*, a Youth of extenſive Parts and boundleſs Ambition had the Addreſs to raiſe himſelf to the firſt Honours of the State, and in Proceſs of Time, he arrived to the Dignity of Vizier. In this Office his Conduct was ſuch as might be expected from a Perſon of his exalted Parts. His Renown for Genius and a bright Underſtanding diſtinguiſhed him above the Reſt of the Miniſters.

AMIDST the Effulgence of his Glory *Aboulcaſem* was hurried away by the Violence of his Paſſions, which were rapid as the Cataracts of the *Nile*, and violent as the Whirlwinds in the Deſart. His Soul was apt to kindle into a Blaze at the Sight of Beauty, and in the Height of his national Buſineſs he would frequently ſport away his Hours in wanton Dalliance with a *Circaſſian* Beauty, with whom he would often betake himſelf to the Baths, and there in amorous Diſſipation write Letters upon Buſineſs of the utmoſt Conſequence to his Country, and diſpatch them to his Agents, whom he had ſent to other neighbouring Courts. At length he was ſuſpected to favour the Cauſe of the baniſh'd Prince *Abdallah*, who was then wandering about the Deſarts of *Arabia*; and though no convincing Proofs could be alleged againſt him, yet not being able to vindicate himſelf from the Imputation, he was obliged to fly his Country.

ABOULCASEM immediately betook himſelf to the Prince *Abdallah*, and finding his Cauſe totally ruined, without any Poſſibility of re-inſtating him, he then exerted all his Induſtry to obtain Leave to return home. As Things of this Nature cannot be compaſſed in a ſhort Time, in order to hinder his Mind in the mean Time from falling a Prey to Melancholy, and all the Horrors of diſappointed Ambition, he applied himſelf to the Labours of the wiſe Men in order to relieve his Mind. Here he penned his Thoughts upon Exile, and many other important Points of ſpeculative Morality. He lived like an Hermit in the Deſarts of *Arabia*, and there, illuſtriouſly hid, he carried on his Reſearches into the Study of Nature, Hiſtory, and all Branches of human Learning which could adorn and enriſh ſo accompliſhed a Mind.

THUS furniſhed with all mental Embelliſhments, *Aboulcaſem* was in Time permitted to return, but he was not reſtored to his Honours. As Ambition is ever unrelenting, he was no ſooner fixed in his own Abode, than he inſtantly became an implacable Enemy to the Vizier, who had conſented to recall him. He drew from the Stores of Knowledge, which he had formerly treaſured up, ſome of the ſevereſt Reflections, which could be made upon the Miniſter's Adminiſtrations, and this in ſuch a powerful Strain of nervous Eloquence, that he may very juſtly be ſaid to have had a great Share in his Downfall. *Aboulcaſem* was ſo happy as to have accompliſh'd this Buſineſs, which was for a long Time the grand Object of his Intentions, but it was no ſooner done, than he perceived himſelf as diſtant as ever from re-gaining his Prince's Ear. He therefore betook himſelf to his Country-Houſe at a ſmall Diſtance from *Bagdad*, where he employed himſelf in reading all the Moraliſts of *Arabia*, and in ſhort all the fine Eaſtern Writers. In this Receſs he cultivated an Acquaintance with two of the firſt Geniuſes of his Time, *Selim* and *Mirza*, the former an eminent Poet, and the latter a diſtinguiſh'd Writer of Proſe. Theſe two undertook the Defence of *Aboulcaſem*'s Character, and ſpared no Pains to blazon his Fame to the World.

Mean Time *Aboulcaſem* purſued his Reſearches into all Branches of human Wiſdom; the civil Polity of States was to him a Storehouſe, which diſcloſed a conſtant Fund of Supply; he then turned his Eye inwards upon the Texture and Make of his own Mind; he uſed to ſay, that the Mind was a concealed Repoſitory of Riches, and that it behoved every Man to find out the Secrets of it; this accordingly he did; but he did not enjoy the ſecret ſelfiſh Gratification of many, who when in Poſſeſſion of a Treaſure will never let it be ſeen by human Eyes; on the contrary, he was glad to have every Opportunity of diſplaying himſelf, and this rather to a Degree of Oſtentation; from this Branch of Study *Aboulcaſem* proceeded to examine into Matters of Religion, the various Syſtems of the eaſtern Sages were all to him perfectly well known; he laughed at the *Koran*; the Syſtem of Morality which *Confucius* taught, *Aboulcaſem* held in Contempt; *Mahomet*'s Paradiſe was to him a mere *Chimæra*, and he declaimed with a pompous Flow of ſounding Eloquence againſt all theſe various Opinions; the *Bramins* were always the Object of his ſevereſt Contempt; in the Dictates of natural Religion, he would ſay, we have no Occaſion for ſuch Guides, and in the Explanation of eſtabliſhed Forms they are highly dangerous; he was an Enemy to all Forms of Worſhip offered in the Temple of the Prophet; he endeavoured to ſubvert the Principles upon which this Worſhip was founded, and to introduce a new Form of thinking of his own. Since *Aboulcaſem* could have no Share in the Direction of State Affairs, he was determined to ſoar above ſublunary Things, and to have the Lead in Matters of higher Importance. He was highly dogmatical in his Aſſertions, and he carried his Extravagance ſo far, as to advance, that there was no Difference between the human Species and Brutes, and that it was highly probable that Dogs and the reſt of the animal Creation were endued with Souls as well as Mankind, and in the general he aſſerted that all Souls were material.

In the Midſt of theſe Diſquiſitions, *Aboulcaſem* was ſitting one Night in his Study, his Lamp burning before him, when of a ſudden, Thunders rolled deep and awful over his Head; the Mountains were ſhaken and they groaned; keen Lightenings flaſhed athwart the Hemiſphere; the third Heaven was opened and a Flood of Radiance deſcended upon the Earth The Solemnity of the Scene appalled the Heart of *Aboulcaſem*; Trembling ſeized his Limbs; he fell proſtrate and adored the Meſſenger from God, who now ſtood before him, and ſpoke in Accents, which chilled the Blood within him, and made him ſtand convinced of his vain Philoſophy.

ABOULCASEM, ſaid he, receive my Sayings with an Ear "of Attention. Know then that the Eye of him, who is in "the third Heaven hath beheld thee; he hath viewed thy Ways "with Compaſſion, and he hath made this Viſion a Vehicle of "Inſtruction unto thy Soul, which is at preſent loſt and bewildered in a Maze of idle and fooliſh Philoſophy; for thy "Philoſophy is not calculated to advance true Knowledge, Virtue, and Wiſdom, but it has its Source in Oſtentation. Oſtentation and vain Glory have induced thee to diſplay thy "imagined Superiority of Parts, which pretends to pervade all "Syſtems of Religion, and thy Heart's Conceit will approve "of none. Thy Studies are ill directed, and their Drift is "only to alienate the Minds of Men from any ſettled Form "of Worſhip, which you are in the Wrong to diſturb, as "your own Inſufficience cannot ſubſtitute a better than what "is deſigned to keep Society in a due Senſe of Reſignation to "a ſupreme Being, and to preſerve the Bands of civil Compact religiouſly unbroken. Caſt but thine Eye upon yonder "Vale; behold what is there tranſacted. There thou may'ſt "ſee Men diveſted of all Forms of Worſhip, and rendered "perfectly conformable to thy vain Notions of Religion. There "thou may'ſt ſee what is the State of Man ungoverned by "ſettled Forms of Devotion; they have ſhaken off all Regard "to the Prophet, and behold them immerſed in all Manner "of vicious Practices. Uncontrouled they knock out each other's "Brains, they make War to gratify their Ambition; freely "without Reſtraint they proſcribe whom they pleaſe; the "Bonds of Society are broken, and the Contempt of divine "Laws has introduced a Contempt for all human Inſtitutions. "To promote this Scene of Confuſion are thy Writings calculated, but know and dread the Truth I am now to utter; "that it will better behove thee to pay Submiſſion to the eſtabliſhed Forms of Worſhip of thy Country than to diſturb the "Peace of the faithful, and thereby fill their Minds with "Doubt, with Jealouſy, Miſtruſt, Suſpicion, and all the Horrors of an overweening Imagination."

At theſe Words the Radiance, which ſpoke, withdrew from his Eyes and left *Aboulcaſem* in the utmoſt Conſternation; the Impreſſion was, however, very ſoon effaced, for notwithſtanding this Admonition, he perſevered in his ill Deſigns; but the Thread of his Days was cut ſhort before he could vent them abroad into the World. However his Intentions were not totally fruſtrated, for the Hand of Death had no ſooner ſmote him, than his Compoſitions fell into the Hands of *Namabran*, another eaſtern Writer, who ſold them for a certain Number of Sequins of Gold, and by thoſe Means the Writings of *Aboulcaſem* came into every Body's Hands, and ſpread their baneful Influence on the Minds of all the Inhabitants of *Bagdad*. X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, June 5.

Since my laſt I received the following Letter from the Gentelman with whom I have had a ſmall literary Diſpute.

Dear CHARLES,

I Was reſolved to try your Temper, and ſince I find you have both Bottom and Spirit, I ſhake hands with you, and am your Friend again. Your Paragraph about *P. F.* in your laſt, was an Hit; it was ſmart, witty and to the Purpoſe, nay, ſo much to the purpoſe, that I have kept it from my Wife—ſhould you like to laugh with the Author of the Epigram and the Letters ſigned *P. F.*, ſay but the Word in your next Journal and I will meet you at your own Time and Place, to laugh away Animoſities, crak a Joke, ſqueeze a Lemon, damn the *Jews*, and ſettle the Affairs of the Nation; I perhaps may ſhew you ſomething that will make no bad Figure in the *Grays Inn*; but ſtill I bar Alterations.

I am yours, &c. P. F.

My Correſpondent at the ſame Time ſent me an Epigram occaſioned by my Anſwer to him laſt Saturday, in which I muſt own, he has pleaſantly and wittily turned the Tables againſt me. For Reaſons beſt known to myſelf, the Reader muſt not expect to peruſe it in this Paper, though I am convinced it would afford him no ſmall Pleaſure. With regard to my Friend's Invitation, I muſt profeſs myſelf to be at his Command whenever he will pleaſe to ſignify it by a Line. I will then explain myſelf more fully to him concerning the Alteration, which has occaſioned our Correſpondence, and the *Grays Inn Journal* ſhall be open for any Thing of his Production, as I am convinced from our ſhort Intercourſe, that his lively Turn of Wit cannot fail to furniſh out a proper Repaſt for intelligent Minds.

June the 8th.

The following Verſes were ſent to me this Week, and as they are ſaid to be written by a Lad of fifteen Years of Age, in order to encourage growing Merit, the youthful Author ſhall have the Pleaſure of ſeeing his Performance this Day in the *Grays-Inn Journal*. Lord! How his Schoolfellows will adore him? How his Heart will throb to find himſelf ſo ſoon in print.

Part of the firſt Satire of the firſt Book of HORACE, *looſely imitated.*

Content alone, Sir, 'tis confeſt
Can make a Man compleatly bleſt,
And yet ſo little on't we ſee,
(I muſt, egad, confeſs it t'ye)
All Stations, faith, I think have loſt it,
From noble Lord to humble Poet;
All, every one laments his Fate,
From ſimple Ruſtic's empty Pate
To noble Judge's Head renown'd,
With Periwig prodigious crown'd.
The Soldier brave in Battle hot
Praiſes the Merchant's happy Lot,
While here and there he ſhows a Scar,
And damns the curſed Fate of War.
The Merchant too, with rueful Face,
Laments his poor unhappy Caſe;
So many Ships all homeward bound,
With many, many thouſand Pound,

I've loſt them all, alas! he cries,
And with his Hands up to the Skies,
Curſes the Time he e'er was made,
The unhappy *Laughing-Stock* of Trade.
But here I ceaſe to make more pother,
About comparing this and t'other,
I'll tell my Thoughts, howe'er as freely
As poſſibly I can unto ye;
Suppoſe, by Chance, or as you will,
Man might of Pleaſure have his Swill,
Or rove about in any Station,
Juſt as might ſuit his Inclination,
That is to ſay, conſult his Eaſe,
And live juſt as himſelf might pleaſe,
A Merchant if he lik'd, a Soldier,
Or if it be his Whim, a Lawyer;
Or if he would be ſtill more grave,
A Doctor's Station he might have:
An even Wager I would lay,
He'd be for changing in a Day,
Or rather (for I wou'd not looſe)
He wou'd not know what State to chooſe:
Now *Jupiter* would ſerve him fair,
If never more he'd hear his Pray'r;
Men ſhould conſider, I proteſt,
That *Jupiter* himſelf knows beſt;
For if this Station, or that t'other
Wou'd ſuit me better than another,
Why ſurely ye can make no Doubt,
It will be mine for all your Rout;
Then think your preſent State the beſt,
And——turn to *Horace* for the reſt.

Your humble Servant,

Adoleſcens Æt. 15.

Haymarket 5th *of June.*

Laſt Night the new Engliſh Opera of *Eliza* was ſuppreſſed by an Order from ſuperior Power, by which Means many Perſons of Taſte were deprived of a very elegant Entertainment, as it was univerſally acknowledged that this muſical Performance has very extraordinary Merit, being a ſenſible Compoſition, calculated to convey the livelieſt Ideas to the Fancy, and to awaken the Paſſions of every feeling Heart. It is ſaid, that inſtigated by this Diſappointment, Mr. *Arne* will apply to P——t for a Bill to *unnaturalize* him, that he may then have the *Privileges of an Engliſhman*, as well as any Foreigner of them all.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 38. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, *June* 8, 1754.

Obſcuris vera involvens ——

VIRG.

HAVING received ſeveral Letters, by which I find that the oriental Story, publiſhed in my laſt, has given general Satiſfaction to my Readers, I have reſolved to ſubmit to their Peruſal, a Tranſlation of another *Indian* Narrative, of which I ſhall only ſay with Mr. *Pope*;

Here in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the falſe Scale of Happineſs compleat.

AMONG the Viſiers and Miniſters, who figured round the *Indian* Throne, and ſupported by their Prudence and Valour, the Luſtre and Dignity of the illuſtrious Race of *Timur*, *Morad*, the Son of *Hanuth*, held the moſt conſpicuous Rank. In War he had done ſignal Service to the *Califf*, and in Peace, his Country reaped the Benefit of his equitable Diviſions on the Tribunal of Juſtice. In Recompence for his Services he had obtained the Government of a Province, in which Office he continued to give daily Proofs of Moderation, Generoſity, and every amiable Virtue; by which Means his Fame was ſpread abroad, and reached the Emperor of *Agra*, who was inſtantly enamoured of ſo beautiful a Character, and he conceived a Deſire a Deſire to make ſo valuable a Perſonage his own. Thus the good Qualities, which were one Day to baniſh *Morad* from the Court, at preſent ſerved to open a Paſſage for him, and to accelerate his Promotion; for in a ſhort Time he proſtrated himſelf at the Feet of the *Califf*, who incontinently heaped numberleſs Favours upon him, while *Morad* on his Part never ceaſed to deſerve them. He was entruſted with all the Emperor's Treaſures, and was Commander General of all his Forces. From the Confines of *Perſia* to the *Indian* Ocean every Thing was under Subjection to *Morad*; every Tongue was mute in his Preſence, and before him every Eye looked down with reverential Awe; he loved the Prince who raiſed him to this State of Elevation, and, inſtead of being envied, he was beloved by the People.

For a Series of ſeveral Years Proſperity on downy Pinions hovered over his Head, and the pleaſing Images of his Prince's generous Affection placed him in Fancy beyond the Reach of Malice. A Reverſe of Fortune he ſet down among the Things which he thought impoſſible; the Intrigues of Courtiers, and the Cabals of ill-deſigning Men were the Objects of his Contempt; attentive to Merit only, he carried his Extravagance of Virtue ſo far as to imagine, that in a corrupt degenerate Court, he could be great and good, with Impunity. But the Sun ſoon ceaſed to gild the Palace of *Morad* with the ſame cheering Radiance, which had hitherto beamed Luſtre around him; the Storm gathered heavily in Clouds o'er his Head; and the turbulent Tempeſts of Jealouſy, Ambition, Hatred and Revenge environed him with a Whirlind more dreadful than that which tears up whole Continents of Sand in the Wilds of *Arabia*.

In Conſequence of this Confederacy againſt him, the innocent and injured *Morad* threw himſelf at the Prince's Feet in Confuſion, which was artfully ſuborned as an Evidence of Guilt; the grand Apartments in his Houſe, which were formerly filled with a Band of Courtiers, were now empty and forlorn; he was diveſted of his Honours, his Eſtates were all confiſcated, except what he inherited from his Anceſtors, which by a ſingular Indulgence of the *Califf*, he was ſtill permitted to enjoy.

At this Juncture, *Morad*, what were your Thoughts, what were your Senſations? The Sun uſhered in a Day void of Occupation, and the Night a Train of reſtleſs Dreams. The gay Ideas of a Court roſe conſtantly to his Imagination, and he would ſay to himſelf with a Sigh, "I have loſt the Opportunity of doing good;" and his Heart in ſecret Whiſperings told him, "You have loſt the Dignity of Command." His Conſtitution received ſuch ſevere Strokes from theſe melancholy Reflections, that he languiſhed under the Preſſure, and his Soul ſickened to Deſperation. A gloomy viſionary Light obſcured his Eyes with dim Suffuſion, and at length with Joy he perceived the approaching Sunſet of his Days. *Death* he had ſeen without Apprehenſion in various Shapes, amidſt embattled Squadrons, when he was in the Meridian of his Glory; and now, ſunk with Miſery and Affliction, he beheld him with an unreluctant Eye. As he lay languiſhing on the Bed of Sickneſs, his Servants, who had hitherto adhered to him began to neglect their Maſter, ſaying to each other, that it was impoſſible to pleaſe his Ill-Humours. *Morad*, *Morad*, you thundered not long ſince, at the Head of Armies; whole Nations obeyed your Voice; and now how altered! Relaxed and infeebled you groan in Anguiſh, and a menial Slave refuſes that tender Aid, which out of Humanity thou wouldſt have afforded him.

By this Time the News of *Morad's* Situation reached the Ear of his Son *Abouzaid*, who inſtantly quitted his Regiment. He flies to his Father's Relief, arrives at his Bed-ſide, and in a Guſh of Tears embraces his agonizing Body; but all Help was vain; *Morad* beheld the Miniſter of Death before his Eyes, and to make the beſt Uſe in his Power of his laſt Moments, he bid *Abouzaid* draw near, and thus beſpoke him.

" My Son *Abouzaid*, hear me. Your Father has no more " to hope or fear in this Life. The Angel of Death has " ſeized his Victim. Then liſten to my laſt Directions: You " have beheld your Father in the Height of Proſperity; you " have known him in the Abyſs of Miſery; I have fallen " a Prey to ill-deſigning Men; the *Califf's* Humanity left me " my paternal Poſſeſſions; Wiſdom and Equanimity I might " have preſerved myſelf. But vain boaſt! I yielded to Debi-" lity of Mind; no more of that—Caſt your Eye now up-" on yourſelf; but one ſhort Moment, and theſe Poſſeſſions " are all your own; then mind my Words. Let Happineſs be " your aim; avoid public Honours; fly from Courts, as " from the Monſters of the Deſart; you have a Sufficiency " to ſhield you from Inſults; let your Moderation ſhade " you from Envy. The Dignity of Virtue is the firſt " Honour you can attain; ſtudy to deſerve ſincere Friend-" ſhip, but let your Happineſs be independant of exter-" nal Objects, and fixed in your own Mind. In the Zenith " of my Days I deſpiſed Calumny; who, ſaid I, will liſten " to thee, foul-mouthed Detraction?—I was in the Wrong; ne-" ver, My Son, think yourſelf aboe the Malice of the moſt " abject Creature; flatterers are always dangerous; conſcious of " the Meanneſs they ſubmit to in offering Incenſe, they en-" deavour to avenge themſelves by the malicious Pleaſure of " ſeeing their ſuperiors humbled to the Duſt like themſelves. " Then learn my Son."—

He could no more; his Lot for Eternity was caſt, and he expired. *Abouzaid* wept in Bitterneſs of Anguiſh over the beſt of Fathers; he treaſured up his Precepts in the inmoſt Receſſes of his Soul, and immediately began to conform his Practice to them. The firſt Step he took was to eſtabliſh the internal Harmony of his own Mind, and then to promote Peace and Order throughout all his Family. He endeavoured to render Servitude eaſy to his Domeſticks, until at length he found out their Ingratitude, by a Theft which was committed. He then perceived, that there was no making a Friend of a Servant; and having an Heart naturally inclined to form Attachments, he began to make Connections with his Equals. But Riot, Jealouſy, Miſtruſt and Treachery determined him to try an higher Sphere of Life, which, however, he ſoon grew tired of, as he did not here meet with that Cordiality and Confidence, to which the Warmth of his ſocial Affections inclined him. His Table was open to every one, without Diſtinction, by which Means he fell in the Opinions of all People of real Merit. In vain his Palace reſounded with Singers and Minſtrels; in vain did Amber and Aloes adminiſter their rich Perfumes; in vain were his Tables covered with Vaſes of Agate filled with the moſt delicious Liquors of the Eaſt. Theſe were no Inducements to Perſons of a liberal Way of thinking, and therefore *Abouzaid* was again obliged to have Recourſe to ſome new Plan of Life.

Let us addict ourſelves, ſaid he, to the polite Arts and the Embelliſhments of Wit; let us have Intercourſe with Men of a Genius; let us call forth drooping Merit from Obſcurity, and try what will be the Effects of Gratitude in a cultivated Underſtanding. At the Word his Houſe was filled with Moraliſts from all Parts of the Eaſt, with Poets, with Painters and with Muſicians. Each in his Way contributed to adorn his Library. The Siſter Arts of Poeſy, Painting, and Sculpture lent their auxiliar Aid, and the Philoſophers diſcloſed to him the ſecret Wonders of Nature. But in vain; *Abouzaid* did not ſo much want Books and other elegant Furniture, as Hearts endued with the ſocial Feelings. He began to perceive that the delicate Turn of Expreſſion, with which his new Gueſts delivered themſelves, differed but little in the Main from the abject Submiſſion of his former Slaves. In Proceſs of Time Eaſe and Plenty pampered their Pride, and they began to look down upon their Benefactor, againſt whom they now gave vent to all the Sneers of malicious Wit; at the Ingratitude of which *Abouzaid* was ſo enflamed, that he diſmiſſed them from his Roof.

HAMED, the Poet, was the laſt in this baniſhed Train, on Account of the ſtrong Tendencies to Benevolence, which his

Patron felt towards him. At length *Abouzaid* told him, *Hamed*, your Ingratitude has ſtung me to the Heart; I loved you beſt; but I now ſtand convinced, notwithſtanding all your florid Deſcriptions of Virtue, and the Excurſions of your Fancy into Paradiſe, that you are like the reſt; go, wander o'er the Deſart; I ſee plainly that there is no depending on the Gratitude of the human Heart, nor will I longer purſue the Chimera of Friendſhip; My Happineſs ſhall for the future be independant of outward Objects; and in my own Purity of Manners and Uprightneſs of Heart ſhall be lodged the Sources of that Felicity, which I have in vain ſought at the Hands of Men like you. After this *Abouzaid* did not totally abſtract himſelf from Society, but the Remainder of his Days was chiefly ſpent in preſerving the Ballance of his Affections, and fixing ſuch Habits of Serenity in his Soul, ſuch a Taſte for Goodneſs and ſuch Reliſhes for Piety as might ſerve to qualify him for a Reception in thoſe Manſions, which are prepared for good Men whenever the Miniſter of Death ſhall ſummon the unbodied Spirit from this ſublunary Scene. W

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, June 15.

INſtead of giving my Readers any Account of the various Occurrences, which have happened in this Metropolis ſince my laſt, I ſhall this Day treat them with a Retroſpect of ſome certain Contingencies among Lovers, and I make no doubt but in the preſent ſoft Seaſon of the Year, ſome Degree of Utility may be derived from the following ſuccinct Hiſtory of *Enamoratos*. I am ſenſible of what Importance it is to the World to know that *William Doe*, Breeches-Maker is not dead, as was reported: That a Treaty of Marriage is on Foot between *John Wiſeacre* Eſq; and Miſs *Red-Cheek*: That on Wedneſday Mr *Such-a-one* was walked through a Horſe-pond by a Gentleman's Coachman for pretending Love to a pretty young Lady, with many other Adventures of equal Moment; but, at this Juncture, I beg leave to fill up the Remainder of this Paper with an Extract from ſome Records of *Roſamond's Pond*, which have lately fallen in my Way, and which contain a Memorial of theſe Perſonages of both Sexes, who have thought proper to ſeek for Relief from the aſſwaging Waters of this little Canal. The Peruſal may ſerve to caution tender Minds not too indulge too much ſo inſinuating and enervating a Paſſion, as Love certainly is; and having ſaid thus much, by Way of Preface, I ſhall give theſe Memoirs in the ſame ſimple Dreſs in which they fell into my Hands.

Miſs *Betſy Hopeleſs*, Milliner in the *New-Exchange*, threw herſelf into the Pond for Monſieur *Capriole*, a Figure Dancer at *Drury-Lane Playhouſe*; the Coroner's Inqueſt ſat upon her Body, and, after admiring it for a ſufficient Time, brought in their Verdict, *Lunacy*; but *not wilful*.

John Second-thought was ſmitten by the amiable Miſs *Dimple*, and after having paid Attendance for many Months, and at the Expence of ſeveral conſiderable Preſents, ſuch as a Pocket Looking-Glaſs, a Twee, &c. He walked very demurely on a fine Summer's Evening to the Brink of the Pond, and having ſurveyed it very cooly, he changed his Mind and went Home again.

A young Lady of Faſhion, whoſe Name it is not proper to mention, flung herſelf in for the Love of *Thomas* the Footman, but was taken up by the Centinel, and only damaged a new *Petenlair*.

Captain *Dare-Devil* having received a Kicking from a Brother Officer who was his Rival, went at ſix o' Clock the next Morning, and drowned himſelf in this oblivious Lake; his Body was taken up, and there was found in his Pocket a Tooth-pick, ſomething the worſe for the wear an empty Purſe, very little damaged, Lord *Rocheſter's* Poems, and a Cork Skrew.

William Aſhley took a ſober Walk with a Friend down the Bird-Cage Walk, took his Leave of him. and then very quickly plunged in. There were found in his Pocket two Guineas, ſome Silver, a Tobacco-Stopper, a Volume of *Whitfield's* Sermons, and a Piece of Paper, on which were the following Lines.

A frowning World and a drunken Wife,
Is the Cauſe of my putting an End to my Life.

Miſs *Mary Tinder*, of *York Buildings*, aged twenty three, in Love with an Under-actor belonging to his Majeſty's Company of Comedians, took the Lover's Leap and was hurt in the Fall, but perfectly recovered.

N. B. This was the third Time of her attempting ſo deſperate an Action.

Elizabeth Softly was deeply in Love with Monſieur *La Jeuneſſe*, a *French* Hair-Cutter, and went with a peremptory Reſolution to finiſh her Sorrows, but happening to meet a young Templar near the Brink of the fatal Waters, ſhe changed her Mind, and in pure Complyance, and with a pretty Smile, ſhe went with him to the *Vineyard*, and inſtead of ſending a Perſon out of the World, it is ſaid, that in nine Months after ſhe brought forth a young Foundling.

N. B She is ſtill ſeen in the *Park* every Evening as it begins to grow dark.

Dick Nimblewriſt, alias *Crook-fingered Jack*, fell in love with a Gentleman's Handkerchief, a Corner of which hung out of his Pocket ſo invitingly, that he was tempted to ſeize it, but being diſcovered in the Attempt, he was drenched in the Pond in Order to cool his inordinate Deſires.

John Atall, Eſq; threw himſelf in about ſix o' Clock in the Evening, which drew together a large Concourſe of People; but, having laid a deep Wager at the *Kings-Arms*, he only ſwam acroſs and got out again.

N. B. He took cold and died that Day Week of a raging Fever.

Margaret Fretfull, becauſe her Complexion was hurt by the Small-Pox, dived to the Bottom, and their remained, till like *Ophelia*, ſhe had too much of Water.

Monſieur *Languedoc*, a Gentleman who left his own Country on Account of his Religion, and that he might enjoy a Portion of *Engliſh* Liberty, met with ſome Inſult from a vulgar ſeeming Perſon in the Mall; and Words enſuing, his Antagoniſt inſtantly threw away his Hat and Wig, ſpit in his Fiſt, and ſtood in a bruiſing Attitude; Whereupon Monſieur *Languedoc* drew his Sword, which ſo incenſed the Populace, that they took him to the Pond and ducked him three Times.

N. B. A Tooth that had been looſe for ſome Time fell out upon this Occaſion.

Sappho the little Poeteſs, that walks in the *Park*, was taken out by an *Iriſhman*, who ſtripped and plunged in to her Relief. She was ſuppoſed to be drunk when ſhe committed this raſh Action, as ſhe did not reſound her Verſes on this Occaſion as diſtinctly as uſual.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

T H E

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 39. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1754.

> ——— *Veteres ita miratur laudatque Poetas.*
> *Indignor quidquam reprehendi non quia craſſe*
> *Scriptum, illepidive putetur ſed quia nuper.*
>
> HOR.

IF the following Letter affords my Readers as much Pleaſure, as I have received from it, I ſhall have no Reaſon to be ſorry for giving it a Place in this Day's Paper.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq.*

SIR,

I KNOW the Importance of an Author to himſelf is ſo very great, that he looks upon it as abſolutely neceſſary, that the Public ſhould be informed of every particular Circumſtance relating to his Body or Mind; as for Inſtance, at what Hour he goes to Bed, on which Side he compoſed himſelf to Sleep; whether his Slumbers were interrupted, and above all, the Purport of his Dreams, *for Dreams deſcend from Jove.* In my Senſe this Practice is perfectly juſt; but I hope Mr. *Ranger* will not monopolize Dreaming, and that he will give an occaſional Writer the Liberty of communicating to the Public, how he paſſed the Night. My Hopes of ſucceeding in this Requeſt are the more ſanguine, as the intellectual Scene, of which I mean here to give ſome Account was occaſioned by a Peruſal of a Viſion of your own, in which you deſcribe a *Sacrifice to the Graces.*

The Images, which that Piece excited in my Fancy, incorporated, if I may ſo call it, with the Ideas, that have been uppermoſt in my waking Thoughts for ſome Time paſt, and I imagined in my Sleep that there was a general Election in *Parnaſſus* for proper Members to repreſent the Republic of Letters. It ſeems, *Apollo* was induced by frequent Murmurs and Complaints to diſſolve his Parliament; ſome Male-contents among the Moderns, being of Opinion, that the Antients had arbitrarily voted themſelves perpetual Dictators in Wit, whereas, upon a free uninfluenced Election, they believed themſelves capable of returning a larger Number than the ſaid Antients. The Party for the Moderns was led on by Monſieur *De la Motte*, *Perrault* and *Wotton*; the two former were vigorouſly oppoſed by *Boileau*, Madam *Dacier*, and the latter by Mr. *Pope* and *Doctor Swift*. *Swift* ordered a new Edition of his Battle of the Books to be publiſhed forthwith, and *Pope* took occaſion to reprint his Eſſays, and Criticiſms upon *Homer*. The *Old* and *New Intereſt* were the Words by which each Party ſignified their Attachments, and Reams of *Lampoons*, *Acroſtics*, and *Rebus's* were iſſued out by the *Moderns*, which were all anſwered by Epigrams, Fables, and Burleſque Pieces written by the Friends of the Antients.

At length the Writs were iſſued out to the proper Officers to chuſe Repreſentatives for the ſeveral Counties and Borough-Towns in *Parnaſſus*, ſome Places by poetic Licence having Leave to return as many Members, as could fairly prove a Qualification. *Homer* and *Virgil* were declared for epic Poetry; *Milton* was ſet up by the Encouragement of ſeveral Friends, and they were all three accordingly choſen. *Homer* had four and twenty upon the Poll, and *Virgil* twelve; *Milton* by an Aſſeſſment a little before the Election created two new Votes, by which he alſo reached the Number twelve, and *Virgil* was ſo modeſt that he madeno Objection to it. *Taſſo*, Sir *Richard Blackmore*, and others were declared Candidates, but the former was proved to have bribed with *clinquant*, and the latter could not make out a Qualification.

SOPHOCLES and *Euripides* joined Intereſts, and *Ariſtotle* undertook to canvaſs for them; but *Shakeſpear* carried it by a great Majority; *Corneille* and *Racine* ſtood next upon the Liſt, but a Scrutiny was demanded in Favour of the *Old Intereſt*, who objected to the Legality of ſeveral Votes, and the *New Intereſt*, upon a Suſpicion that ſundry Copyholders had polled, employed ſome *French* Critics to go through their Anſwer; it is thought it will at laſt end in a double Return.

In the Region of Comedy the Antients loſt their Election by a very great Majority; *Moliere*, *Ben Johnſon*, *Congreve* and *Vanburgh*, being declared duly elected. *Shakeſpear* was offered a Seat in the Houſe for this Quarter, but he choſe to be returned for Tragedy. It is ſaid, that when Mr. *Cibber* arrives

rives here, he will be put up as a Perſon duly qualified, tho' it is apprehended that his Quarrel with *Pope* has deprived him of ſeveral Votes.

THE *New Intereſt* exulted greatly upon their Conqueſt in the laſt Election, and in Order to compleat their Triumph, proceed further into the Regions of *Humour* and *Ridicule*. *Homer* was here again put up by *Ariſtotle*, who urged the *Margites* as a ſufficient Claim; but the Writings of that Eſtate being loſt, he was obliged to decline the Poll. After this an Advertiſement was publiſhed, deſiring the Votes and Intereſt of all the true Sons of Merriment for *Ariſtophanes*, *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, who had juſt loſt their Election in another Place; *Lucian* ſet up upon his own Intereſt. The *Moderns* declared *Cervantes*, *Rablais*, *Swift* and *Butler* joint Candidates, being all Gentlemen heartily attached to true Wit and Humour. Votes were alſo ſollicited for ſeveral other Perſonages; *Monſieur la Sage*, *Scarroon*, *Marivaux*, and *Addiſou* were ſtrongly recommended; but the latter being returned in Conjunction with *Terence* and *le Sage* for the Borough of POLITE-MIRTH, Sir *Richard Steel* appeared on the Huſtings and withdrew his Friend's Name. *Swift* mixed with the lower Sort of People; joked with the Women about their Poſteriors, and republiſhed his Account of the ſtrange Man juſt arrived in Town. *Rablais* contributed a good Deal to the general Mirth; *Cervantes* occaſionally gave vent to a Vein of low Humour, but *Lucian* could not make himſelf univerſally underſtood, and many of his Turns did not allude to modern-practiſed Life. *Scarroon* got together a Company of Strollers, and exhibited Entertainments in Booths with great Succeſs. *Ward*, *Concanon*, and *Tom Brown* offered themſelves on this Occaſion, but were rejected with Contempt. At length the Books were cloſed, and *Lucian* *Cervantes*, *Butler*, and *Swift* were declared duly elected At which the Managers for the *New Intereſt* were highly inflamed; they lodged a Petition in Favour of *Rablais*, but ſuch a Vein of Extravagance run through the whole, and ſome Paſſages were worked up into ſuch a Strain of unintelligible Frolic, that it was generally ſuppoſed it would be given againſt him. However his Friends were determined to bring him in for an inferior Borough, and *Scarroon* and *Marivaux* were alſo aſſured of their Election. Whenever *Fielding* ſhall take Poſſeſſion of his Eſtate in this Part of *Parnaſſus*, there is a Borough ready to elect him.

To have ſo many Moderns choſen for the laſt Diviſion was highly agreeable to the *New Inteeſt*; they were however a good Deal dejected at the Election for *Hiſtory*, for which the Conteſt was ineffectual. *Thycidides*, *Salluſt*, *Livy*, and *Tacitus* being choſen by a great Majority. *Paminianus Strada* endeavoured to hurt the Election of the laſt mentioned Writer, in Order, as it was thought, to ſubſtitute himſelf; but *Peers* being allowed to appear at Elections in *Parnaſſus*, Lord *Bolingbroke* gave all his Intereſt to *Tacitus*, and aſſured him that his Works were of infinite Uſe in all his political Tracts. *Salluſt* recommended *St. Real*, an approved *French* Hiſtorian, to a Borough. *Julius Cæſar* was put up without his Conſent, a literary Fame not being the Object of his Ambition; Lord *Clarendon* was for a long Time decryed by a Party, but was at laſt declared duly elected.

DEMOSTHENES and *Cicero* harangued from the Huſtings, and were unanimouſly choſen for Oratory; it was remarkable that among all, who have made a conſpicuous Figure in the *Britiſh* Parliaments, not one could make an Oppoſition in theſe Regions. A Party of *Frenchmen* endeavoured to make a Stand, upon the Strength of ſome certain Funeral Orations, but in a few Hours they found themſelves greatly out-polled.

HORACE, *Boileau*, *Dryden*, and Mr. *Pope* were made the Repreſentatives of Satyr; *Juvenal* and *Perſeus* having ſet up for Places upon their own ſeperate Intereſts; as ſoon as the Election was over Mr. *Pope* thanked the Conſtituents for the Honour conferred upon him, and ſignified his Inclination to take his Seat for *Ethics*, to which he was recommended by the Lord Viſcount *Bolingbroke*.

LORD *Bacon* and Mr. *Lock*, were returned for real and uſeful Philoſophy, at which *Ariſtotle* was violently enraged. He was however ſomewhat comforted to find himſelf the firſt on the Poll for *Criticiſm*; *Longinus*, *Quintilian*, and *Bohours* were alſo declared duly elected. There was a great Number of Boroughs in this County, moſt of which were repreſented by *Frenchmen*, the Chief of whom was the *Abbé du Bos*, Author of the Reflections upon Poeſy and Painting. Mr. *Addiſon* was alſo returned in this Diſtrict, but being previouſly choſen, he recommended in his Room the Author of that excellent Poem, *The Pleaſures of Imagination*.

IN the Regions of miſcellaneous Poetry *Dryden* had an Offer from almoſt every Place; *Spencer* was elected for a *Borough*, ſaid to be ever-run with Witches and Fairies; In *Paſtoral*, *Ambroſe Philips* exerted his utmoſt Intereſt, but it was ſaid that Mr. *Pope*, though he did not chuſe to be the Repreſentative himſelf, had reſolved to hinder *Philips* from coming in. *Virgil* thanked the Country People for the Offers made to himſelf, expatiated on rural Happineſs, and ſaid he ſhould always be a Lover of *Woods* and *Rivers*, but begged Leave to recommend in his room *Vaniere*, Writer of the *Prædium Ruſticum*, and the late Mr *James Thompſon* Author of the Seaſons.

THOUGH the *New-Intereſt* had no Reaſon to be diſatisfied with theſe Proceedings, they were highly diſappointed in ſeveral Places. However, they were determined to keep up their Spirits with a Shew of Victory. I fancied their Acclamations of Joy were ſo loud on the Occaſion, that I was awaked from my Dream. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

J. NIGHTMARE.

Oxford,
June 17, 1754.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, June 22.

IN my laſt Paper I was led into a Miſtake, which has hurt a certain Delicacy in my Temper to ſuch a Degree, that it is not without Uneaſineſs I now look back upon it, even though I am perſwaded, that when the Reader is made acquainted with it, it will not appear to him a Matter of ſufficient Conſequence to give any Man the leaſt Diſturbance. But Authors are frequently of whimſical Diſpoſitions, and are actuated by Feelings to which the Reſt of Mankind are entirely Strangers. Without further Preface, be it known that in the laſt Week I received an eaſtern Story of *Morad* and his Son *Abouzaid*, which the Perſon, who ſent it, told me he had tranſlated from the *French*. As I was very much entertained with this oriental Tale, I publiſhed it laſt Saturday, and then learned too late, that that very ſame Piece was tranſlated into *French* from a Paper, juſtly in great Repute, publiſhed here three or four Years ſince. It gave me no ſmall Confuſion, that the *Grays's Inn Journal*, which the Author has always endeavoured to render as original as poſſible, ſhould ſerve up an Entertainment cooked by a third Hand; what renders this Affair ſomewhat extraordinary, is, that in the ſame *French* Miſcellany, from which this *Indian* Narrative was taken, the Author has the Arrogance to talk impertinently of the *Rambler*, though he has availed himſelf of his Writings without acknowledging it. As this is the firſt Time that this Paper has ſubſiſted for a ſingle Day upon *French* Tranſlation, Mr. *Ranger* will take care it ſhall be the laſt, for fear he ſhould be impoſed upon a ſecond Time by the Policy of our Neighbours.

The Proceedings at the Court of cenſorial Enquiry, on the Commiſſion of Oyer *and* Terminer, *and general Goal Delivery held for the Cities of* London *and* Weſtminſter.

The Judges being ſeated and a Jury impanelled,

JOSEPH PASTORAL was indicted for that he, without having the Fear of the God of Wit before his Eyes, but urged on by a Propenſity to thieving, a Volume of *Shakeſpear* did take, and thence a Farce did purloin called *Sheep-ſhearing*, and the ſame did ſend to *Covent-Garden* Playhouſe, where it was preſented to a numerous Audience at Mr. *Barry's* Benefit, *&c.*

The Council for the Proſecution urged, that it is offering a very high Indignity to the Name of our immortal Poet to dwindle him down into a Farce-Writer, and that whoever attempts ſuch a Work, "*robs the great Bard of that which not enriches him, and makes* Shakeſpear *poor indeed.*"

John Inſtep. I am a Shoemaker, and I was obliged to take a Ticket for the Play from a Neighbour, who ſaid he had five Pounds worth upon his Hands; and ſo I went to the Play, and I then ſaw a Farce, as they call it, which a Gentleman that I work for in the *Temple*, ſaid, was taken from a Play of *Shakeſpear*. And further I know not.

Mary Cherry-cheek—I am Servant-maid to Mrs. *Macſlummery*; and my Miſtreſs, ſhe took a good many Tickets; ſhe does ſo every Year; and ſo ſhe told, *Mary*, ſays ſhe, you may go to the Play ſays ſhe, and you'll be rarely diverted, ſays ſhe, and take care to be home in good Time, ſays ſhe, and dont go a picking up Fellows, ſays ſhe—Lord Madam, ſays I, did you ever know me to trouble myſelf about Fellows, ſays I, and Lord Madam, ſays I, if you ſuſpects a Body, ſays I, you need not ſend me at all, ſays I. And ſo I went tho' for all that, and I was on the Stage, and I ſaw the fine handſome Man, La I loves to look at him, that's a ſure Thing;—and then they acted *Sheep-ſheering*, and as I am a living Soul I went Home ſtreight.

Priſoner's Defence.

I never did ſo in my Life before, and if you'll forgive me this Time, I'll never do it again. GUILTY.

Upon which he ſet up a loud Cry, and roared out

Ah! ſilly I, more ſilly than my Sheep
Which on the flow'ry Plain I once did keep.

William Pilfer was indicted, that he did ſteal from the ſaid *William Shakeſpear* a Farce entitled *Catherine* and *Petruchio*, and the ſame did carry to *Drury Lane* where he cauſed it to be exhibited *&c.*

Thomas Lyrick—I am free of *Drury Lane* Playhouſe, ever ſince I wrote a Ballad for a Pantomime; I went thither on the Night this Piece was performed, and I ſaw the Priſoner behind the Scenes, trembling and biting his Nails, with as much Uneaſineſs as if he were original Author of the Piece; and I am convinced that I read the beſt Part of it in *Shakeſpear.*

Court. Dont you appear a Witneſs againſt the Priſoner out of Envy?

Lyrick. Envy him! no! no! all his Things are pilfered. If I envy People, I ſhall envy Originals.

William Spout. I am an Actor at *Drury-Lane* Play-houſe; I have thirty Shillings a Week, and the Priſoner at the Bar read my Part to me, and he told me it would do Wonders, and that he had ſeveral more of the ſame Sort; and if I remember right he told me he had taken it from *Shakeſpear.*

Priſoner's Defence.

I looked into the Play accidentally, and I had a Mind to be doing, and I thought I ſhould get a Trifle by it; and I do not deny that I ſtole the Farce, but I imagined there would be a Merit in it rather than otherwiſe. *Guilty* 10d.

There was another Indictment againſt him for the GRUMBLER *and ſome other Farces, but this being laid for ſingle Felony, he was not tried upon it.*

After this came on the Tryal of *David Quibble* for punning; we ſhall take another Opportunity to give a full and true Account of it in this Paper.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE
GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 40. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1754.

Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidêre, cadentquè,
Quæ nunc ſunt in Honore, vocabula, ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes Arbitrium eſt et jus et norma loquendi.
——*Sermonum ſtet Honos et gratia vivax.* HOR.

THE following Letter containing Matters of great Utility, I beg Leave to recommend it to the Peruſal of my Readers.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

THE Languages of all Nations have ever been in a State of Fluctuation, and we find this Complaint is conſtantly made by the ſenſible and judicious in every Age. Though the Diction of the *Romans* is likely to endure as long as Time ſhall ſubſiſt, yet we find that *Horace* in the Words of my Motto, is aware of the Decay of Words and Phraſes, which die away and are conſtantly ſucceeded by a ſudden Birth of new Terms and Modes of Phraſeology. In ſeveral other Paſſages of his Writings there are ſhort Reflections upon this literary Phænomenon, in which he always appears to me to deliver himſelf with Sorrow and Regret. They fall, ſays he, like Leaves and are replaced by a new Product; like young Perſons they flouriſh for a ſhort Time, and then tend to Oblivion. The Compariſon is moſt certainly very juſt; and as young Men in their Bloom and Vigour are ſaid to be *upon Town*, it is the ſame with Words; they are alſo *upon Town* for a Time, and then totally periſh. I have often thought that a *weekly Bill* of Words would not be unentertaining to Men of Letters, and if there was a proper Regiſter-Office for the Purpoſe, where their ſeveral Births and Burials might be recorded with Accuracy and Preciſion, I ſhould imagine it would furniſh no diſagreeable Hiſtory. A Diſtinction might be made between a Kind of Sex in Words, according as they are appropriated to Men or Women; as for Inſtance, *D—n my Blood* is of male Extraction, and *Pſhaw*, *Fiddleſtick*, I take to be female. Upon this Plan the weekly Bill might ſtand in this Form.

Born this Week	Males -	300	Buried	Males -	400
	Females	900		Females	990
		1200			1390

Decreaſed in the Burial of Words this Week 57.

If, for the Satisfaction of the curious, a Liſt ſhould be furniſhed of the ſeveral Terms that are born, or that die away, with a ſhort Account of the Life and Character of each Phraſe, whether it be born of honeſt Parents in *England* or *Ireland*, what Company it kept, whether it was Whig or Tory, Popiſh or Proteſtant, it would in my Opinion be an agreeable Addition to this Hiſtory of the Riſe and Fall of Words. There might further be added an Account of ſuch Expreſſions as might happen to be naturalized, with the Objections of the learned, who ſhould think proper to proteſt againſt ſuch a Naturalization of Foreigners among the Natives of this Land. Such a Procedure could not fail to yield Satisfaction to the curious; and, though it would not prevent the Inſtability of our Language, it would at leaſt diſplay the gradual Steps towards Improvement or final Deſtruction. For my Part, I have ever looked upon the Permanency of our Language to be of greater Conſequence than the Stocks, of whatever Denomination, and for that Reaſon, I ſhould be glad that ſome Means were deviſed to hinder the Diction of our *Shakeſpear* and *Milton* from being obliterated, and to ſuſpend the Evils, which Mr. *Pope* threatned us with, when he ſaid

And ſuch as Chaucer *is, ſhall* Dryden *be.*

The Dictionary, which the Erudition of Mr. *Johnſon* is preparing for the public may in ſome Meaſure anſwer this End, and, in Aid to that Deſign I have been, for ſome Time paſt planning a Dictionary of ſuch Words, as appeared to me from a Concurrence of various Cauſes, to be moſt likely to be totally forgot. In order to forward this Undertaking I have annexed a Specimen of the Work, not as yet reduced into alphabetical Order, but drawn out in ſuch a Manner as may ſerve to convey to Mr. *Ranger* ſome Idea of the intended Work. When the Whole is compleated it may ſerve as a proper Companion to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler* and all the Works of Morality, which have been publiſhed in this Country, and it may be contributing to make our Poſterity have ſome faint Notion of what is meant in many Places, when the viſible Tendency of our Manners to an entire Change from antient Simplicity has almoſt effaced the Ideas, which the Author intended to expreſs.

A Specimen *of an* Engliſh Dictionary.

CREATURE, A Term to ſhew our Contempt of any Perſon whom we diſlike, chiefly uſed by the Ladies.

IMPERTINENT, A. Term of Deriſion applied by the Ladies to every Man who ſpeaks Senſe to them.

THING, Very often uſed to imply our Diſlike, but chiefly uſed to ſignify our higheſt Approbation. Thus it is ſaid of a fine Lady, "*She's the very Thing*," or of a young Fellow, "*O Ma'am he's the very Thing*;" and ſometimes with Limitation, as "*yes, very well, but not the Thing*."

PATRIOT, A Man who ſpeaks againſt the Court till he gets a Place or Penſion.

HONEST, This Term is derived from the *Latin* Word *Honeſtum*, which among the *Romans* implyed every Thing that is honourable in a Character. From thence *Pope* was induced to ſay

An honeſt Man's the nobleſt Work of God.

This is the original Meaning of the Word; in its conſequential Senſe it is ſtrangely altered. *Honeſt* now ſignifies Gaming, Drinking, and Debauchery of every Sort; it being common to ſay of a Man who is addicted to all theſe faſhionable Vices, that he's an "*Honeſt Fellow*."

GOOD-NATURE, an old *Engliſh* Word uſed by our Anceſtors it is plain that it carried with it ſome Alluſion to the Cuſtoms and Manners of thoſe Times, but the Uſage of the Word being now quite altered, there is no tracing it to its Source.

CHOCOLATE, The primitive Intent of this Word was, a Sort of Refreſhment which was taken by the Gentlemen and Ladies for Breakfaſt. In its metaphorical Senſe it ſignifies Wit, Humour, and Pleaſantry, and he who can entertain his Friends with all theſe brilliant Qualities, is ſaid to *give Chocolate*. The Etymology of this figurative Expreſſion is derived from Mr. *Foote*, almoſt the only Writer of his Time. This Gentleman having prepared a rich mental Repaſt, was obliged, to evade the Cenſure of Juſtices, to invite his Friends to drink Chocolate with him in the Morning at the Theatre in the *Hay-market*, after which he preſented ſeveral humourous dramatic Pieces, ſince which, to *give Chocolate* is become a Metaphorical Term for every Thing that is lively and ingenious

RELIGION, an old *Engliſh* Word for the Worſhip of a ſupreme Being, and the Practice of ſocial Duties to our Neighbours; probably a Cuſtom known to the antient Druids.

VERY, a Particle uſed by polite People for Conciſeneſs; Thus if you aſk, is not ſuch a Book well written? a modern fine Gentleman anſwers, VERY.

HUMBUG, A Lye.

WORTH, originally it meant laudable Qualities of the Mind; at preſent ſolely confined to a Man's Fortune. Thus a Scoundrel of fifty Thouſand is a Man of *Worth*, and an honeſt Man in Indigence is *worth* nothing.

PARTY, formerly ſignified Diviſions in the State, at preſent it means a Jaunt to *Vauxhall*, *Bedlam*, *Church*, or any Place of Diverſion.

TRAGEDY, a Name by which *Shakeſpear*, *Otway*, and ſome others entitled their dramatic Writings; the Moderns retain the Word, but have totally loſt the original Senſe of it.

COMEDY, probably a Piece in which our rude Anceſtors repreſented the Follies and Characters of the Age; nothing of this Sort is at preſent known amongſt us.

DAMNED, when Prieſtcraft prevailed in this Country, the People were frightned with ſtrange Ideas of *Hell* or a Place of Torture where the departed Spirits of bad Men were ſuppoſed to be confined. At preſent it ſignifies the higheſt Praiſe we can confer. Thus we ſay "*A damned fine Woman; a damned* "*charming Creature; a damned fine Fellow*, &c."

MARRIAGE, alludes to a Cuſtom among our Anceſtors of ſolemnly binding a Man and Woman to live together for Life; It remained among us till lately, but was entirely aboliſhed by a Marriage-Act in the Year 1753.

DRUM, an Inſtrument of warlike Muſic uſed at the March of an Army, or in Time of Battle to animate the Soldiery: Hence ſtiled by *Shakeſpear* the *Spirit-ſtirring Drum*. It has not been uſed to any Purpoſe by the *Engliſh* ſince the Days of the Duke of *Marlborough*. In its metaphorical Senſe it means a Party of Cards, (*Vide Rout.*)

FRIENDSHIP, an old *Engliſh* Word uſed by our Anceſtors to ſignify the complex Idea of Affection and Eſteem between two or more Perſons, founded upon a virtuous Sympathy of Tempers, and congenial Habits of Virtue (*for the Meaning of the Word* VIRTUE, *See in its reſpective Place.*) This Cuſtom was totally baniſhed from among us in the Reign of King *Charles* II. and few or no Traces of it have been diſcovered ever ſince.

GOD. The antient Druids, it is probable from all Hiſtorians imagined that a ſuperior Being ſuper-intended the Direction of the Univerſe, and the Term God, it is not unlikely, originally ſignified this ſuperior Being. But ſince it has been happily found out that every Thing was made by Chance, or that *Nature* (*Vide* Nature *in its proper Place)* produced every Thing we behold, and ſince the Properties of Matter have been ſufficiently detected by *Lord Bolingbroke* and others, the Term *God* is totally exploded, as merely expreſſive of ſome Chimæra, which has no Exiſtence.

Tucker, A Bit of Linnen, Cambrick or Muſlin, which the Ladies uſe to ſhew as much as poſſible of their Necks.

Modesty, Alludes to ſome Cuſtom among the antient *Britiſh* Ladies.

Earthquake, a Party at Cards. Vide *Rout*, *Drum*, *or Hurricane.*

Fashion, A polite Term of Excuſe for all the Vices that can be thought of.

Nature, Nothing at all; it is often called *Plaſtic Nature*, *univerſal Nature*, &c, but the Idea is always the ſame.

Rout, formerly ſignified the Defeat of an Army, and when the Soldiers were all put to flight or to the Sword, they were ſaid to be routed. The Ladies in order to preſerve ſome Idea of *Creſſi*, *Poitiers*, *Blenheim*, &c, have agreed to call their Aſſemblies by the Name of Routs. This it is thought they do with more Propriety, as frequently at theſe Meetings whole Families are entirely routed out of Houſe and Home.

Soul. It was formerly believed that in each human Creature there exiſted ſomething incorruptible, which was not to periſh with the Diſſolution of our Bodies, but to be removed to ſome other Part of the Univerſe, and there to enjoy the Reward due to Virtue, or ſuffer condign Puniſhment for all Tranſgreſſions, while in this State of Probation. But the happy Diſcovery of the Properties of Matter has alſo baniſhed this abſurd Doctrine, which ſerves now to embelliſh the Fictions of Poets.

Immense, an Epithet of Praiſe, thus we ſay " an immenſe fine Woman *&c*, (vide *Dammed*).

Virtue, The antient *Druids* made it a Rule to keep all their Paſſions in due Government, by which Means they were never known to prejudice their Neighbours, or hurt their own Conſtitutions by Intemperance, and this Practice, it is probable, was ſignified by the Word *Virtue.* It is uſed by *Shakeſpear*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, *Pope*, and other Poets, as a pretty Ornament for their romantic Performances. (vide *Friendſhip.*)

Pity, This is alſo an old *Engliſh* Word, the Meaning of which cannot be traced; it is now a Word of Courſe when we do not care a Farthing for a Friend in Affliction.

Yours, &c.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

June 29.

SINCE our laſt arrived a Mail from *Hampſtead*, which brings Advice, that all Heart-burnings at the Aſſembly-Room have now totally ſubſided, which is entirely imputed to the ſucceſsful Negotiations of Mr. *Beard*, lately promoted to the Place of Maſter of the Ceremonies, in which Office he acquits himſelf with the greateſt Politeneſs and Circumſpection, inſomuch, that no Miſtakes are now committed to the Annoyance and extreme Uneaſineſs of the Ladies about Precedence. It is further added, that Mrs. *Muſhroom* and Mrs. *Dunghill*, between whom there was a very warm Conteſt laſt Summer, as *per* our Paper of June 30, 1753, have now adjuſted their Differences, and have agreed, that, as it cannot fairly be proved which of their Huſbands is the richeſt, Miſs *Muſhroom* or Miſs *Dunghill* ſhall be taken out to dance, as it ſhall be moſt convenient to the Maſter of the Ceremonies, who, it is not doubted, if the Ladies continued in the ſame Temper, will be very happy in his Adminiſtration.

Chicken-houſe, *June* 25.

There was a Meeting of ſeveral Wiſeacres at this Place a few Days ſince, when they took the preſent State of Affairs into Conſideration. Many deep Speeches were made upon the Occaſion, and many deep Bowls were alſo exhauſted, and it is ſaid they were all moſt excellent Company, nothing having happened to interrupt their mutual Harmony, each Perſon having ſmoked five Pipes to his Share, in which caſe Converſation could not be very briſk or pert.

Vauxhall, 29 *June*.

Notwithſtanding the inviting Softneſs of the Seaſon, and the Elegance of theſe Gardens, we are apprehenſive here, that on Tueſday next this Place will be thinned of the better Part of its Company, Mr. *Cibber* being on the ſaid Day to perform the Part of the *Buſy Body* at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*. A good Comedy at this time of the Year muſt certainly make an agreeable variety in our Diverſions, the more eſpecially as *Marplot* is a Character, which this Actor was always thought to perform with great Comic Humour.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is a Perſon juſt arrived from *Paris*, who has brought over a new faſhioned Dreſs for the Ladies, or rather *undreſs*, as it ſerves to ſhew more of their nakedneſs than has hitherto been attempted by the beſt Refiners on the reigning Mode. It will be very convenient for the Summer ſeaſon; Ladies are deſired to ſend Directions to the *Paphian* Queen in *Pallmall* at any Hour in the Forenoon, and due Attendance will be given.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 41. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, July 5, 1754.

Indum ſanguineo veluti violaverit oſtro
Si quis ebur; vel mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ
Alba roſa; tales Virgo dabat ore Colores.

VIRG.

A GREAT Deal of Wit and Raillery has been exerted by ſeveral polite Writers againſt the predominant Faſhion among the Ladies of ſetting off their Charms with the Addition of Paint. Our great *Shakeſpear* has put a very ſevere Remark into the Mouth of his *Hamlet* in the Scene with *Ophelia*, *Heaven hath given ye one Face, and ye make yourſelves another.* This Thought has been twiſted and tortured into a thouſand different Shapes by every little Endeavourer at an Epigram for a long Time paſt, and the Cuſtom has been frequently cenſured as a Folly imported from our Neighbours the *French*. As the Art of giving an artificial Tincture to the Skin, appears to me to admit of many favourable Circumſtances, I ſhall employ this Day's Paper in Vindication of my pretty Countrywomen.

It may ſeem at firſt an extreme bold Poſition, if I aſſert that Painting is not an Importation of foreign Refinement, but originally of *Engliſh* Growth; and, yet that this is the real State of the Caſe, is ſufficiently known to the moſt ſuperficial Dabler in Hiſtory. *Julius Cæſar* in his Account of the Inroad, which he made upon our Anceſtors, gives the following Deſcription of the *Aborigines* of this Iſland; *The Britons in general paint their Bodies with Woad, which gives a blue Tincture to the Skin, and lends them a formidable Aſpect in Battle.* This, I think, may ſerve to obviate the Imputation of imitating the *French* in this particular, which I take to be a Point of ſome Conſequence, as by this we cannot be charged with the Levity of having ſervily copied from others. We find that the Ladies among the *Britiſh Picts* went entirely naked, and painted their Bodies all over with the *Woad* already mentioned. This muſt undoubtedly have afforded great Scope for Fancy, and in thoſe Days there muſt certainly have been many eager Rivalſhips among the Fair for Pre-eminence in point of Taſte for Painting. For as the whole lovely Body was ornamented with different Figures and ſundry various Repreſentations, according as Imagination ſuggeſted, the Variety of new Faſhions muſt have been extremely entertaining, each of the Fair being ſtudious to adapt to each different Part of the Body that Degree of Colouring and that Form, which muſt have proved moſt becoming, ; juſt as our modern Ladies adjuſt a Patch ſo as to make the Contraſt ſtriking, and give ſtronger Expreſſion to the adjacent Features. I have now by me the whole Hiſtory of a BRITISH PICT COQUETTE, found by a Friend of mine among ſome antient Manuſcripts, and ſent to me as a Curioſity.

CASSIBELANA was the Ladies Name. She lived in the Capitol of the *Trinobantes*, and was remarkable for a fine Stature, and an Head of Hair of a ſurprizing Length, flowing in wanton Luxuriance down her Back. She always had at her Toilet ſome of the moſt exquiſite *Woad*, that could be any where procured, and ſhe was celebrated for her curious Art in preparing it for the Purpoſes of adorning her Perſon. The *Woad* being of itſelf of a bluiſh Caſt, ſhe would ſometimes paint no Part of her Body, but where the Veins appeared, and to them ſhe gave ſuch a delicate Colouring, that the pure and eloquent Blood, as the Poet calls it, ſeemed to ſhew itſelf through her tranſlucent Skin. As ſoon as ſhe had eſtabliſhed this Faſhion, and made the reſt of her Sex her Imitators, ſhe would then ſuddenly change the Mode, and embelliſh her whole Body with various Devices.

On the left Side of her Breaſt ſhe drew a young *Cupid* aiming an Arrow at her Heart, and on the Right a Lover languiſhing in amorous Indolence. Each Leg repreſented an Admirer kneeling at her Feet, and imploring her Compaſſion, while ſhe with all the Complacence of ſelf-approving Beauty, let fall her Eyes with Indifference and cold Diſdain. On her Back were repreſented the emblematical Figures of a Train of Pages following her in her way with all the Officiouſneſs of careful Attendance. On other Parts of her Perſon was preſented to View, *Venus* in lovely Attitude emerging from the Sea; the *Graces* were alſo to be ſeen walking Hand in Hand, their Faces brightened with Chearfulneſs and mutual Love. In this Manner ſhe would attend at public Sacrifices, where all Eyes were often fixed on her alone, and frequently the venerable Druid could not avoid, even in the Fervour of his Devotion, to caſt a Glance upon ſuch an attractive Profuſion of Charms.

In this Manner *Caſſibelana* captivated the Hearts of all her male Beholders, who carved her Name upon every Oak in the Country, and the Banks of Thames re-ecchoed to the Muſick of her Name. It was univerſally agreed that ſhe was the beſt Painter of her Age; her Colours were warm and glowing; her Figures bold and ſtriking, and the natural Motion of the different Parts of her Body made them appear ſtill more animated and actuated, as it were, with the animal Functions of real Life; an Advantage which the moſt admired Portraits of the moſt eminent Painters ſince her Days, could never boaſt. In all public Places ſhe entirely outſhined the Reſt of her Sex, which made her the general Envy of the Ladies, who frequently combined in Parties of Scandal to her Diſadvantage, even though Tea was not then known in theſe Parts of the World. *Caſſibelana* was every Day pulled to Pieces, according to the modern Phraſe, and though the Ladies allowed that ſhe really had a very lively Fancy in all her Drawings, and an excellent Deſign in all her Drapery, yet they could not ſee that ſhe was ſo fine a Woman, though to be ſure ſhe had a pretty Manner *in putting on her Things*, for ſo they expreſſed the Covering of Woad which ſerved to conceal in ſome Meaſure the natural Superficies of her Skin. I am apt to believe that the tranſparent Capuchin was imagined from a Practice of this famous female *Pict*, becauſe at Times ſhe would lay on the Woad in ſuch a Manner, that Mr. *Pope's* Line in his Tranſlation of *Homer* may juſtly be applied to it;

Her Beauty ſeems and only ſeems to ſhade.

Upon the Whole *Caſſibelana* was Leader of all the Faſhions even in *Kent*, the Inhabitants of which were the moſt poliſhed of all our Iſlanders, and, as *Cæſar*, tells us, differed but little from the Manners of the *Gauls.*

FROM the foregoing Account, which I have rendered as cloſe as poſſible from the Manuſcript now in my Poſſeſſion, it appears that even in the Days of the pureſt Simplicity Painting was the univerſal Practice; and therefore ſtrongly am I inclined to think it laudable in the amiable Sex at preſent. I am further pleaſed to ſee the Faſhions of the Ladies tending more rapidly every Day to a greater Similitude to the Cuſtoms of our Anceſtors; for it is very manifeſt that they are every Day becoming more and more naked, and it is obſervable that they who diſplay moſt of their lovely Bodies, make the greateſt Uſe of Paint, which, in my Opinion, is not uſed from a Motive of female Vanity, but as a modeſt and decent Covering to the Skin. I muſt, by the Way, take notice that there is one Circumſtance, in which the modern Practice of Painting differs from antient Simplicity. I do not find in the Account of any Hiſtorian, that the female *Britiſh Picts* applied the leaſt Tincture of the Woad to the natural Complexion of their Faces. For a Bloom and a Vivacity of Colour they truſted to Exerciſe, freſh Air and wholeſome Diet. But as the faſhionable Vigils of Gaming were unknown in thoſe Days, it muſt be allowed that this is an Improvement upon the Delicacy of our Progenitors; and indeed it could not be expected that in thoſe rude, and, in Compariſon with the preſent, almoſt uncultivated Times ſo elegant a Diverſion could be known. For this we are indebted to modern Refinement which has introduced Improvements in Manners as well as in Arts and Sciences.

FOR my part, I expect to ſee the Time when the Ladies will be to all Intents and Purpoſes as naked as our Anceſtors, and, in my Apprehenſion, if Things proceed with equal Celerity, the Period is not very diſtant, as their Cloaths are amazingly reduced at both Ends within theſe few Years. We ſhall not then complain, that the Importation of *French* Hoops, and *French* Faſhions of all Sorts, are a Detriment to the Nation; Mercers and Milliners will be uſeleſs Things, and the Ladies will ſpend the Hours of the Toilet in drawing and painting, by which Means I flatter myſelf that the *Britiſh* Fair will be able to boaſt their *Guido's*, their *Titians*, and their *Raphaels.* To this End an ingenious Gentleman of my Acquaintance is now drawing up a Syſtem of Directions to a female Painter, which will ſerve to aid their Invention, and give them a proper Notion of Deſign and colouring in all their Faces, by which Means it is to be hoped they will greatly excel all our moſt admired Maſters, in every School of Painting.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, July 3, 1754.

Unhappy Wit, like moſt miſtaken Things,
Atones not for the Trouble *that it brings.*

THE Truth of it is, Public Writers, are looked upon as a Body diſtinct from Society, who have detached Intereſts from the Reſt of Mankind, and who ſtand with a Quiver ever full of impoiſoned Arrows, to direct at the Breaſt of our Neighbours. Hence ariſe the ſeveral Miſinterpretations of an Author's Meaning, which are every Day heard in the circular Meetings at Coffee-Houſes, the manifold Application of Characters, taken from a general Survey of Life, to particular Perſonages, and the frequent Miſunderſtanding of an Author's Wit, or it may be his Dullneſs. There is nothing more common than to hear it pronounced "*Damn the Fellow, he means ſuch a one* (or) *damn him this is all Sneer, there* "*is Rancour at the Bottom of it*;" when perhaps in ſober Truth he has neither Malice, Wit nor Humour. Be this point as it may, it is the Buſineſs of a Writer not to be diverted from the Proſecution of his Plan, while he indulges himſelf in no Liberties, but ſuch as an Obſerver upon Men and Manners has a right to, and ſuch as may be found in every Page of *Addiſon* and *Steel*; and tho' the *Goths* and *Vandals* of the Age ſhould raiſe a Clamour about him, the Reader has a Right to expect that he ſhall ſtill flow on in the ſame Channel of Good-Humour, without breaking in upon the Deſign of a periodical Paper, ſuppoſed to be undertaken to improve the Judgment or exhilerate the Fancy of ſuch as chuſe to give it a Reading. It is on this Account that *Ranger* will not this Day reply to any one who has taken up the Pen againſt him; a Field of Humour is, however, opened to him, in which, as Things happen, he may expatiate with ſome Degree of Pleaſantry; and he now will content himſelf to give the Public the following Piece of Intelligence.

Over-againſt *St. Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-Street,*

Is publiſhed the GRUB STREET JOURNAL, or DAILY SCANDALIZER, in which Paper, you may traduce the Characte of any Gentleman, call any Man in *England* a SCOUNDREL, blaſt the Reputation of any young Lady, ſow Diſſentions in Families, or breed a Quarrel of the moſt extreme Violence, between any two Perſons, and all this Dexterity of Miſchief may be accompliſhed for the ſmall Price of Two-Shillings.

N. B. At the above Place (when the Managers of the *Public Advertiſer* are ſo delicate as to reject an Outrage againſt Good-Manners, Decency and Reaſon) the Directors of the ſaid GRUBSTREET-JOURNAL, had rather the worſt Conſequences ſhould attend their Publication, than that themſelves ſhould loſe the ſmall Emolument of a Shilling, which accrues to them from every Paragraph of Defamation.

Mr. *Ranger* does not doubt but many of his Readers will thank him, for this Information in a Point, which moſt certainly does Honour to our Conſtitution, is a Proof of our national Liberty, and may ſerve to give Foreigners ſuch an Idea of our Manners and our Breeding, as is not known in any other Part of the learned World.

Since our laſt arrived a Mail from *Dulwich* by which we learn, that on the laſt Aſſembly Night, Mrs *Pentweazle*, who went thither from her Houſe in *Blow-bladder-Lane* broke out of the Room in a violent Huff, becauſe it happened that ſhe did not open the Ball. Her Ladyſhip ordered her Coachman to drive to Town directly. and vowed, " *as ſhe was a living Soul, that ſhe would* " *not go among the Creatures any more.* At which Words the old ſqueaking Coach creaked along the Road, until it was ſtopped by a ſingle Highwayman, who robbed her of her Purſe, a ſmall Paper, containing the beſt *Rouge* for the Face, a Pocket Looking-Glaſs, and half a Dozen of her Shop Bills. Notwithſtanding the Abruptneſs of this Lady's Departure, the Buſineſs of the Aſſembly went on with the uſual Alacrity, and the Gambols of the Country-dance were excited by as ſprightly Notes as ever.

We hear from *Richmond* that a young Gentleman fell very deeply in Love with a young Lady, as ſhe was giving her Hand to him in a Minuet. It ſeems ſhe performed this with ſuch a graceful Eaſe, and at the ſame Time ſent forth ſuch artleſs Glances of Innocence and Vivacity, that his Knees faultered under him, and, as he could not get her for a Partner, he for the Reſt of the Evening placed himſelf near her whereever ſhe was, and the Night he devoted in Bumpers to her Health. The next Morning he took a Turn in *Ham* Walks, carved Verſes on every Tree in his Way, and has talked ſo much romantic Nonſence ever ſince, that it is ſhrewdly conjectured he will either marry upon this Occaſion or turn Poet, in which caſe it is ſuppoſed the Magazines will be greatly the better for him.

Bedford-Coffee-Houſe, July 5.

The Notice proper to be taken of a Paragraph publiſhed in the *Daily Advertiſer* againſt the *Gray's-Inn-Journal* is poſtponed until the Author of that Piece returns from *Oxford*.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 42. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, July 13, 1754.

> *Prorſus jucundè Scenam produximus illam.* HOR.
>
> *Nil admirari propè res eſt ſola, Numici,*
> *Solaquè quæ poſſit facere et Servare beatum.* HOR.

NOT to admire, is eſtabliſhed by *Horace* as the golden Mean to procure Serenity and Happineſs, and alſo to enſure the Tenure of them, when once obtained. The ſame Precept may be alſo enforced as the ſureſt Method to frame a well informed Underſtanding, and to preſerve a well directed Judgement. Mr. *Pope*, in his very ſenſible Eſſay on Criticiſm, has given this Obſervation the Sanction of a Maxim;

For Fools admire, *but Men of Senſe* approve.

But in the general Maſs of Life, we find ſuch a lamentable Inanity in the Minds of moſt People, and the Groſs of Mankind is ſo poorly ſtocked with Ideas, that there are but few, who, in their calm inactive Hours, have a Sufficiency of Matter for the Employment of their intellectual Faculties, and thus from the Want of an Habit of arranging our Ideas in various Combinations, and comparing them in their ſeveral different Relations to each other, the Powers of Judgment lie dormant, and the circumſpect rational Faculty, which ſhould form Opinions of all Objects for itſelf, indolently gives Place to fooliſh Amazement and the idle Paſſions of Aſtoniſhment. It is obſervable that this Diſeaſe is not always confined to the unenlightened Part of Mankind, but we may ſometimes perceive the ſame mental Debility take Poſſeſſion of thoſe, whoſe Underſtandings have received the Culture of Education, and have been very tolerably enlarged by an Intercourſe with Men and Books. There are in the Circle of my Acquaintance at preſent, at leaſt eight or ten Gentlemen of this Claſs, who have Talents to write and diſcourſe with Eaſe, who, were they to allow themſelves proper Leiſure, are capable of diſcuſſing a Topic in Ethics or Literature, and of diſpoſing their Thoughts in juſt Combinations, with Propriety and Strength of Expreſſion; and yet in Company ſuch a ſupine Relaxation unſtrings the intellectual Fibres, that they frequently appear Drivelers, who have pinned their Faith on the Sleeve of others, and who have loſt all Power of judging for themſelves. In Conſequence of this Inactivity I have known the Management of Converſation to be reſigned entirely to thoſe, who from Habit have acquired a Facility of delivering their ſuperficial Obſervations, while Men of better cultivated Intellectuals ſeem tamely to receive their Dictates, ſtare at them with an unmeaning Vacuity of Face, and liſten to their Feſtivity with Rapture and Admiration.

Every Man, who aſpires to the Reputation of a rational Being, ſhould fix in his Mind ſuch Habits of thinking, as will at all Times keep him collected in himſelf, hinder his Thoughts from running a-drift without Guidance or Direction, and will preſerve to him the Honour of acting from his own inward Impulſes, and the Suggeſtions of his own Opinions. There ſhould be a laudable Pride in every Mind to preſerve its own free Agency, and maintain an Independency of Underſtanding, ſelf-impelled, and ſelf-directed, awakened into thinking by the Impreſſions, which it receives from its own Ideas, and adopting all its Principles and Maxims from the Operations of that Faculty, which we underſtand by the Term Judgment. A ſluggiſh Suppreſſion of this mental Power is highly ſhameful, and from thence ariſes the Want of a due intellectual Elaſticity, in Conſequence of which Men are apt to attach themſelves to the Dictates of others; who have not been ſo remiſs in the Uſe of their thinking Faculties, and then it reſults, that upon all Topics in Converſation they are filled with Amazement, Wonder, Aſtoniſhment and Surprize, than which there are not any ſtronger Marks of a trifling and frivolous Underſtanding.

Theſe Reflections were excited by the Manner in which I ſpent an Evening not long ſince with three Gentlemen, who had been long ſoliciting me with the moſt earneſt Importunity to grant them a Meeting. I never met with any one of them, during the Space of ſix Weeks, but his firſt Queſtion was, "Well, my Dear Sir, when ſhall we crack a Bottle — You "know it's a Thing we long for moſt impatiently." At length the Place of *Rendezvous* was fixed, and the Hour of Feſtivity was appointed. With great Punctuality we met preciſely at the Time, and for my Part, I went with lively Hopes of a pleaſant convivial Party, imagining that my Friends would come together with a ſprightly Flow of Spirits, and a great Fund of Pleaſantry. We were not long in the Room, before the Waiter entered, and applying cloſely to my Ear, began his cuſtomary Speech. "*I have a fine Girl now pleaſe your Honour*; "*a charming* Piece; *you have ſeen* . . . . .; *nothing at all to this*;

“ *I only ſhew her to my choice Friends*; *Squire* Maggot *ſhall have* “ *her for a new Face, when they are ſerved firſt.*” The Reſt of the Company rejected this Propoſal, leſt it ſhould ſpoil Society, and accordingly the ſenſual Caterer was diſmiſſed with Orders to ſend up a freſh Bottle of *Allen*'s.

THIS being ſettled, I waited for my Friends to open, but perceiving no Tendency that Way, I began with an ordinary Topic, by enquiring after the Health of *Elizabeth Canning*. “ There “ cannot, ſaid I, be any great Danger of her Life; ſhe has went “ through ſo much already, that I think ſhe has given ſuffi“ cient Proof of the Strength of her Conſtitution.” Upon this one of the Gentleman ſaid, with a Smile, “ *that's Humour*,” and then all three burſt into a Peel of Laughter. For my part, I did not ſee the Joke, “ But (continued I, I ſuppoſe the Go“ vernment is determined to make her travel in foreign Parts.” My Friend pronounced this alſo to be Humour, and a ſecond exclaimed, “ *Your a fine young Fellow*,” all then joining in a general Laugh. I added, that whether ſhe is guilty or not, it cannot do her any Harm to ſee as much as poſſible of the World. This alſo was received with the Marks of Approbation already mentioned, with this Addition, that the Perſon who ſat next to me in the Tumult of his Mirth, after giving me a vehement Slap on my Shoulder, roared out with a jolly Emphaſis “ *Odzoons*,” and then proceeded to ſhake his Sides for near ten Minutes.

As ſoon as my Friends recovered themſelves from the Convulſions of their Mirth, one of them began “ *Come Mr.* “ Ranger *we have drank Girls enough*; *now let us have a Round of* “ *Sentiments — Give us your Sentiment, Sir.*” It is poſſible that all my Readers may not be acquainted with the faſhionable Meaning of the Term Sentiment; Critics and Writers of Tragedy have always intended by the Word, a ſhort moral Sentence, calculated to warm the Heart with a Love of Virtue and Principles of Honour. But, in the modern Acceptation, it implies an artful Alluſion to the livelieſt of our ſenſual Pleaſures, on which it has obtained among all Ranks of People, to be extreamly pleaſant and witty. In Compliance with the Deſire of my Company, I then gave a moſt faſhionable Sentiment; which I no ſooner delivered than my next Neighbour again exclaimed in a Burſt of Rapture and Mirth "*Odzoons*;" the firſt Gentleman repeated "*That's Humour*;" and the other confirmed his former Declaration "*You're a fine young Fellow.*"

After this I reſolved to hold myſelf in a determined Silence, not doubting but my convivial Friends would then dart out ſome Flaſhes of Merriment. But it was in vain that I expected any Thing from them; their Looks did not threaten the leaſt Idea; and I then found that this Party of Pleaſure was only deſired, that the Gentlemen might ſhew their Admiration of *Ranger*, without any Thought on their Side of contributing in any Shape to the Circulation of Mirth. By this Time I was heartily tired of the Meeting, though were I inclined to Self-Approbation, they omitted nothing in their Power to adminiſter to my Vanity, but with the moſt loud and hearty Chuckles, they continued to the laſt to ring into my Ears the ſame Expreſſions of Joy and Admiration; I therefore reſolved to diſſolve the Meeting without farther Delay, and I parted from my Friends amidſt their moſt vehement Ejaculations, while the Piazzas of *Covent-Garden* ecchoed into my Ears, "*That's Humour*—— "*You're a fine young Fellow* —— *Odzoons*," which, excepting now and then ſome little Directions to the the Waiter, and ſome other neceſſary Interjections, was abſolutely the Sum total of all the Converſe that I heard from theſe three notable Blanks in the Creation.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford-Coffee-Houſe, July 7.

WE are informed here that a new Farce, entitled *Prometheus*, or *Human Nature diſplayed*, is now preparing for the Stage, and will be exhibited ſome Time in the enſuing Seaſon at the Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden*. The Plan of this Piece is taken from the *French*, and it is imagined, that, if writing can receive additional Strength from beautiful Scenery, it will not fail to prove an agreeable Entertainment, as both the Eye and the Ear may at once receive their reſpective Gratifications.

Hornſey, July 10.

It is reported that a Treaty of Marriage is on Foot between Mr *Thomas Luteſtring* and Miſs *Bridget Inkle* of *Cheapſide*; how the Affair may turn out as yet no Conjecture can be offered, thus much is certain, that it has already coſt Mr. *Luteſtring* above five Pounds in Bread and Butter and Tea, which we look upon to be a ſtrong Proof of his Paſſion.

Renalagh, July 10.

Notwithſtanding the Severity of the Juſtices, this Place continues to be the Reſort of whatever polite Company remains in Town; the Gardens flouriſh in Elegance, the Canal preſents a refreſhing Surface to the Eye, and the Magnificence of the Rotunda fills the Fancy with grateful Ideas, even though Muſick is ſuppreſſed,

And dies when Dullneſs gives her Mutes the Word.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 43. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, July 20, 1754.

—— *Fulgente trahit conſtrictos Gloria curru*
Non minus ignatos Generoſis —— HOR.

Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
Impoſuit, fixit leges pretio atque refixit. VIRG.

M*IRGEHAN* was a poor Peaſant in the Deſarts of *Arabia*; he frequently begged an Alms of the Travellers in the paſſing Caravan; he for a long Time drove the loaded Camel over Mount *Pharan* for a Jeweller of *Cairo*, and having at length by an amazing Parſimony, and the moſt indefatigable Induſtry got together a few Sequins of Gold, he followed the Occupation of his Maſter. His Affairs thrived ſo well with him, than in the Courſe of a few Years *Mirgehan* began to aſſume to himſelf the Pride of Wealth, and his Countenance, which formerly was humbled by Poverty and a Dejection of Spirits, began to brighten up and dart around him thoſe Gleams of Complacence and Self-Satisfaction, which are cuſtomary with People in Affluence. In order to extend his Intereſt and enlarge his Schemes for the Accumulation of Wealth, *Mirgehan*, now baſking under the Sunſhine of his Fortune, reſolved to remove to *Baſra*, where he was ſoon diſtinguiſhed as the moſt eminent Merchant of the Place. As it is the Nature of Ambition to be ever reſtleſs and unſatisfied, after having in the Courſe of ſix Years Reſidence amaſſed a very ample Fortune, he determined with himſelf to change his Abode once more, and ſettle himſelf with all his immenſe Wealth at *Bagdad*.

MIRGEHAN was no ſooner fixed at *Bagdad*, than the Reputation of his Affluence ſpread itſelf abroad. In all convivial Meetings among the Reſt of the Merchants, as ſoon as his Lips ſeemed to open, every Tongue was ſuſpended with Silence, every Eye gazed at him with Admiration, and every Ear devoured the Periods of his Story with greedy Earneſtneſs. In his ſerious Moments, he was dogmatically ſententious, and in ſhort, pithy, cloſe Expreſſions he would eſtabliſh Maxims of Prudence, and he would point out to the Company each gradual Step he took towards the Encreaſe of his Fortune. He now drank nothing but the moſt delicious Wines of the Eaſt, and when the exhilerating Cup had lifted his Spirits into a tolerable Degree of Cheerfulneſs, each enamoured Gueſt hung with Rapture on all he uttered. His Voice, which naturally was as rough as the Sound occaſioned by a Colliſion of Billows on the Ocean, now ſeemed as ſoft as the fragrant Gale which pants upon the Leaves of the *Arabian* Trees.

By this Time *Mirgehan*'s Credit was become ſo extenſive that People of all Ranks and Conditions depoſited their Money with *Mirgehan*, and he had every Day, a very great Number of Servants counting over the Sequins of Gold, which he was either to receive or pay away for others. In the Midſt of all theſe Smiles of Fortune, it happened that the Relict of a rich Merchant, lately ſnatched away from the Face of the Earth by the Angel of Death, attracted his Attention. Her Name was *Dardané*, born in the City of *Damas*, and now in the Poſſeſſion of very great Wealth. From the Habits, which Education and Time had implanted in her, ſhe was in her Temper of a moſt greedy Avarice, and a powerful Ambition to be counted richer than the Reſt of her Acquaintance; urged by theſe Inſtigations, ſhe beſtowed her lovely Form upon *Mirgehan*, who, in a ſhort Time ſo contrived it, that the Roſes faded on her Cheek; the Lilly appeared of a yellower Hue, and by ſlow Degrees her Conſtitution received ſuch ſevere Strokes from his Severity, that ſhe totally pined away, and in a ſhort Time lay breathleſs on her Bed.

MIRGEHAN was now happy in the Completion of his Wiſhes; he had got Rid of a Wife, whom, notwithſtanding her exquiſite Beauty, his Soul ever abhorred, and he exulted in the Review of the vaſt Acceſſion to his Fortune, which thro' her Means, he had obtained. His Heart now began to expand with greater Alacrity, and he reſolved to ſpend the Remainder of his Days, in Eaſe, in Elegance, in Luxury, and every delicate Enjoyment. The Dainties of the Eaſt did not ſuffice to crown his Board; he would ſend to the Weſt for *Turtle*, and every Corner of the Globe adminiſtered to his Gratifications. Not far from *Bagdad*, he purchaſed a moſt elegant and magnificent Houſe, where he determined to fix his country Retreat. The Rooms eternally reſounded with Singers and Minſtrels; Amber and Aloes contributed their rich Perfumes; and his Tables were covered with Vaſes of Agate filled with the moſt delicious Liquors. Painting and Sculpture concurred to adorn his Apartments. *Mirgehan* was led into all this Profuſion by an irreſiſtible Vanity, from which he derived many exquiſite Senſations of Pleaſure, when he found his Wealth and his Poſſeſſions admired, and he the more readily ſuffered himſelf to be induced by this Principle in his Conſtitution, from a Conviction, that all his grand Appearance of Affluence, ſerved to dilate his Reputation, and that in Conſequence of his extenſive Credit, he ſhould have ample and frequent Opportunities of re-imburſing himſelf, by the Uſe he knew to make of the pecuniary Confidence, which others repoſed in him.

MIRGEHAN was now happy in all the Enjoyments which Riches could procure him; his Heart danced to perpetual Tunes of Joy, and the Meanneſs of his Birth he thought ſufficiently compenſated by the Luſtre and Dignity of his preſent Way of Life. And now to compleat his Elevation, and to raiſe himſelf to that Point of Eminence, from which he imagined, he might faſhionably look down upon moſt of his Fellow-Creatures, Fortune, who had for a Series of Years ſmiled propitiouſly upon all the Undertakings of *Mirgehan*, at length preſented an Opportunity.

IT happened that the Emperor of *Bagdad*, had Occaſion, on a particular Emergence in his Affairs, to call together an Aſſembly of the wiſeſt and ableſt Heads, in his Territories, in Order to aſſiſt his Councils, to help him in framing ſalutary Laws for the due Regulation of his Subjects, and to point out proper Meaſures for him to levy the Monies neceſſary towards defraying the Expences of his Soldiers, and other Contingencies in Government. The *Califf* reſolved upon this Step with the Advice of his *Vizier*, and in a few Days the Mandates were diſpatched to ſundry different Parts commanding the Provinces and Towns to depute to the general Divan, two Perſons the moſt renowned for Sagacity and Judgment. *Mirgeban* was at his Country-Seat, when he heard this News, and his Paſſions being violent as the eddying Sand during a Tempeſt, he inſtantly conceived a Deſire to be enrolled among the moſt diſtinguiſh'd Politicians of *Bagdad*.

ACCORDINGLY he forthwith ſet out upon this Expedition; but he had not gone far from his own Habitation, when, travelling a ſolitary Road over a long extended Mountain, the Heat of the Day, together with the Fatigue he had underwent, inclined him to ſtop under a ſhady Retreat, and refreſh his Senſes with a gentle Slumber. From this he was ſoon awakened by a Strain of Muſick, which thrilled ſo melodiouſly in his Ears, that he thought Gleams of Paradiſe were opening to his dazled Sight. He looked around, and ſaw a reverend Form advance towards him; *Mirgeban* aroſe from the Arbour, in which he was reclined, and inſtantly throwing himſelf on his Knees, he worſhipped the radiant Appearance which ſtood before him. This Perſonage was an holy Hermit, who long inhabited a ſmall Manſion on the Side of a Rock, which terminated the Proſpect on the left Side of the Mountain. Being endowed with a Magic Power, he called forth to his Sight ſuch beautiful Scenes, as looked like a new Creation. *Mirgeban*'s Heart throbbed with holy Rapture. At length the bright Form began. “ *Mirgeban*, I know thy Purpoſe, I am acquainted with “ thy Deſign in this thy Journey. But reflect, O Man, in the “ Obſcurity of thy Birth, and the Meanneſs of thy Education. Canſt thou confer Light to the Councils of the Wiſe? “ Canſt thou diſpel the Miſt from before their Eyes, and let in “ powerful Irradiations of Truth upon their darkling Underſtandings. Deſiſt, vain Man, from thy ill founded Purſuits.” At theſe Words the venerable Hermit waved his Wand, and ſuddenly the Scene vaniſhed like a Morning Dream from *Mirgeban*'s Eyes. After having again raiſed his Arm, “ Now, “ ſaid he, let the Objects which are placed before thee inſtruct “ thy Soul; there behold how eaſily thou might'ſt have ſquan“ dered away all thoſe Poſſeſſions, which your Soul delights “ in for a mere empty Bubble. There ſee an Election for two “ Perſons to aſſiſt in the Debates for the Eaſe and Happineſs of “ the Califf, and his People, ſee the Blind, the Lame, the “ Old, the Infirm, the Sick arriving in Caravans to vote for “ thoſe who pay them higheſt. See how they all ſolemnly “ vow by the holy Prophet, that Money has no Influence up“ on them, and yet behold how in private they graſp the Se“ quins of Gold! Does not thy Heart, which is fixed with “ all its Affections upon thy yellow Dirt, tremble with-

" in thee, to think that in this Manner all thy Wealth might " be ſquander'd away, and thou not be able to render the " leaſt Service to the *Califf*, thy Country or thy Family. That " this is the Fate of many, who like thee, have aroſe from " mean Beginnings, and have in their old Days proved mere " Spendthrifts, thou may'ſt receive ocular Demonſtration, by " ſurveying thoſe Wretches who are now deſpiſed by their " Country, deteſted by their Relations, and deſpiſed by the " *Vizier*, in whoſe Service they exhauſted all their Treaſures."

HERE *Zemroude*, (for that was the Hermit's Name) perceiving the Affections of *Mirgehan* perfectly changed, diſperſed into the Air his new Creation, returned with ſolemn Step to his Cell under the Rock, and *Mirgehan* ordered his Camels to be turned towards *Bagdad*, where he ſpent the Remainder of his Days in Eaſe and Content; and, at his Death, he left that Fortune, which he was going to ſquander in viſionary Schemes, among his Relations, who now live in Affluence, and the Memory of *Mirgehan* is reſpected among them.

W.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE

From my own Apartment, July 20.

I AM requeſted ſo earneſtly to inſert the following *Latin* Lines, together with the annexed Tranſlation by a Boy of thirteen Years old, that I cannot refuſe them a Place in this Day's Paper. If the *Engliſh* Lines are really by a Boy of that Age, I think he deſerves the Encouragement of ſeeing them printed.

ORBIS in extremi jaeco deſertus arenis ;
Fert ubi perpetuas obruta Terra nives.
Non ager hic Pomum, non dulces educat Uvas,
Non ſalices ripâ, robora Monte, virent.
Neve fretum Terrâ laudes magis æquora ſemper.
Ventorum rabie, ſolibus orba tument.
Quocunque aſpicias, campi cultore carentes,
Vaſtaque, quæ nemo vindicet, arva jacent.
Hoſtis adeſt dextrâ lævâque a parte timendus,
Vicinoque Metu terret utrumque Latus.

FAR from my Country, in a dreary Land
I lie deſerted on the barren Sand
No kindly Summer chears the Natives here,
But on the Ground, perpetual Snows appear;
Pomona's luſcious Gifts are here unknown,
Theſe thirſty Sands the juicy Grapes diſown.
No Mounts appear with verdant Foreſt crown'd,
No trembling Oſiers deck the marſhy Ground.

Chearleſs and ſunleſs paſs the gloomy Days,
While conſtant Storms the daſhing Billows raiſe.
Unclaim'd on ev'ry Part the Lands appear,
A Soil deſerted by the Tiller's Care.
On ev'ry Side, th' inſulting Foe draws near,
And ev'ry Side has Cauſe alike to fear.

By Advices from *Hockley in the Hole* we learn, that there has been very deep Play carried on there in the laſt Week, which has contributed to render this Place much more flouriſhing than heretofore, *Clean Lodginge for Travellers being now dearer than ever*, and the Ale, which was formerly ſold for Two-pence a Yard, being now ſold at Three-pence, not to mention that you cannot in any Part of this polite Place, *Shave for a Penny*, the Barbers having a great Deal of genteel Buſineſs on their Hands. Houſes are already known here by the Names of *White*'s, *George*'s, *&c.* and it is a Matter of extreme Difficulty to be brought into any of the Clubs by Ballot, the Members being determined to make it a very ſelect Meeting, and to admit none but the better Sort of People in this Quarter of the World.

Conſtantinople, June 1.

The Attention of the *Britiſh* Court begins at preſent to be ſomewhat more acceſſible to Objects worthy of their Care, the Affair of *Elizabeth Canning* and *Mary Squires* being brought well nigh to a Concluſion, owing in a great Meaſure to the Aſſiduity of the *Inſpector General of Great-Britain*, who has ſpared no Pains to unravel this intricate Affair, and it is allowed by all *Europe*, that he has acquitted himſelf with great Honour in his high Office, which we ſuppoſe to be one of the greateſt Employments under the Crown.

From the Daily-Advertiſer, July 17.

On *Monday* Night between eleven and twelve o'Clock a Fire broke out at the Houſe of Mr. *Memory*, at the Corner of *Stafford Street*, next to *Old-Bondſtreet*, which in a little Time entirely conſumed the ſame. He and his Family eſcaped with Difficulty, almoſt naked. *It is highly probable that Mr.* Memory *will* remember *this Incident.*

From the ſame Paper, July, 17.

A Turtle, which weighed three hundred Weight, has been preſented to the Gentlemen of *White*'s Chocolate-Houſe, and on Monday it *laid* five Eggs. *We ſhould rather have expected that a Turtle at this Place would have laid five Pounds, and therefore we are apt to think the Word* Eggs *an Error of the Preſs.*

From the ſame Paper.

Ladies and Gentlemen carefully taught abroad and at Home grammatically in ſix Months, to read, ſpeak, and write *Engliſh* in good *French*, and *French* in good *Engliſh*, by a Perſon educated at *Paris*, and a Native of *France*. *It is well this Perſonage has told us his Country, otherwiſe we ſhould be apt to think his* Engliſh *in* French, *and his* French *in* Engliſh, *to be the Growth of another neighbouring Country.*

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 44. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, July 27, 1754.

Hic ſecura quies & neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, viviquè lacus, hic frigida tempe,
Mugituſquè Boum, molleſquè ſub arbore Somni.

VIRG.

THE Stile of the following Piece is quite epiſtolary, looſe, unconnected, and deſultory; but though written in this wandring Manner, it has ſuggeſted ſo many pleaſing Pictures to my Fancy, that I have determined to make my Friend's Letter furniſh the Entertainment of this Day. I conſider it as a Kind of Paſtoral in Proſe, and, in my Opinion, it contains more natural Strokes of rural Imagery, than can be found in many of our modern Pretenders to Eclogue. It is free from forced Conceits, unnatural Turns upon unforcible Expreſſions, and therefore without further Preface, I here preſent it to my Readers.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

Blackheath, *July* 23, 1754.

DEAR CHARLES,

WERE I not to inform you, you would certainly never gueſs at what Hour I have now ſet down to write to you. It is exactly five in the Morning, and I have already ſpent half an Hour in an agreeable Attention to ſome certain domeſtic Cares, which take up no inconſiderable Portion of my Time. What theſe domeſtic Cares are, you cannot in the Nature of Things ſuggeſt to yourſelf, and you will probably ſmile, when I tell you, that I mean my Hens and Chickens. I am a Kind of *Pater-familias* in this rural Retreat, with all my little Brood around me; and I look upon myſelf to be greatly intereſted in their Welfare; their Wants, and their Inconveniencies it is my earneſt Care to remove. Their Loves, their Jealouſies, their Fears, their Attachments, their Diviſions, Quarrels, and all their various Occupations are the chief Objects of my Attention. I am intirely converſant with their different Tempers, and could tell you the Maſter-Paſſions of each of them. I have already, ſince my leaving my Pillow, interpoſed in two violent Feuds; I have diſcovered a Bantham Coquette, and a Prude among the Females, and among the Males, I have a Swaggerer, a Bully, a Coward, and, in ſhort, almoſt all the various Characters, that offer themſelves in real Life.

IN this Manner am I ſurprized, while my Friend *Ranger* is perhaps reeling home from ſome Tavern, and, contrary to the Obſervation of Lord *Townly*, lets the Sun-ſhine upon his Vices; or it may be, my Dear Boy *Ranger*, that like your admired *Horace*, you are ſtretched in reſtleſs Impatience, with watchful Eyes, waiting in vain for the Arrival of ſome deluſive Fair, who perfidiouſly Means to deceive you with fruitleſs Hopes;

Mendacem ſtultiſſimus uſquè Puellam
Ad mediam expectas Noctem.

If this is not the Caſe, you lie in enervating Repoſe, and ſlumber away the Prime of Life, in a few Hours to wake from a diſtempered Dream, with a troubled Spirit, a throbbing Pulſe, and with Nerves enfeebled and relaxed. I cannot here refrain from ſaying with the Author of the Seaſons;

Falſly luxurious, will not Man awake,
And riſing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent Hour,
To Meditation due and ſacred Song.

Believe

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

■ REQUEST FORM Kiely

SEAT NO.

- ■ **MATERIALS ARE FOR USE IN THE LIBRARY ONLY.**
- ■ KEEP THIS FORM WITH THE MATERIAL.
- ■ RETURN BOTH TO DESK.
- ■ USE A SEPARATE REQUEST FORM FOR EACH TITLE.

114 APR 5 PM 1:45

CALL NUMBER AP3. G71

AUTHOR (BOOKS ONLY)

TITLE (ALL REQUESTS) Gray's Inn Journal

DATE OF MAGAZINE, NEWSPAPER, ETC.

VOLUME	MONTH	DAY	YEAR
			1753

YOUR METRO—BOSTON LIBRARY NETWORK CARD NUMBER

2	9	9	9	9	0	1	3	3	4	6	0	8	5	

YOUR NAME Sean Kiely

CITY OR TOWN
AND ZIP CODE

■ REPLY (FOR STAFF USE)

☒ NOT ON SHELF

NUMBER OF ITEMS

X60B

NOTES OR COMMENTS
X04
NO SET
RG

☐ ITEM LOCATED IN

STAFF MEMBER'S INITIALS DATE

Form no. 1178rev89

Believe me, Dear *Charles*, the moſt jovial three in the Morning at the *Shakeſpear*, or the *Bedford-Arms*, though *Venus* and *Bacchus* both combine to inſpirit the tipſy Revelry, never can afford ſuch an homefelt Delight, ſuch exquiſite Senſations, as play upon the Heartſtrings in this calm Period of the Morn. There is a Line in *Horace* which I have ever thought highly indelicate;

Vinà fere dulcis oluerunt manè Camænæ

THAT the tuneful Nine ſhould have a Breath heated with the Potations of the previous Evening is to me a very coarſe Deſcription of the *Parnaſſian* Maids. I have ſearched the Records of *Parnaſſus*, and I do not find that they had the convenient Bottle of *Ratifia*, or any other *Liquor*, to ſip modeſtly alone; and as to Wine I am convinced, it was unknown to them. Though they ſometimes deigned to viſit the *Roman* Poet, even before he had ſlept away the Fumes of his *Talernum*. I perſuade myſelf that they delight moſtly in hovering round the Curtains of him, whoſe Mind awakens ſerene and chearful. Fancy then is light and airy, and every Object excites finer Feelings and more elegant Perceptions, than can be expected from the Heat-oppreſſed Brain, as *Shakeſpear* phraſes it.

PRITHEE, Honeſt *Ranger*, how long ſince you ſaw the Sun riſe? I dare believe not ſince we were together at *Eaton*. But ſurely if this Phænomenon had not very expanſive Beauties the Poets would never have been ſo fond of Embracing every Opportunity of deſcribing it. Since I have mentioned the Poets, I muſt obſerve, that our great *Engliſh* Dramatic Author has in one Line excelled all the Writers from the Days of *Homer* down to the preſent Period. The *Saffron-tinged Morn*, the Sun-riſing from *Thetis' Lap*, and *Aurora* leaving the Bed of *Tithonus* are all poor and ineffectual, when compared with the moſt truly picturesque Deſcription in *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands Tiptoe on the miſty Mountains Top.

This very image have I compared in ſeveral ſucceſſive Mornings, with the real Object in Nature, and, in my Opinion, it is a Sight infinitely preferable to all the Scenes of giddy Joy and Midnight-frolic that *London* can afford.

To obſerve this, and to ſee by Degrees the gradual Expanſion of the Solar Influence upon the Face of Nature, muſt finely prepare us for the Vocations of the Day, and it gives ſuch a calm unruffled Flow to the Spirits, as is never experienced in a diſſipated City-Life. Not to mention that Health, the moſt valuable of earthy Enjoyments, after the ſecret infelt Complacence of an eaſy Conſcience, is by this excellent Habit better aſcertained than by the Preſcriptions of the whole Faculty. I have already inſerted in this Epiſtle ſeveral Expreſſions from Poets, and as I write careleſsly and without any affected Study (as I think all Letters ſhould be wrote) I ſhall not make any Apology, if I indulge myſelf in expreſſing my Ideas by any further poetical Alluſions. I muſt ſay then, that in the Morn *the Air ſweetly and nimbly recommends itſelf unto our gentle Senſes*, and the Fields *redolent of Youth and Joy* preſent a Verdure which at once is a Balſam to the Eye, and invites our Steps abroad, to participate of the Bleſſing reſulting from Exerciſe. You will poſſibly ſay that you had rather loiter in your Chambers, than endure the intolerable Rage of the Sun tending to his Meridian Height. In this Caſe *Greenwich Park* affords its umbrageous Walks, where the Noontide Ray has no Acceſs. How ſweet here to ſaunter about, without feeling the Inconveniencies of the Weather; or to recline under an impervious Shade, and thus in lettered Indolence converſe with *Maro*, *Tully*, *Bolingbroke*, *Pope*, *Addiſon*, and *Milton*, or to put in Practice what *Waller* has expreſſed in the following Lines;

O! how I long my careleſs Limbs to lay
Under a Plantane Shade, and all the Day
With am'rous Airs, my Fancy entertain, &c.

or if you ſhould not be inclined to beguile the Hours in Solitude and the ſequeſtered Parts of this verdant Retreat, you may betake yourſelf to a point of Eminence, from whence you may command a boundleſs Proſpect of all the Country round. There Villas, ſtately Buildings, Steeples, Groves, Meadows, the Woodland, fertile Paſtures, Hills, and Vales offer themſelves to the Sight in mixed Variety. The barren Heaths and the craggy Soil appear with all thoſe ſoftenings to the Eye, which diſtance always throws upon a Landſkip, and hence the whole Proſpect appears with the moſt elegant Graces, and all Nature ſeems in this very Spot to have aſſumed milder Beauties than ever.

To crown the whole, at the Bottom of the Hill old *Thames* expands his majeſtic Surface. To purſue him in his ſeveral Windings flowing through verdant Meads, and fertilizing the Country round, to mark his various Turnings and his Meanders, in which he ſeems with a Kind of Regret and Reluctance to advance further up the Land, as if delighted with this Part of the Country, is a Pleaſure almoſt inexpreſſible. Add to this, the continual Succeſſion of new Objects, which are conſtantly paſſing before you; without this, the whole would have too much the Appearance of Still-life, but the conſtant Variety of Ships, with emboſomed Sails, either carrying the Riches of the World up to the Metropolis, while the Sailors Heart bounds with Joy to recognize his Native Land, or going down the River to adventure into other Climes, and to explore diſtant Shores, conduce to entertain the Mind with that Novelty, which is always ſo agreeable to it.

Prithee, my dear *Ranger*, why will you not ſhift the Scene from *Gray's Inn* to ſome Part of this lovely County? Here we enjoy that uninterrupted Tranquillity, of which *Virgil* ſpeaks ſo pathetically; here we have Innocence, living Lakes, imbowering Shades, indolent Repoſe, beneath an Arbour, and the mowing of the Cows, which is perhaps the moſt delightful Muſick in Nature. Theſe, Dear *Charles*, are the Gratifications which we enjoy in the Country, and let me aſſure you, that you will find the Muſes more coming Girls, when woed in the Country, than when addreſſed by a Town-rake. But, I fear, I have lengthened out this Letter beyond all due Bounds; I can only tell you, after an eminent *French* Writer, that had I Time enough, I ſhould have made it ſhorter; I am ſo enchanted with the natural Beauties which ſurround me, that I have run over at a ſtrange Rate; I ſhall therefore conclude, after deſiring you in the Words of *Horace*, to quit the Scene of Smoke, and Buſtle, and Noiſe in which you are at preſent.

Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes ſtripitumquè Romæ.

I am, dear Ranger,

Your conſtant Reader,

* * * *

P. S. I am now going to the Top of the Houſe to make uſe of my Teleſcope, and ſhall try to have a View of *Ranger* ſtrolling in *Gray's Inn* Gardens about ten o'Clock. Adieu.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, July 27.

MY Correſpondent, who has been ſo obliging as to fill my Province in the former Part of this Paper, has alſo ſent me ſeveral Articles of Intelligence from the Country, to which he deſires I may give a Place in the Intelligence. I have therefore no further Share in this Day's Journal than that of being the Editor; and thus I take leave of the candid Reader till Saturday next.

Woolwich 22d July.

This Morning the Train of Artillery was reviewed in the *Warren*, and made a very brilliant and martial Figure; after which a new Man of War called the *Dunquerque*, was launched in Sight of the royal Family, and the greateſt Concourſe of People from all Parts that was ever known. It is ſuppoſed this Ship is called the *Dunquerque* from her being deſtin'd to demoliſh the Fortifications of that Place, whenever the *French* ſhall be hardy enough to attempt to repair them.

From on Board the Dunquerque, *paſt* 5 *o' Clock.*

All Hands well on board; we launched off rarely, and the Ship looked on her Way, as if ſhe menaced Deſtruction to the *French* and *Spaniards*. We have two young Ladies on board, who boldly came among us before we were off the Stocks, and ventured to ſet off with us. They may fairly be ſaid to have *lanched out* this Day, and we long to ſee the Ship and the Ladies well manned. We can't ſay whether the Ladies intend to ſtay and ſwing in a *Hammock* to Night, but if we can, we intend to have a Dance before they go aſhore, and then, if they be ſo inclined, they may go upland again; though go where they will, they'll not find better Folks, as we have always honeſt Hearts and ſound Bottoms.

Eltham July 25th.

Laſt Night was acted here *Romer* and *Juler* for the Benefit of Mr. *Clough* from the Theatre-royal in *Drury-Lane*. *Romer* was acted by a diſcreet and a ſedate young Man, and *Juler* was performed with the general Admiration. Mr. *Clough* played ſeveral Parts in the Play, and all of them equally well, only he was a little too fat for the Apothecary, but in the Part of the *Fryar* he looked exactly like our Curate, roſy and jolly, only his Dreſs was a little outlandiſh; and when he took off his Wig, before the Audience, his Head was ſhaved in a new Manner. The Company beats no Drum, and the Barn they play in, is very well fitted up. Mr. *Clough* is ſhortly to appear in the Character of Sir *Charles Eaſy*, and there will be a Cricket Match for twenty Pounds before the Play begins; after the Play, Mr. *Clough* is to repeat for the ſecond Time his *Epilogue* to the Cricketters, and it is thought the Barn will be very full.

N. B. Two blind Fidlers will play between the Acts.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 45. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, Auguſt 3, 1754.

> —— *Res antiquæ laudis et artis*
> *Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.*
>
> VIRG.

OUR Club met a few Nights ſince at the *Devil* Tavern, when the Converſation principally turned upon Topics of Literature, and particularly dramatic Poetry. Many of our beſt modern Tragedies were examined, and I obſerved it was frequently ſaid of Pieces confeſſedly inartificial in the Fable, unforcible in Sentiment, and deſtitute of Character, that they contained a very fine Vein of Poetry. Not perceiving any Propriety in the Expreſſion, I have ſince formed a Plan for a few Papers on this Subject, and ſhall this Day preſent my Readers with one, which I think may ſerve as an Opening to the Deſign.

In order to decide upon the Excellence or Imperfection of any Art, it is neceſſary to know the original Intent and Aim of that Art, and alſo the ſeveral Means by which it accompliſhes its Deſigns. The better to inveſtigate this with regard to any Branch of Literature, it will be expedient to trace all Manner of Compoſition to its Source, to obſerve from what ſecret Springs it has taken its Riſe, and thence to purſue the ſeveral Rivulets which have ſtreamed from it. This has been done with great Perſpicuity and Elegance by the ingenious Author of the Eſſays on the Characteriſtics, who has very juſtly determined the three primary Branches of Compoſition to to be, *Poetry*, *Eloquence*, and *Argument*. Having ſhown the Origin of them, and having obſerved that a juſt Coalition of all three forms the conſummate Beauty of all Kinds of Writing, he adds, "*it would be perhaps both a new and pleaſing Spe*"*culation to point out the Writers in their ſeveral Kinds, who have* "*been moſt remarkably excellent, or defective with Regard to the* "*juſt Union of theſe three Species of Compoſition. At preſent it* "*muſt ſuffice to have hinted ſuch a Criticiſm, which the Reader* "*may eaſily proſecute.*" I will add, that ſuch a Criticiſm might greatly conduce to the Refinement of Taſte among our modern Critics; it might diſtinguiſh the reſpective Graces of all Kinds of Writing, and furniſh the Criterions by which to judge of the proper Beauties of each different Species. I am aware of the Diſadvantage of attempting this after ſo able a Genius, as has given the Hint; but the looſe Form of periodical Eſſays does not require, nor indeed admit, ſuch high Finiſhing; and therefore I ſhall offer a few curſory Reflections on this Subject without further Apology, and in Order to proceed with the greater Perſpicuity ſhall attempt, in a curſory Review, a ſhort Account of the Riſe of the three Species of Writing already mentioned.

Man being a ſociable Creature, it was neceſſary that certain Signs univerſally agreed upon ſhould be uſed for the reciprocal Conveyance of thoſe Ideas, which were originally impreſſed upon the Mind through the Avenues of the Senſes, and were afterwards variouſly combined into different Aſſociations by the Imagination. Sounds, which we call Words, were the quickeſt Vehicles of our Thoughts, and therefore grew into general Uſe. According as our Stock of Ideas enlarged itſelf, the Demand for Words became more extenſive, and as Societies were framed, and the People aſſembled by civil Policy, Intercourſe begot further Acquiſitions, and thus, Language was daily enlarged. But it being impoſſible that every diſtinct Idea ſhould be expreſſed by a Term appropriated to it, the Mind naturally had Recourſe to the Faculty of Reaſon which compares, diſtinguiſhes, and ſeparates the Ideas which the Senſes and the Imagination have conveyed to its Obſervation. By theſe Means a Similitude was diſcovered between ſundry various Images, and thence it followed that Things were expreſſed by borrowed Names, on Account of a Reſemblance exiſting between them. The Term thus tranſferred was called a *Metaphor*, and, as it happens in the commercial Intercourſe of Mankind, what was at firſt introduced out of Neceſſity, became, in Proceſs of Time, an abſolute Luxury. This the *Poets* ſoon perceived, and as it was their Buſineſs to lead uncultivated Multitudes from their Huts and Dens, by ſeizing their Imaginations with their Songs and Ballads, the Metaphor ſoon appeared to them to be an effectual Means of painting Things in warmer Colours to the Fancy, which is ever greatly delighted when any new and unforeſeen Aſſemblage is offered to its View. The Epithet which denotes the Qualities inherent in all Objects, lent its auxiliary Aid, and Poetry, with theſe adventitious Ornaments became the Delight of Mankind.

BUT the Matter did not reſt here; as Cities were multiplied, and as States enlarged themſelves, artificial Paſſions began to operate; Ambition then began to graſp at Power and Pre-eminence, and *Envy*, *Jealouſy*, *Revenge* and *Malice* ſowed the Seeds of Diſcord, and mutual Diſtruſt among the People. Party Diviſions, when a Contention ariſes, will naturally be formed; this happened in the Infancy of Things , and thus while they were diſtracted with inteſtine Commotions, the adjacent States, deſirous of extending their Poſſeſſions, made Inroads upon them. In theſe Emergencies there was not Time for the meaſured Writer to produce his poetic Compoſition; an immediate Addreſs was requiſite to influence the Paſſions of the Multitude, and therefore Men of Genius, came forth, and deſtitute of Number, addreſſed the People in humble Proſe. But here, ſtill the Attention was to be fixed, and therefore they could not diveſt themſelves of all the Properties of Poetry, but continued to addreſs themſelves to the Imagination of their Auditors, and thus to influence their Paſſions and perſwade them to their own Good. As the leaſt Appearance of a Deſign upon their Underſtandings on theſe Occaſions would totally defeat itſelf, it thence reſulted that all thoſe ambitious Ornaments, and all thoſe gaudy Colourings, which Poetry ſpreads ſo laviſhly on every Subject, were here introduced with a more ſparing Hand, and the Imagination was only addreſſed as it affords various Acceſſes to the Paſſions. In this Manner Eloquence deduced its Being; and was only a leſs luxuriant Kind of *Poetry*, which endeavoured to practiſe the Arts of Perſuaſion, and to win over the Paſſions of the People to its own End and Uſe.

In Proportion as Mankind became enlightened, as Arts and Manufactures encreaſed, and as Science extended itſelf, it was not enough that *Poetry* charmed with its graceful Combinations, and that *Eloquence* awakened and agitated the Paſſions; *Reaſon* began then to exert its Influence, to look for Utility and Truth in every Compoſition. *Reaſon* then declared that the Heart and the Fancy ſhould not be the leading Principles of Action; it began to claim its Dues from every Writer, and ſtripping away the Luxuriances of laviſh Deſcription it began cooly and diſpaſſionately to conſider every Thing that was offered. Hence ſprung the *Didactic*, or the Argumentative; *Demoſthenes* was obliged to proceed by fair Deductions, and as much as poſſible to conceal his Art from a People, who were ſo poliſhed that they would have deſpiſed thoſe Arts of Perſuaſion, which *Tully* practiſed with Succeſs upon Minds leſs artful and leſs informed than the *Greeks*.

In this Manner, it appears to me, theſe three primary Branches of Compoſition aroſe in the World, each being plainly deducible from the very Principles of our Conſtitution. For as the Imagination is the warmeſt Faculty of the Soul, affording the moſt lively Images to the Mind, *Poetry*, whoſe principal Intent it is to pleaſe, is particularly addreſſed to this Power of Perception. *Eloquence*, though more chaſte and reſerved in its Embelliſhments, ſtrikes chiefly at the Paſſions and as they are then moſt powerfully excited, when Fancy pictures ſtrong Appearances of Good or Evil, *Eloquence* is obliged to have Recourſe to the Regions of Imagination, in Order to render its Colourings ſtronger and more glowing; and further, as *Reaſon* loves to compare its Ideas, and to form various Affirmations or Negations relative to them, the *Didactic* is principally confined to this Province.. There are not in human Nature any other Inlets of Perception, or any other Faculties of Senſation to which the Art of a Writer could apply, and therefore the Imagination, the Paſſions, and Reaſon are juſtly the three Springs of Compoſition. But Men of Refinement and Reflection perceiving what a powerful Influence any one of theſe Branches of Writing has upon the Mind, have thence inferred, that the joint Force of all three united, muſt carry the Power of Genius to ſtill a greater Degree of Perfection, and, therefore, in whatever Way they were engaged, they have made it their Buſineſs to make Excurſions into their Neighbours Territories, and borrow thence ſeveral Improvements to heighten their Productions. As for Inſtance, in like Manner, as *Eloquence* has learned from *Poetry* to warm and enliven the Imagination, *Poetry* has marked the Illapſe of *Eloquence* to the Paſſions, and has endeavoured to glide to the Heart through the ſame Inlets; and both have alſo found it neceſſary to recommend themſelves to *Reaſon*, and have occaſionally ſtrengthened themſelves with Inſertions of the *Didactic*. The reaſoning Faculty has, in its Turn, perceived, that a mere Train of Deductions would be too dry, and therefore it takes Occaſion to adorn itſelf with the Flowers of Imagination, and, in ſome Speculations, it even endeavours to awaken the Paſſions.

Hence then it appears, that a Concurrence of the primary Arts of Writing is requiſite in all Works of Genius; but as there is ſome Danger of running Riot, and making too frequent and unjuſtifiable Progreſſes into each others Territories, it was neceſſary to fix the Boundaries of each Kind, and too determine how far any one of them may indulge itſelf in its Approaches towards the others, in order to preſerve the eſſential Difference in every Compoſition, to obſerve the proper Qualities, and the juſt Colourings of each; or as *Horace* has it,

Diſtinctas ſervare vices operumque colores.

There are in Nature but few original Colours, and it is from fhe Meltings and ſoftenings of theſe into each other, that all other Appearances to the Eye derive their Origin. It is the ſame in Writing; the ſeveral Species of it, which are now practiſed, are Modes of *Poetry*, *Eloquence*, and *Argument* differently blended. How far the Union is juſt, ſhall be occaſionally examined in a few detached Eſſays; and by theſe Means we ſhall ſee the peculiar Merit of an *Epic Poem*, a *Tragedy*, a *Comedy*, a *Satyr*, or an *Elegy*; we ſhall be able to determine what is the proper Stile of Hiſtory, of Letter-writing, and if the Time, for which this Paper is to continue, will permit it, the Reſearch may be, perhaps carried into ſeveral ſubordinate Branches of Writing.

Z.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 2.

I Have received ſeveral Letters lately, which I have been ſtrongly importuned to inſert in this Paper, but as I did not think proper to comply with the Requeſt of theſe my Correſpondents. ſome of them have wrote to me in a Stile ſomewhat arrogant and angry, " *I don't perceive that your own Productions are better, are you above receiving Aſſiſtance?*" with many other Taunts of the ſame Nature; I therefore have reſolved this Day to give them a final Anſwer, and their Compoſitions ſhall have, at leaſt, the Honour of being mentioned in the *Gray's Inn Journal.*

My Correſpondent who writes in Defence of *Elizabeth Canning* is deſired to faſt upon Bread and Water for five and twenty Days, that he may not be quite ſo *fat-witted*; and if he complies with this, I promiſe to publiſh his Letter with the additional Information, that it is the Work of a Writer who has not eat a Bit for five and twenty Days.

A Correſpondent who ſigns himſelf *Anti Canninite*, and who ſeems to be tolerably flimſy in his reaſoning, is deſired to apply to the *Inſpector* to help him to make his Journal the beſt and moſt complete that comes out. It will alſo be a further Favour to the Author, who cannot ſpare much Time at preſent, as he is totally engaged in anſwering Lord *Bolingbroke. Infelix Puer, atque impar congreſſus Achilli.*

The Author of a Criticiſm upon ſeveral Productions of the Preſs, who threatens me with many more, if this be approved, will do well to ſend his Performances to the *Monthly Review*, his Stile being perfectly in the Manner of that judicious and elegant Production.

The Verſes on the *Britiſh Herring Fiſhery* I think will do for the *Gazetteer.*

Having thus diſmiſſed the more importunate of my Correſpondents, I am to thank the Writer of a Letter ſigned *Antiphaus*, for the Hint he has given, which ſhall be punctually obſerved.

Court of Cenſorial Enquiry 1ſt Auguſt.

This Day Writs were iſſued out of this Court for the apprehending and ſecuring all or any of the Authors of the *monthly Review*, in order to bring them to the Bar of this Court, and oblige them to ſhew Cauſe why they have arrogated to themſelves the Power of deciding upon literary Performances, to tell who they are and what they are, and by what Authority they have erected themſelves into Judges of literary Merit.

As ſoon as this Cauſe comes on, the Public ſhall be duly acquainted with the Proceedings.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 46. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, Auguſt 10, 1754.

> *Aude Hoſpes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum*
> *Finge Deo, rebuſque veni non aſper Egenis.*
>
> VIRG.

I HAVE been ever highly delighted with the Paſſage, which I have this Day ſelected from *Virgil* for a Motto to my Paper. They are the Words of *Evander*, when he is receiving the pious *Trojan* Prince under his humble, but hoſpitable Roof. "Look down, ſays "the venerable old Man upon the Splendor of Wealth and "Affluence, aſſume, my noble Gueſt, a godlike Spirit, and "chearfully admit the Reception which the Narrowneſs of "our Circumſtances will afford." If I remember right Mr. *Dryden* was an Admirer of the beautiful Simplicity of this Addreſs, and, I think he has tranſlated it with an elegant Propriety. Not having his Volumes at Hand, the mere *Engliſh* Reader muſt be content at preſent to take the Senſe of it from the bald Verſion of it, which I have given. For my Part I am of Opinion that theſe Words ſhould be written in Letters of Gold, or what might anſwer the Purpoſe ſtill better, they ſhould be impreſſed in very lively and deep Characters on every Man's Heart who is deſirous of ſharing the ſocial Pleaſures of Life.

Content is moſt certainly the ſureſt Source of an internal Happineſs; it not only reconciles a Perſon to himſelf, but alſo to thoſe with whom he converſes. To uſe *Shakeſpear*'s Phraſe, it is the chief Nouriſher in Life's Feaſt, and when giddy Mirth and Noiſe have ſubſided, this keeps on an equal Tenor, and if it never riſes very high, it has at leaſt this Advantage, that it does not ebb ſo low as to leave Shoals and Rocks diſcovered. Mirth may properly be called an *Aurora Borealis*; whereas Good Humour, like a fixed Star, ſheds a conſtant Stream of Light, which, if it does not dazzle, has at leaſt at all Times a chearing Influence.

If good Humour has this Advantage annexed to it, Diſcontent muſt certainly be attended with many poignant Inconveniences; In the ſame Proportion that Eaſe endears and enlivens our Days, its Reverſe muſt bring on each Morn in a Turbulence of Clouds; the Spirits are perpetually ſinking and from all the Variety of Objects, which are poured out for the Uſes of Man, cannot adminiſter to him the leaſt Senſation of Joy or Satisfaction. The Infection is always rankling in his Breaſt, and he lives in unceaſing of Hoſtility with himſelf and his Neighbours. This by Degrees grows into a fixed Habit, and then a lowering invariable Gloom of Sullineſs hangs over his Mind, and as he does not feel any Peace in his own inward Frame, he is not tender about the Thoughts of Uneaſineſs he may create in another's Breaſt. He therefore gives an unlimited Vent to his Sullenneſs, and is ever finding fault with every Thing around him.

THERE is one Circumſtance which has a Kind of Tendency to alleviate this Perverſity of Diſpoſition, and that is, that the Propenſity to Satyr, which this Sulleneſs gives the Mind, is often the Occaſion of their ſtarting new and uncommon Remarks; we ſometimes hear from theſe Kind of Humouriſts Strokes of a peeviſh Pleaſantry, which are not unentertaining, and as theſe People are fond of exhibiting a *Caricature* upon many Occaſions of their Acquaintances, we now and then receive from Sketches or Pictures in Miniature, in which the Colouring and the Drapery are frequently ſo whimſically imagined, that we really derive no ſmall Degree of Diverſion from their extravagant Turn. But notwithſtanding this Degree of Mirth which they involuntarily excite, it does not ſufficiently compenſate for the Trouble they give for the moſt Part. A Man, who can find no Reliſh in any Thing, ſhould be baniſhed from Society; he ſhould be ſent to an Infirmary of *Valetudinarians*, and there be confined until he purges away his ill Humours, or until Reaſon diſpels the Miſt which has obſcured his Intellects.

THE beſt way of pleaſing in Company, is for a Man to be pleaſed inwardly; and he that is not ſo ſhould retire and brood over his uneaſineſs and not become troubleſome, or invade the Harmony of Society. I cannot help conſidering this fixed and permanent ill Humour as a Kind of *Black-Jaundice*, through the falſe Medium of which every Thing that paſſes takes a Tincture. I know a Perſon at preſent who has been in a *Black-Jaundice* for many Years, and he is ſuffered by his Friends to go about finding Fault, perpetually diſſatisfied, diſcontented, and grumbling. *Sullen* is his Name, and he is known by his Acquaintance to be one of the greateſt Male-Contents in the Creation.

As ſoon as Mr. *Sullen* wakes in a Morning, if he has had a good Night's Repoſe, " Damn it, he cries, what made me " overſleep myſelf."—He then rings his Bell; the Servant has not Wings, and of Courſe does not fly to him; Mr.

Sullen is then tempted to throw ſomething at the Scoundrel's Head. The next Thing the Servant is ordered to do, he performs with the utmoſt alacrity, "Sirrah! Raſcal! cries "*Sullen*, are you mad?—May be you're drunk this Morn-"ing already?—Can't you do your Buſineſs with a little Diſ-"cretion?—You Blockhead!"—He then ſeats himſelf to Breakfaſt; his Tea is intolerable, the *Indian* Company ſhould be all ſhot dead, like ſo many Thieves, they have monopolized the Trade, and never import a Grain of real Tea—And thoſe *Creols* too, and be damned to them! they ſend us nothing but Moloſſes for Sugar.

One of thoſe Gentleman invited him the other Day to a Turtle Feaſt. The Turtle was of a very great Size and laid as many Eggs as that at *White*'s; it was dreſſed by the moſt ſkilful Cook in *London*. "Pſhaw! Damn it, exclaims "*Sullen*, this is no Turtle;—there never was a Bit of "Turtle in *England*; and the Scoundrel of Cook, I'd ſhoot "ſuch a Fellow—Pſhaw! the People in this Country never "eat—they don't know what it is to eat—ſo it's called Mut-"ton, or Beef, that's enough for them—damn this Callipaſh "and this Callipee, and the Fat—I'd as ſoon eat ſo much "green Horn—Here, you Scoundrel, hand me a Glaſs of "Punch.—Punch do you call this! Yes Sir, *Jamaica* Rum—"*Jamaica* Rum!—Pſhaw! There is not a Drop in it—"Gin, or may be ſome of that traſh, that the tall *Iriſh* Fel-"low there talks of,—*Whiſkee*—Pſhaw!—Give me a Glaſs of "that *Rheniſh*—*Rheniſh*!—Pſhaw!—*Mozelle* rather—Who is "that Woman there at the upper end of the Table?—She "counted handſome!—Pſhaw! a B——h—I'd ſmother ſuch "a Woman—And that tall Fellow there too. He's in the "Houſe of Commons, I think—a Senator—pſhaw!—fit for "a Parliament of *Hottentots*—This is counted a pretty Country "Seat too!—pretty indeed!—pſhaw!—I'd as ſoon take a "Country-Lodging in *Thames-ſtreet*."

In this Manner does *Sullen* torment himſelf, with the Affectation of finer Faculties than his Neighbours; he perverſely makes himſelf unhappy. Mr. *Sullen* once paſſed a Week at a Friend's Houſe in the Country, where he grumbled like a Maſtiff in the great Yard all the Time he continued there, and, after his Departure the Servant found the following Memorandum with ſome Snuff in it, with which I ſhall cloſe this Paper.

CAME down in a Poſt-Chaiſe with the Squire — a damn'd uneaſy one — Horſes only fit for a Dray, and the Squire ſhould be a Drayman — Weather infernal! — Vile Situation! — Inconvenient Houſe, *&c.*

SLEPT very ill —— owing to the Badneſs of the Bed —— Never like to be out of my own Bed —— My Friend's Wife damned ugly in a Morning —— A froſty Face Devil. ——

MUTTON warm with Life ſerved up to Dinner —— Mutton ſhould be always kept a Week —— nothing but Brown Bread at Table —— not a Drop of real Wine in the Houſe ——

TOOK a Walk out upon the Lawns —— Graſs all wet —— Got a damned Cold — Weather curſed bleak —— Don't like Miſs *Tavonias*'s Breath —— Believe I was cheated at Cards.

CURATE of the Pariſh dined with us —— A ſtrange Thing of a Wife with him.

N. B. Believe the tall Fellow will lie with her.

SICK in my Stomach all the Morning —— Owing to their hard Food —— Memorandum to go away without taking Leave of the Family, or giving any Thing to thoſe Scoundrel's the Servants. X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 9.

AFTER a Soliloquy, which I have this Morning held with myſelf, agreeably to the Advice of Lord *Shaftſbury*, the Upſhot was, that I determined to give the courteous Reader a Piece of Information, which at the ſame Time that my Vanity cannot prevail on me to imagine it will give him the ſmalleſt Degree of Pain, I ſtill flatter myſelf will not be the Occaſion of his rejoycing. Without further Preface, the Plan of the *Gray*'s *Inn Journal* is now drawing towards a Concluſion, and in the Courſe of a few Papers more, *Ranger* muſt ſubſide into an abſolute Silence. Whether he is then to ſink into Obſcurity, like many other evaneſcent Productions, or whether a new Edition of theſe Papers, in ſmall Volumes, will hinder them from ſharing the Fate of the *Sybils* Leaves; which are generally ſcattered away without any Trace of them left behind, Time only can determine. Thus much *Ranger* thinks proper to ſay on this Occaſion, that he only begs, that the Gale of Indulgence, which has hitherto wafted him through a Sea of Troubles, may not, now he is in Sight of his Harbour, die away, and leave him with ſlackened Cordage and fluttering Sails to come in with diſgraceful Labour, like the baffled Hero in *Virgil*'s Ship-Race;

Deriſam ſine honore ratem Sergiſtus agebat.

To continue the Metaphor, when once ſafely landed he hopes to deliver his Freight in good Order and well conditioned, and, in Imitation of thoſe ſkilful Traders the *Dutch*, who are ſaid to deſtroy a large Quantity of their Spice, in order to enhance the Value of the remaining Part, upon a careful Review of his Stock, it is poſſible he may alſo commit ſome Portion of it to Fire, being determined that whatever he preſents to the public, after a long Experience of their Candor, ſhall be as genuine and perfect in its Kind, as his Knowledge and Abilities will permit. As theſe are *Ranger*'s Reſolutions he thought it incumbent on him, to acquaint his Patrons with his Deſign; and whatever ſhall be their Deciſion on his Genius or Inability, he will ſtand convinced of their Equity, and will not ſuffer fond Self-love to lodge an Appeal in his own Breaſt; he only hopes, that if the Verdict is found againſt him, he may be declared GUILTY of DULLNESS, but not WILFUL and CORRUPT.

CHARLES RANGER.

We hear that both Play-houſes will open early in September, and that ſtrong Preparations are making by the Company of *Drury-Lane* to oppoſe Mr. *Foote*, who is certainly to perform at the Theatre in *Covent-Garden* for the enſuing Seaſon, where it is alſo imagined, Mr. *Sheridan* from *Dublin* will make his Appearance ſome Time in the next Winter.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, Aug. 5.

The Critics met here this Day according to their laſt Adjournment, and they have further adjourned to the ſecond Sunday in September, when they are to meet for the Diſpatch of Buſineſs, and they promiſe themſelves ſeveral Objects of Attention from both Playhouſes during the Winter-Seaſon.

Cambridge, Auguſt 6 1754.

Yeſterday arrived here *David Garrick* ESQUIRE, and this Day a Convocation was aſſembled, when it was unanimouſly agreed to preſent the ſaid Gentleman with an honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws; at which he expreſſed the greateſt Satisfaction, and we can aſſure the public that as a Maſter of Arts is expected from *Dublin* to play at *Covent Garden Theatre* next Winter, his Name will be printed in the Bills for the future with the Addition of L. L. D.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 47. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, Auguſt 17, 1754.

Et prodeſſe volunt & delectare Poetæ,
Et ſimul & jucunda & Idonea dicere Vitæ.
HOR.

Nec ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe Poemata, dulcia ſunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
HOR.

THE Author of my Motto was one of the beſt Critics the World has ever ſeen, and he has in the above Lines compriſed the three principal Qualities of Poetry. Its Aim is, ſays he, to afford at once Utility and Delight, to offer what may be agreeable to the Fancy, and alſo what may conduce to the Advantages of human Life. He further adds, it is not enough for a Poem to abound in Prettineſſes, it muſt alſo have a ſweet Acceſs to the Heart, and ſhould be able to agitate the Soul with what Paſſions it pleaſes.

This Deſcription involves all the leading Requiſites of Poetry; and, I believe, that Performance will be found the moſt excellent in its Kind, which is the moſt highly finiſhed with Regard to theſe three Eſſentials.

Epic Poetry has always had the Pre-eminence, and, I ſuppoſe, the Reaſon of this Determination, is, becauſe it affords the freeſt and moſt ample Room for a Diſplay of the three primary and original Species of Writing, eſtabliſhed and explained in a former Paper. It is by obſerving how theſe friendly Colours mix and blend with each other, that we are to deduce a Judgment upon the different Authors who have proved any Way eminent in the literary World. *Boſſu* and other Critics have informed us, that the epic Fable muſt involve one intire Action, that this Action muſt have a Beginning, a Middle and an End: They have told us, that the Poet muſt not take up the Thread of his Narrative too near the Fountain Head, but that he muſt haſten into the midſt of Things, and gradually give a Retroſpect to ſuch Things as are neceſſary to be known. They have treated largely of the Machinery, of the Time the Fable ſhould include, with many other Particulars, which though proper to be explained, do not any Way conduce to the Refinement of Taſte or the Improvement of true Genius. It is moſt certainly by obſerving from what Principles in the human Frame each Art is deducible, that any real or valuable Criticiſm can be formed.

It is manifeſt then that the Epic Writer has free Latitude of inſerting all the Graces of every Kind of Compoſition. All Nature lies at his Command; wherever he caſts his Eye, he is Lord of the Manor; he can turn a Road by poetical Act of Parliament through Lawns and Groves, and Scenes of Paſturage; the four Seaſons obey his Directions, and he need never be at a Loſs for agreeable Exhibitions of Nature. The whole Syſtem of Ethics is alſo his; he may frequently take Occaſion to improve his Readers by ſhort Sentences, and tranſient Reflections on human Life, and by theſe Means he may gain upon our Reaſon to approve his Performances. The whole Art of Eloquence is likewiſe perfectly open to the Epic Author, and from thence he may derive an irreſiſtible Power over our Paſſions. In this laſt mentioned Requiſite the *Abbe du Bos* places the conſummate Perfection of fine Poetry. Certain it is, the Mind of Man never feels ſuch intenſe Pleaſure from any of the imitative Arts as when its Paſſions are awakened, and it finds itſelf rouſed from an impaſſive State, and unexpectedly agitated by the ſkilful Touches of a Maſter-poet. The Author juſt quoted aſcribes this ideal Appearance to the Satisfaction which the Soul enjoys at the Perception of its own Activity. Beſides this, we feel a conſcious Pride in finding ourſelves quickly ſenſible to each fine Impulſe, and feelingly awake to the Senſations of Humanity.

Our moral Senſe receives on the Occaſion an additional Delight, to ſee that the ſocial Affections are in due Harmony and Proportion, and this, in Conjunction with the Gratification, which we are apt to take in comparing the Ideas, which Reality has ſuggeſted with thoſe excited by the Art of Imitation, conſpire to render a warm and well executed Paſſage in Poetry ſo agreeable to all Mankind in general.

Were I to declare in which of the three Powers of Genius, already mentioned, I think *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton* to be moſt eminently ſhining; I ſhould aſcribe to *Homer* the ſtrongeſt and moſt vigorous Efforts of Imagination, and an amazing Faculty of alarming us with noble and amazing Deſcriptions of all the magnificent Objects in Nature. As to our own *Milton* I ſhould be inclined to declare him a Rival of the *Greek* Poet for a comprehenſive Sublimity of Conception, and *Virgil's* Excellence I ſhould place in beautiful Touches of poetic Eloquence. His whole fourth Book I take to be a Maſter-piece in this Way. The various Agitations of Mind which *Dido* endures, her Love, her Jealouſy, her Rage, her Tenderneſs, her many mixed Emotions are perhaps the fineſt Strokes in Poetry. In his ſixth Book alſo there are ſeveral Scenes of the moſt tender Nature; and the Grief of the Mother after the Death of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, and the Lamentations of *Evander*, are all to be ranked in the ſame Claſs, and, in my Opinion, afford a Pleaſure not to be met in either of the other Poets, even though *Homer* has ſucceeded ſo well in *Hector*'s laſt Scene with *Andromache*, and though our great *Milton* has a great Deal of finely impaſſioned Dialogue in his juſtly celebrated Poem, *Virgil* more frequently applies himſelf to the Paſſions of his Readers, than the other two, and, notwithſtanding ſome pretty ſtrong Improbabilities, he does not ſo frequently ſhock our Reaſon, as the *Græcian* Poet, who certainly in moſt of his Battles, and in a great Part of his celeſtial Machinery, is extravagant to the higheſt Degree. *Milton* has the Advantage of having founded his Story upon Traditions, which our Religion has ſanctified, otherwiſe I ſhould conſider his fallen Angels, and the War waged by them, together with the Invention of Can-non, and many other Circumſtances, as one of the moſt ludicrous Deſcriptions I have ever met with.

I SHALL take another Opportunity to conſider how far Tragedy may diſpute with the Epic for the Preference, and ſhall only add at preſent, that I have ever been of Opinion, that all the Writers of heroic Poeſy have, in general, been too fond of the marvellous, not that I would be underſtood to cenſure the Uſe of Machinery, but I cannot be perſwaded that a too licentious a Uſe has not been made of it.

I SHALL beg leave to conclude with an Obſervation, which does not grow out of the preſent Matter, but is, however, not foreign to the Purpoſe. It is remarked by Mr. *Addiſon*, that *Virgil* has but one Conceit throughout his Poem, and that, he ſays, is put into the Mouth of the young *Julus*, when with a Kind of punning Ambiguity he obſerves, that they are eating their Tables. I have long been of Opinion, that the *Roman* Author has uſed a ſtill more frivolous Conceit, and that ſpoke in his own Perſon, when he tells us, that *Æneas*, in running round a Tree after the flying *Turnus*, follows the Man who follows him.——————*Sequiturque ſequentem.*

THIS tried by the Rule of *Bobours*, appears to have Truth for its Foundation, but it is ſo childiſh a Truth, that I am ſorry to find it intermixed with the Majeſty of the *Æneid.*

X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 17.

THE Account which I gave laſt Saturday of my Intentions to abdicate the Office of a Public Writer, has been the occaſion of my receiving ſeveral Letters from ſundry Correſpondents, who have addreſſed me in a Stile reſponſive to their reſpective Feelings on the Occaſion. A great many Coffeehouſes expreſs their Satisfaction at the Thought of being eaſed of the weekly Expence of Two-pence, which my Lucubrations coſt them; a few of theſe hoſpitable Gentry declare themſelves ſorry for my approaching Silence, the *Grays Inn Journal* being, as they aſſure me, the Life of their Coffee-Room. There are many Perſons of ſuch cool and ſerious Underſtandings, that they cannot approve any Thing but what is ſtrictly ly and literally true; theſe, an ingenious Friend of mine calls, Matter of Fact Men, and by one of this Claſs I am told in very plain Terms, that he's glad I am going to lay down, " *a Pox on your true* " *Intelligence; there's never any thing of Conſequence in it; the Grand* " *Mogul may be dead; the Algerines may make Peace; the King of the* " *Romans may be choſen; Dunkerque may be refitted; Theodore King of* " *Corſica be held to Bail, and Mr. Keen may ſucceed in his Negotiations* " *without any body's being the wiſer for you.*" A Perſon, who informs me that he has laid upon the ſame Flock-bed with two Tranſlators in *Fleet-ſtreet* every Night this Year paſt, and that he is now perfectly in the Secret of Authorſhip, begs of me to recommend him to my Publiſher, that he may carry on the Paper in the enſuing Winter; but, in this point, I muſt deſire to be excuſed, as I ſhould not chuſe to have my Plan eked out beyond its proper Bounds, and I therefore take this Opportunity to entreat that elegant Writer, who has for ſome time paſt aſſumed the Name of *Ranger*, not to lay any of his Foundlings at my Door, when once I ſhall have made my Bow to the Public. Such a Procedure would be highly illiberal, and I hope I need not ſay any Thing further on this Head. But to the ſoft, the obliging, the lovely, the courtly, the amiable *Clariſſa*, what Anſwer ſhall I make?—"Madam,—I cannot attain a Delicacy in the turn of my " Expreſſion equal to the Refinement of my Feelings on this Occaſion. " The terms—*you agreeable Devil*"—" *you pleaſant Creature*"—" *we're* " *in an uproar about you*, &c. Carry with them ſo much Endear- " ment, that I ſhould be very inſenſible, if I did not feel ſome Propenſi- " ties to Vanity on the Compliments, which ſo beautiful a Lady as " I am ſure you are, have been pleaſed to make me."—The Honour of making part every Saturday-morning of a Fair one's Tea-Equipage has certainly very powerful Inſtigations to perſiſt. But the Truth of it, is, my Muſe and I have been like Man and Wife for ſome time paſt, our Affections are become extremely frigid, and I have had ſo many Curtain-Lectures from her, that I long very earneſtly to keep ſeparate Beds, to ſay a civil Thing to her once in a Year, and, like a true modern Huſband, to admire every Body's *Muſe* better than my own, even though they be but battered Drabs; and though the World ſhould agree, that my *Thalia* is not entirely contemptible, on this Account, I am at preſent ſuing in the Court of *Parnaſſus* for a Divorce, and as ſhe has not brought me any Fortune to ſpeak of, I ſhall not be troubled to allow her a ſeperate Maintenance. I am aware that malicious Critics will give out, that I was ſeperated *cauſa frigiditatis*. But, the Public is always equitable in its Deciſions, and to them I implicitly ſubmit.

CHARLES RANGER.

Covent-Garden, 15 *Auguſt*.

IT is imagined that Mrs. *Woffington* will not return to *Dublin* for the enſuing Seaſon, but that ſhe will perform at this Theatre. In this

Caſe, the Company belonging to this Houſe, will have received ſuch conſiderable Reinforcement, that it is not doubted they will be able to keep the Field againſt the General of the adverſe Camp, who has been diſciplining his Troops during the whole Summer-Seaſon. Mrs. *Woffington*, it is ſaid, now makes as conſiderable a Figure in Tragedy, as ſhe was always known to do in the graceful and genteel Walks of ſprightly Comedy, and on this Account the Town may juſtly promiſe themſelves a very amiable Addition to their Entertainments.

Drury Lane, 16 *Auguſt*.

We hear that the *Rover*, the *Double Dealer*, and the *Mourning Bride* are to be revived at this Houſe next Winter, and alſo ſome other Pieces which, it is ſuppoſed, will have a great Run. Our Intelligence adds, that the laſt new Comedy, called *Gil Blas*, will likewiſe be got up, it being the Opinion of the *true Lovers of Humour*, that the Town did not do Juſtice to that Piece at its firſt Exhibition.

We are alſo informed, that a very tolerable Quantity of *Epigrams*, and other ſhort Pieces of Poetry, are got ready in order to be uſed as ſmall Shot, during the Winter, againſt any Actor or Actreſs who may be riſing into Fame; and it is likewiſe ſaid, that the Number of *Freemen* is to be enlarged, that the Manager may thereby gain a further Acquiſition of Admirers, who are to laugh and cry behind the Scenes, according as *Melpomene* or *Thalia* deigns to tread the Scene.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Jean Metromanie, lately arrived here from *Paris*, gives notice that he makes, in the higheſt Perfection, *portable Tragedy Broth*, very proper to be made uſe of by ſuch Performers, as miſtake Noiſe for Energy, and boiſterous Ranting for Vehemence of Expreſſion.

To be ſold a Cheſt of Tea, perfectly well flavoured. It will be ſold at ſo ſmall a price as Seven Shillings per Pound, very proper to be bought by any one, who is inclined to treat at a reaſonable Rate, the Writers about Town, in order to gain their Encomiums in their ſeveral periodical Productions next Winter.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 48. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, Auguſt 24, 1754.

Ille per extentum Funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet
Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

HOR.

THERE is not a Species of Writing which has not had its particular Admirer, and various Affirmations have been ſent abroad into the World concerning the Excellence of each. The famous Doctor *South* was of Opinion, that a complete Epigram is the Maſter-piece of Compoſition; and Mr. *Addiſon* calls a *perfect Tragedy the nobleſt Production of human Nature.* The Truth of it is, each Perſon has delivered his Sentiments agreeably to his own private Temper, and his own peculiar Turn of thinking. Doctor *South* excelled in lively and ſurprizing Strokes of Wit; every new Combination, which he formed in the vivacious Sallies of his Imagination, was Epigram in itſelf, and we find all his Writings ſown extremely thick with unexpected Aſſemblages; and on this Account we may ſuppoſe him inclinable to extol his own favourite Talent. In like Manner, Mr. *Addiſon* had employed many of his Hours in planning his Tragedy of *Cato*, and after it had received the moſt conſummate Poliſh, which his Skill could beſtow upon it, it was to be exhibited as the greateſt Production of human Wit. But the Aſſertions of great Men, when they are unſuſtained by Argument, are not to be conſidered as Decrees from which there can be no Appeal. Certain it is, there is no Circumſtance in Tragedy that can entitle it to the Pre-eminence among Literary Productions. In my Opinion, it can only claim the ſecond Place, becauſe it is manifeſt that all the Powers of Genius, *viz. Imagination*, *Eloquence* and *Reaſon* may be exerted in their full Force in the Epic Compoſition, whereas in Tragedy they frequently ſuffer great Limitation. The ſame Thing which on many Occaſions makes Tragedy the moſt powerful Performance, ſerves alſo to diveſt it of thoſe Advantages which give great Brilliancy to heroic Poeſy, and that is, its coming immediately before the Eye. It is juſtly remarked by *Horace*, that what is conveyed to our Notice thro' our Ears, acts with a more feeble Impulſe upon the Mind than Objects, that paſs through the Organs of Sight, thoſe faithful Evidences in a mental Court of Judicature.

Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt Oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit Spectator.———

For this Reaſon many Paſſages, in which the Epic Writer images and expands the Imagination of his Readers with the nobleſt Exhibitions of Poetic Imagery, are entirely excluded from the dramatic Scene; the Eye will not ſuffer itſelf eaſily to be deluded, and all the Amazement of Machinery is alſo for the ſame Reaſon totally ſuperſeded. A God, ſays the Critic, ſhould not be introduced, unleſs the Occaſion ſhould peremptorily require a ſupernatural Agent; he had ſaid better, if he had abſolutely interdicted their Appearance. We may in reading ſuffer ſuch an Incident to be impoſed upon us, but the Eye would be too much ſhocked with ſuch Repreſentations, and of courſe the Marvellous is entirely baniſhed. Beſides Tragedy will not admit any extraordinary Diſplay of *pure Poetry*, or Deſcription; the Heroic Poet for the moſt part ſpeaks in his own Perſon, and it is expected of him to pay great court to our Imagination; but the Dialogue of Perſonages, engaged in a Sphere of Action, intended to intereſt the Auditors, will not allow them to take up the Scene, with florid Exhibitions of rural Imagery, ſuch as Brooks murmuring in ſcanty Rills through pebbled Channels, *&c.* The following Lines in the Mouth of *Caliſta* in the *fair Penitent* may be extremely pictureſque, if conſidered as pure Deſcription, but if conſidered with regard to Character, and the Situation of that Character, they are certainly very inartificial and undramatic.

> ——— *my ſad Soul*
> *Has form'd a Diſmal melancholy Scene;*
> *An unfrequented Vale, o'er grown with Trees*
> *Moſſy and old, within whoſe loneſome Shade*
> *Ravens and Birds ill omen'd only dwell;*
> *No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook*
> *That bubbling winds among the Weeds.*

HENCE then we find, that in the Regions of Fancy, the *Drama* muſt yield to the Epic, and as this is a very conſiderable Part of Poeſy, I think it determines the Precedence to the latter. In the Art of Eloquence and in all Applications to our Reaſon, Tragedy can boaſt full Room for the moſt vigorous Exertion. The Drama may be full as ſentimental as any other Kind of Writing; nay, its Excellence frequently conſiſts in being ſo, and with Regard to the Paſſions, the Mode of Imitation, renders its Influence more forcible, and when we are deceived into a Notion that the Perſonages are actually ſuffering Diſtreſs before our Eyes, the Performance aſſumes a Kind of Reality, and more keen and intenſer Senſations agitate our Breaſts, than in Pieces where the Deſcription is left to operate upon us without any other Aid than that of lively and impaſſioned Expreſſions. *Virgil*, I apprehend was as ſkilful a Maſter of the Paſſions as any Writer, ancient or modern, and though the Paſſions of his *Dido* are drawn with as ſtrong and glowing Colourings, as Language can beſtow; though their various ſtruggling are all finely and cloſely marked, though all their Viciſſitudes, Veerings and Doublings, if I may ſo call them, are finely touched, yet, I believe, *Shakeſpear*'s *Lear* and *Othello* have made much more lively and deep Impreſſions upon an Audience, than ever the former has done upon his Admirers in the Cloſet.

Theſe advantages, however, are derived to the Tragic Queen from ſupernumerary Embelliſhments, and from the Labours of another Art, I mean that of Acting, which is in itſelf a Mode of Imitation, and ſerves to render the Touches of the Writer more ſtriking and more feelingly impreſſive. This Superiority the Drama certainly has over the *Epic*, and in conſequence of all its additional Aids, it can boaſt a more powerful Command over the human Heart. It imitates the very Voice of Nature, and ſpeaks the ſame ſimple and affecting Language. All that Profuſion of Figures, which mere Poetry admits, is diſcarded from the Stage. When I mention Figures, I muſt obſerve that Men of Critical Knowledge have juſtly diſtinguiſhed between Figures of Speech and Figures of the Sentiment; the former including Metaphor and all Tranſlations of Phraſes, and the latter conſiſting of ſuch Breaks and Tranſitions in Diſcourſe as the Mind is known to make when under the Compunction of warring Paſſions. As for Inſtance, when the Poet ſays of *Dido* that ſhe is devoured by an inward Flame.

Et cæco carpitur igna

He then expreſſes Love by a figurative Expreſſion; but when he ſays.

Ignoſcenda *quidem, ſcirent ſi* ignoſcere *manes*,

The Repetition expreſſes the natural workings of the Mind, when other Ideas are awakened, and ſerve to excite a new Conflict of Paſſions. The uſe of theſe kind of Figures in Tragedy ſhould be as free and bold as poſſible, and with Regard to Expreſſion, no other Regard is to be paid to it, than to chuſe ſuch Words as may be moſt ſignificantly Pictureſque, in order to have the more lively Effect on the Imagination, the Paſſions being then in a ſtronger Form when lively Images are preſented to the Fancy.

I BELIEVE our *Shakeſpear* is almoſt the only Poet who has excelled in a maſterly Power of ſtriking the *Imagination*, the *Heart*, and our *Reaſon* all at once; but in him Poetry, Sentiment, and Paſſion are combined in the moſt agreeable Aſſemblage. In his Tragedy of *Macbeth* there are ſeveral ſurprizing Strokes of this *Nature*. Amidſt a great Variety of Inſtances, the following Lines are introduced with a Solemnity ſuitable to the Occaſion, and they carry with them a pleaſing Kind of gloomy Imagery.

——— *E'er the Bat hath flown*
His cloiſter'd Flight, e'er to black Hecate's *Summons*
The Shard-born Beetle with his drouzy Hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there ſhall be done
A Deed of dreadful Note. ———

The Soliloquy in the Tent-Scene of *Richard the Third* is alſo a further Inſtance of the ſame Beauty, though by the Way it may not be improper to obſerve, notwithſtanding we muſt allow that Mr. *Cibber* was in the right to tranſplant *Shakeſpear*'s own Words, that they are not perfectly ſuitable to the Character of *Richard*, and I believe had our great Poet thought of ſhewing his Hero in this Situation, he would have ſhewed *Richard*'s Feelings quite otherwiſe on ſuch an Occaſion.

To conclude: *Ariſtotle* was certainly miſtaken when he called the Fable the Life and Soul of Tragedy; the Art of conſtructing the dramatic Story ſhould always be ſubſervient to the Exhibition of Character, and therefore that Poet will always ſucceed beſt, who finds the moſt artful Manner of ſtriking his Auditors with Sentiment and Paſſion at the ſame Time.

X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 24.

NOW that I am upon the Point of declining this Paper, I find my Correſpondents pour in their Contributions faſter than has been the Caſe for ſome time paſt. I am entreated by ſeveral of them to perſevere, and they promiſe to ſend as many Hints both for Eſſays and News, as their Leiſure will permit. The Ladies are particularly civil, and I muſt take this Opportunity to make my Compliments to Miſs *Penelope Paleface*, Miſs *Charlotte Ramble*, to the Ladies who direct to me from the Chit-chat Club, to Miſs *Lucy Slycap*, and Miſs *Betty Tongue-pad.* I have from time to time received ſhort Letters ſigned with thoſe Names, and were it any way poſſible to comply with the Requeſt of theſe Ladies, by ſtill continuing my Paper, their Commands would certainly prove irreſiſtible: but the Plan of the *Gray's Inn Journal* extends to a certain Number, and then muſt finally ceaſe. In ſhort, I have of late imagined myſelf of infinitely greater Conſequence, than I ever appeared to my own Imagination even in my warmeſt Moments of Self-congratulation. I muſt own, indeed, that ſome of thoſe who had formerly taken Exceptions (I will not ſay how juſtly or unjuſtly they were founded) to ſome unguarded or oblique Strokes in my Writings, have upon this Occaſion, ſent me a few Sarcaſms, Epigrams, and other Pieces of ſmall Wit, which have a little diſconcerted my Felicity, and in ſome Degree have daſhed the Pleaſure I enjoyed at the Perception of that Regard which many of my Readers have been kind enough to pay me. As I am perhaps too conſcious that I have in the Warmth and Precipitance of my Fancy, now and then given vent to Animadverſions, which had been much better ſuppreſſed: I will now inform thoſe who have been diſcontented with my Proceedings, that *Ranger* was this Day ſerved with a *Subpœna* from the *Cenſorial Court*, requiring his Attendance at the Bar of the Houſe, upon a Charge of ſome Miſdemeanors exhibited againſt him. A Copy of the Articles of Impeachment is to be ſent to him in a few Days; the Reader ſhall have an Opportunity of ſeeing it in this Paper, and his Defence ſhall be printed at large. As this Trial is full as material as that of *Elizabeth Canning*, I expect it will make full as much Noiſe; and I ſhall be greatly ſurpriſed, if there is not a Subſcription opened on both Sides to defray the neceſſary Charges of ſo weighty a Suit. Having received a Letter containing Matters, that deſerve public Notice, I have thought proper to make an Extract from it in this Day's Paper.

Extract of a Letter, dated Crown Coffee-Houſe, Bedford-Row, Aug. 16.

——— The Gentlemen here are greatly concerned at the Thoughts of loſing you, both on Account of the Pleaſure they will be deprived of by the Diſcontinuance of your Paper, and of the perpetual Impertinence they will be ſubject to from Mr. *Shortcough*, who, ſince you firſt gave him a

Touch of your Pen, has been reſtrained, by his Fears of another Laſhing, within ſome Sort of Bounds; but ſince you have declared your Intentions of relinquiſhing your Paper, he has tranſgreſſed all Decency, and is every Inſtant committing Outrages againſt Good-breeding and Manners. Since you firſt mentioned him, he has never troubled us at making a Bet when the Odds are in his Favour, with ſaying, "*Come, I've a Guinea in my* "*Pocket, which my Wife knows nothing of.*"—But he is now returned to his Vomit: *Pride* and *Meanneſs* are ſurpriſingly blended in him, and theſe two oppoſite Qualities diſcloſe themſelves daily by a vain Ambition of being thought rich, and a Poverty of Spirit in doing the loweſt Actions. Though a Pack of Cards will not at any Ale-houſe fetch more than a Groat, Mr. *Shortcough* will ſlily ſlip one into his Pocket. He inceſſantly offers Bets, but never makes any unleſs he meets with a *Pigeon*, that gives him the Advantage of Four-pence in the Shilling. It is common, by way of ſhewing him off, to give him a Shilling to lay Half a Guinea, and chuſe his Side; and when he has *five Love*, he has made an even Bet with a Gentleman, who offered it to him in Deriſion. But they are all miſtaken in him; he is not to be ſhamed out of any Thing. In his Converſation he is elegant beyond Deſcription, and his Phraſes are greatly above any Paſſage in *Swift*'s polite Converſation. "*You Son of a B—h;—yeu Dog;* "*—you Raſcal;—you bubble-bubble-pated Puppy;—hang yourſelf, and* "*drown your Baſtards;—Oh! my God (quoth* Nanny Sayer) *what a* "*Whore am I.—Fatal* FOUR, *all the World* O'ER;—*you, Mr.* Quibus, "*you may kiſs my*—— *Nominative; Quibus, Quobus, Quodbus; and ſo* "*forth.*" With this Sort of Literature does he infeſt the Company the whole Evening, and it is uſhered in with a ſtentorial Voice enough to crack the Ceiling.—His Age protects him from the Correction of the Arm, but ſurely cannot exempt him from the coercive Power of a Satyriſt. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, pick ſuch a Rod out of this Bundle as may hereafter be hung up here *in terrorem*, and you'll oblige, &c.

The Writer of the above Letter has, in my Opinion, drawn ſo pleaſant a Sketch of this extraordinary Humouriſt, that no Colouring of mine can improve the Piece. In order to hinder him from running Riot any longer, though I ſhall not be at any Pains myſelf about him, I will firſt hint that I may, in my laſt Paper, recommend to a certain Brother-Writer, to give a Look in there from time to time, by which the Peace and Harmony of Society may be preſerved from the Invaſions of all *Viſigoths* whatever.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 49. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, Auguſt 31, 1754.

Creditur, ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum, ſed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris quanto eſt veniæ minùs.

HOR.

ARISTOTLE informs us that *Homer* wrote a Comic-Epic Poem entitled *Margites*, which to the no ſmall Detriment of ſucceeding Ages, is unfortunately loſt. To this Species of Poeſy, we may ſuppoſe, Comedy has the ſame Reference, that the Tragic bears to the Heroic. For my Part, I cannot conceive why a good Comedy has never been ſtiled by thoſe, who are fond of deciding literary Precedence, the greateſt Production of human Nature. Certainly its conſiſting of known and familiar Ideas, ſhould not derogate from its Merit, becauſe on Account of that very Circumſtance, it meets with leſs Indulgence, the Buſineſs of it coming more near to every Man's Breaſt, and, of courſe, the very Vulgar being in ſome Meaſure Judges of the Juſtneſs of the Imitation; whereas, in Tragedy, frigid Declamation lulls, florid Epithets amuſe, lofty Metaphors amaze, and ſonorous Expreſſions elevate and ſurprize.

As Tragedy aims more particularly at an Excitement of the Paſſions, ſo the chief Merit of *Comedy* conſiſts in producing an equal Effect on the human Mind. But the Paſſions which they both aim at are not the ſame, the former principally awakening Senſations of Terror and Pity, and the latter giving Emotions of a gay Contempt, as it is elegantly called, or in plainer Engliſh, making us deſpiſe and laugh at an Object at the ſame Time. To ſucceed in this laſt mentioned Mode of Writing, it requires as fine and as lively an Imagination as any of the other imitative Arts; for as it is manifeſt, that the Tragic Poet then excites in us the moſt intenſe Senſations, when his Expreſſions convey the livelieſt Images to the Fancy, ſo the Comic Poet, when he ſeizes the Imagination with a bright Aſſemblage of ludicrous Ideas, is ſure of agitating thoſe Paſſions, to which his Art directs him, with an irreſiſtible Power. And therefore this Animadverſion is ſufficient to put an End to that idle Diſpute, which we learn from *Horace*, engaged the Learned, *viz.* Whether Comedy might be called Poetry or not.

> ——— *quidam Comœdia necne Poema*
> *Eſſet quæſivere* ———

It is manifeſt that it is an imitative Art, and different Paſſions being the Objects of its Addreſs, it only makes uſe of Means different from more elevated Species of Writing; but ſurely it is full as hard a Taſk to paint ordinary Things, as Objects of more Importance; and, in my Opinion, *Virgil*'s Line which deſcribes an old Woman running acroſs *Dido*'s Apartment with officious Zeal.

> *Illa gradum ſtudio celerabat anili,*

is as picturesque as the Deſcription of the ambroſial Locks of *Venus*.

> *Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem,*
> *Spiravere.*——

THE Comic Writer, as well as the Tragedian, muſt derive his Force from the true primary Sources of Compoſition; that is to ſay, he muſt learn to ſeize our *Imaginations*, with ſtriking Pictures of common Life; he muſt inſtruct our Reaſon by inſerting ſenſible Obſervations on human Contingencies, and he muſt alſo frequently apply himſelf to thoſe Paſſions which it is the Merit of his Art to awaken. In this laſt mentioned Particular conſiſts the real Merit of a well wrought Comedy; in like manner as the ſerious Drama muſt fill us with Ideas proper to excite Terror and Pity. To obtain either Effect, the Poet is to ſelect ſuch Circumſtances in every Object, in every Paſſion, and in every Action, as will be moſt conducive to his peculiar End, and he is conſtantly to avail himſelf of ſuch Expreſſions as will ſerve to convey the livelieſt Images to the Fancy. When this is rightly performed, whether in the ſolemn or humourous Scene, it is true Poetry, and in either caſe it is by the Means of a Mode of Eloquence, that the Art produces its deſired effect. For Ridicule, by which Comedy works is as much a Mode of Eloquence, as the ſeveral Arts of Perſuaſion, and the ſeveral Figures, which Rhetoric has reduced into a Syſtem for the Excitement of the more ſerious Paſſions.

THE Diſpute that ſubſiſted among the learned for a conſiderable, Time and is perhaps not yet determined, *viz.* Whether Ridicule is a Teſt of Truth, is, in my humble Opinion, extremely idle and frivolous; the Faculty of Reaſon, which compares our Ideas, and ſuſtains or rejects the various Affirmations concerning them, being the ſole Judge of Truth, however complicated the Means may be by which it gains its End. I have often wondered, that neither *Ariſtotle*, *Tully*, nor *Quintilian*, have given a juſt and adequate Definition of Ridicule. To ſay that it conſiſt in raiſing our Laughter, at ſome Turpitude, is a very inſufficient Account of the Matter. Mr. *Fielding*, in his Preface to his *Joſeph Andrews*, has thrown ſome Light upon the Matter, but as he places the Source of it in Affectation, he appears to me not to have taken a comprehenſive Survey of his Subject. I apprehend the Ridiculous may be formed, where there is no Affectation at the Bottom, and his Parſon *Adams* I take to be an Inſtance of this Aſſertion.

The beſt and moſt accurate Definition I have ever met with of the Ridiculous is in a note of Doctor *Akenſide's* to his excellent Poem *on the Pleaſures* of *Imagination.* " *That, ſays he, which* " *makes Objects ridiculous is ſome Ground of Admiration or Eſteem* " *connected with other more general Circumſtances, comparatively* " *worthleſs or deformed; or it is ſome Circumſtances of Turpitude or* " *Deformity connected with what is in General excellent or beautiful;* " *the inconſiſtent Properties exiſting either in the Objects themſelves,* " *or in the Apprehenſion of the Perſon to whom they relate, implying* " *Sentiment or Deſign, and exciting no acute or vehement Emotion* " *of the Heart.*" The Effect which the Circumſtances thus ſpecified have upon us he thus defines, " *the Senſation of Ridi*" *cule is not a bare Perception of the Agreement or Diſagreement* " *of Ideas, but a Paſſion or Emotion of the Mind conſequential to* " *that Perception.*"

The Emotions here intended are Laughter and Contempt, and theſe it is the Buſineſs of Comedy to excite, by making ſtriking Exhibitions of inconſiſtent Circumſtances, blended together in ſuch a thwarting Aſſemblage, that a gay Contempt irreſiſtibly ſhall take Poſſeſſion of us. To perform this in all Objects which come before the Comic Muſe, in Men and Manners, in all Actions and Paſſions, requires a very delicate Hand, and it frequently is neceſſary to have an almoſt microſcopic Eye to perceive the latent Inconſiſtency in Circumſtances ſeemingly fair and praiſe-worthy. *Prior* has expreſſed this with his uſual Delicacy,

And tho' the Error may be ſuch
As Knaggs *and* Burgeſs *cannot hit,*
It yet may feel the nicer Touch,
Of Wycherly *or* Congreve's *Wit.*

In producing Portraits of Mankind it is not enough to diſplay Foibles and Oddities ; a fine Vein of Ridicule muſt run through the whole, to urge the Mind to frequent Emotions of Laughter ; otherwiſe there will be Danger of exhibiting diſagreeable Characters without affording the proper Entertainment. I think *Ben Johnſon* extremely apt to err in this Point; His *Moroſe*, is a ſurly, ill-natured, abſurd Humouriſt, whom we can hardly laught at, and he ſoon becomes very bad Company. Many of *Johnſon*'s Characters are of the ſame Caſt, while in *Shakeſpear*'s *Falſtaff*, the ridiculous Ideas are placed in ſuch an artful Point of View, that our Merriment can never be reſtrained, whenever Sir *John* appears. *Congreve* in my Opinion had a great Deal of the ſame Talent, and what I have ſomewhere ſeen objected to him, that many of his Characters are obvious in human Life, is with me a ſtrong Proof of his ſuperior Genius. An Old *Batchelor*, for Inſtance, is very common, but he muſt paſs thro' ſuch an Imagination as *Congreve*'s to ſupport ſeveral Scenes in the Drama with the moſt exquiſite Pleaſantry. Though the Character was not new, yet his Management of it has all the Graces of Novelty, and the Situations in which we ſee him are all exquiſitely ridiculous. Perſonages of this Claſs, unleſs artfully conducted, may very ſoon tire an Audience, but in this excellent Poet's Hands nothing ſuffers a Diminution. The ſame, I think, appears in his Sir *Paul Plyant*, in which Character there is perhaps as much Comic Force as in any one Piece on the Stage. Sir *John Vanbrugh* was alſo a perfect Maſter of his Art in this Reſpect, and of this his Sir *John Brute* is a remarkable Proof. The Knight is conſtantly diverting us with an odd whimſical Way of Thinking, which at once ſerves to diſplay his own Foibles, and entertains his Audience with a Pleaſantry of which he ſeems all along totally unconſcious himſelf.

It is therefore by placing the Humours and Foibles of human Nature in a ridiculous Light, that the true comic Force is created. The ingenious Author, whom I have already quoted, has judiciouſly explained each Part of the Definition cited above, and he has finely traced the ſeveral Sources from which true Ridicule ſprings. The Account of it is, in my Opinion, perfectly juſt, and involves all the ſeveral Species. Whoever chuſes to conſider the Matter will find Affectation to be but one ſpring, however diffuſive the Streams of it may be. To the Poem itſelf, I beg leave to refer my Readers, and I ſhall diſmiſs this Paper, with obſerving, that the whole Beauty of the comic Diction conſiſts in the Words and Phraſes being ſo choſen as to give to the Mind the moſt lively impreſſion of known and familiar Images, and at the ſame Time the ſtrongeſt Marks of Character and each Perſon's peculiar Temper. X.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 31.

I LOOK upon myſelf in my preſent State to be ſomething like one returning home from a Voyage round the World; in the courſe of theſe my Saturday Compoſitions I certainly have travelled through many Perils, many uneaſy Moments, and many Hours of Solicitude and Anxiety. The Fear of giving Offence, the Fear of being dull, the Apprehenſions of being eclipſed by Brother-writers, the many Indignities which our Papers receive in Coffee-houſes, at the Paſtry-cooks, *&c.* are Matters of very high Importance; but I am now approaching to an eaſy Harbour, and ſhall have the Pleaſure in Number fifty-two, which is to be the laſt of theſe Papers, to take Leave of all my Readers. I therefore muſt once for all declare, that it is in vain I am ſollicited to continue; I ſhall willingly make Room for more Adventurers in this Way, and I ſhall always have a grateful Senſe of the Indulgence with which the preſent Writer has been received; and I now take Pride to myſelf, that, notwithſtanding many Attempts to hurt and depreciate poor *Ranger*, his Sale never fell in Number, and to this Inſtant keeps up as well as moſt Papers that have been publiſhed in this way. I therefore flatter myſelf, that I ſhall lay down with ſome Degree of Credit, and till next Saturday, I remain,

The candid Reader's moſt obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

By Advices from *Rantlagh* we learn, that the Sons of *Comus* are determined to meet there, and, like choice Spirits, to regale themſelves with a well prepared Paſt of Wit, Humour, and Harmony. It is ſaid, that they have an humorous Parody upon *Dryden*'s Ode on St. *Cæcilia*'s Day, ſet to Muſic in the true Spirit of Burleſque, and that a Band of Geniuſes intend there to divert themſelves with a Performance for their own private Entertainment. If this Intelligence ſhould prove true, the Lovers of Mirth cannot be too expeditious in entering themſelves among the lively Spirits of this Concert, which will open at *Ranelagh* Houſe ſome Day next Week.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

THE GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 50. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1754.

Auguſt is hunc addere rebus honorem, VIRG.
Ampullas & Seſquipedalia verba. HOR.

HAVING in my laſt offered ſome curſory Remarks upon RIDICULE, I ſhall in this Day's Paper take Notice of a Species of Writing, which on Account of ſome Affinity between them, is often ſuppoſed to be the ſame with the Ridiculous; and yet, upon an attentive View of the Matter, it appears to be a Mode of Compoſition introduced by Men of Genius in order to fall in with that Propenſity to Laughter, which prevails with all Mankind in general. What I here intend is *Burleſque*; and, in my humble Opinion, to mark its Boundaries, its Procedure and Extent, will be no improper Subject among theſe Eſſays, which only pretend now and then to glance ſo much Light upon Matters of this Nature, as may ſerve to illuſtrate them to the unlearned.

IT muſt be remembered, that as the *ridiculous* conſiſts in a Coalition of Circumſtances repugnant to each other in their own Natures, but yet whimſically blended together in any Object, any human Action or Paſſion, to call forth this Inconſiſtency to public View, and to ſhew the heterogeneous Aſſemblage, in ſuch a Manner as to provoke the Mind to laugh at it with Contempt, is to exert the rare and excellent talent of *Ridicule*, and as this is attended when well executed, with fine conſequential Effects, the Lovers of *Burleſque* will not wait to diſcover a real Incongruity, but by the Force of their own Imaginations they create it for themſelves, and by obtruding Circumſtances which perhaps do not belong to the Object, they are frequently very ſucceſsful in rendering Things apparently ridiculous, which to an attentive Eye may not wear the motly Livery, however it may ſerve the Purpoſes of Mirth to inveſt it with it. In order to explain more fully, what is here inſiſted on, it may not be improper to lay before the Reader an Inſtance or two of the *Ridiculous*, and alſo of *Burleſque*, which may in ſome Meaſure ſerve to render this Matter ſtill more intelligible and clear.

WHEN *Fielding*'s Parſon *Adams* being in Diſtreſs at an Inn, retires very gravely with a *London* Bookſeller to raiſe Money upon ſome Manuſcript Sermons, I believe the diſſonant Circumſtances in this Caſe ſtrike very forcibly, and our Laughter is ſtill urged with greater Impetuoſity, when, after having travelled a great many Miles from his own place of Abode towards *London*, with no other Buſineſs upon Earth, but to diſpoſe of theſe Sermons, we hear the Parſon not being able to find them, very gravely ſay, "*I proteſt I believe I left them behind me.*" When the ſame Perſonage aſſures us, that he is very rich, and then adds, that he does not ſay it by way of exciting or complying with worldly vanity, but to ſhew that he can live well on the Road, and, to confirm this, produces half a Guinea, the Difference between his Opinion and the ſmall value of the Piece, and this too from a Clergyman, a Scholar, and in many Things a Man of excellent Underſtanding, produces an Emotion of Laughter attended in this Inſtance with a Contempt for *Adam's* want of Knowledge of the World. In like manner, when *Don Quixote* very gravely ſays, that he has ſeen the Sea, and that it is much larger than the River at *Lamancha*, we cannot help laughing at a Man who has formed his Ideas of Things by what he has ſeen at his own native Place, and to find an inſignificant River compared to the Sea, preſents ſuch a repugnant Conjunction of Images, as muſt neceſſarily operate upon our riſible Faculties.

THESE Inſtances, which have firſt, among a Thouſand, offered themſelves to my Memory, are true Inſtances of the *Ridiculous*, nothing here being obtruded upon our Imaginations, but in *Burleſque* there are many adventitious Ideas called, in order to form a motly Concurrence of thwarting Images, and ſo produce the ſame Effect with the really Ridiculous. As for Inſtance, if any Object which comes before the *Burleſque* Writer, be low in its own Nature, he immediately bethinks himſelf of conferring on it a mock Dignity, in which it begins to look big, like the Champion at a Coronation, who boldly challenges all Mankind when he knows no body will fight him. I have ever been highly pleaſed with a Touch of this Kind in a Note to Mr. *Fielding*'s *Tom Thumb*, where mentioning ſomething of the Soul of Man, he gravely tells us, "*Plato is of this Opinion, and ſo is — Mr. Banks.*" The Stroke in the *Beggars Opera* is of the ſame Nature, — "*There is nothing ſo merry as a great Man in Diſtreſs.*" In this Caſe the great Diſproportion between the two Objects ſtrikes our Imagination, and our Laughter burſts out at that which is, without Foundation, ſet in Competition. In the following Paſſage of the Poet, it ſeems to me, there is a ridiculous Appearance intended by giving a mock Majeſty to an Object in the general Opinion not ſo highly exalted.

Oh! could I view thro' London *as I paſs*
Some broad Sir Balaam *in* Corinthian *Braſs!*
High on a Pedeſtal, *ye Freemen place*
His magiſterial Paunch and griping Face.
Letter'd and gilt let him adorn *Cheapſide,*
And grant the Tradeſman, *what a* King's *deny'd.*

Thus the ludicrous Aſſemblage is formed by an Aſſociation of Ideas, ſo diſtant from each other, that we are diverted to ſee them joined. The other Method of *Burleſque* is, if an Object has any Thing reſpectable about, to join it with Images, not only inferior, but in themſelves contemptible. Mr. *Pope* is very frequent in this Kind of Satyr throughout his *Dunciad*, and *Boileau* is, I think, admirable in both Species of *Burleſque*, in his *Lutrin*. Our own *Garth* alſo has many beautiful Paſſages in his *Diſpenſary*, where a Ridicule is thrown upon his Heroes by aſſociating with them Images of Things, to which ſome Kind of Turpitude is adherent; thus a ſet of *Phyſicians* quarrelling among themſelves are finely placed in a ludicrous Light by the following humourous Simile.

Thus often at the Temple *Stairs we've ſeen*
Two Tritons *of a rough athletic Mien,*
Sourly diſpute ſome Quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face beſmear'd with Blood;
But at the firſt Appearance of a Fare,
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

ANOTHER very common Method of *Burleſque* is by making frequent Application of grand and ſublime Paſſages in our beſt Poets, to Things unworthy and mean. *Boileau*, is in my Opinion, the happieſt of all modern Poets in this Particular. As Paſſages of this Nature are frequently miſtaken for an Intent to *burleſque* the Author, from the Images borrowed, it may not be improper in this place to obſerve, Parody does not always carry with it any Sneer at the Author parodied. The quaint Things in *Virgil* may be aptly applied to other Objects, without his being burleſqued, and there we find that *Vida* in his elegant and beautiful Poem on the Game of Cheſs, has almoſt in every Lime ſurprized us with Expreſſions and Lines from the *Æneid*, by which means he gives Spirit and Life to his Poem, animates his imaginary Warriours with human Paſſions, and fills the Fancy with entertaining Ideas, without ſwelling too much into the Mock-heroic, which would have been downright *Burleſque*. The Deſcription and the Havock done at a Game of Cheſs is perfectly elegant.

Sternitur omne ſolum buxo atque miſerrima cædes
Exoritur; confuſa inter ſeſe agmina cædunt,
Implicitæque ruunt, albæ, nigræque Phalanges;
Sternuntur pedites & corpora quadrupedantum.

The Deſcription of the Queen is alſo highly beautiful.

At medias inter acies crudeſcit Amazon,
Candida, plena animis, mediiſque in millibus ardet.

It is plain, that Mr. *Pope* in his Account of a Game at Cards in the *Rape of the Lock*, has imitated this excellent Poet in his Manner of exalting inanimate Things, which can never carry with it any Air of *Burleſque*, becauſe nothing can be ridiculous, but when a free Agency is implied.

But in *Burleſque*, as in every other Kind of Writing, Truth ſhould be the Foundation, otherwiſe the Superſtructure muſt fall, like *Ariſtophanes*'s Ridicule of *Socrates*, which is now held in Contempt. It muſt be alſo remembered, that every Parody of a Poet is not a Burleſque of that Poet; the Object thus attacked muſt be always exceptionable, otherwiſe it can never be eſſentially hurt by a falſe Combination of adventitious Ideas. As there is a ſtrong Propenſity in the Generality of People to this Kind of Humour, Tragic Poets, in particular, ſhould be cautious how by any Paſſage or Expreſſion, they excite ludicrous Images. If once in the moſt ſerious Scene a wrong Aſſociation of Ideas be formed, the Mind is apt to attach itſelf to the Object of its Mirth, and thus a well imagined Piece may be obſtructed. A very elegant Critic obſerves, that the following line of *Dryden*.

A Star-light Morning, and an Ev'ning fair.

has in it nothing improper, and yet if any one recollects that a *Star-light Morning* is the Language of a Watchman it may occaſion ſome ſprightly Raillery. On this account, in all the different ſpecies of Compoſition the Writer muſt carefully remember to keep within his proper Boundaries, becauſe the leaſt Excurſion too far may be highly prejudicial.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 6.

AS this is the laſt Opportunity I ſhall have of giving any more Articles of True Intelligence, I have determined to give the Precedence in this Day's Paper, to a ſuccinct Account of the Proceedings at a Court of cenſorial Enquiry againſt the Author of this Paper. I flatter myſelf that by theſe Means the Exceptions which may have been taken to theſe little Compoſitions, will be ſtated in a fair Light, and the Writer's Conduct throughout his Undertaking, put beyond the Reach of Calumny or Detraction.

Court of cenſorial Enquiry, 6. *Sep*

This Day CHARLES RANGER, Eſq; appeared at the Bar of this Court, upon an Indictment found againſt him, for that he wantonly and indiſcreetly from Time to Time in his *Gray's Inn Journal* made too free with Characters which had not offended him, to the great Uneaſineſs of the Furious ſo attacked, and againſt the Statute recorded by *Horace*, *Sublato jure nocendi*, &c.

Ranger objected to ſeveral who were ſummoned to be on the Jury, offering various Reaſons as occaſion offered, ſuch as *Dulneſs*, *Ignorance*, *Prejudice*, &c. At length this Point being adjuſted, the Cauſe was opened by Counſellor *Feſter*, who ſpared neither Elocution nor Eloquence to inflame the Mind of the Court, and the Gentlemen impanelled againſt the Priſoner at the Bar. Many Times he inſiſted, could be pointed out of perſonal Reſentment, and Malice propenſe, &c. After which ſeveral Paſſages of *Ranger*'s Writings were read in Court, and ſeveral Witneſſes appeared to enforce the Charge exhibited againſt him.——Among theſe were *Quinbus Fleſtrin*, from the Bedford Coffee-houſe; *Bob Nankeen*, *Nat Pigtail*, *Harry Lappel*, *Jack Oakſtick*, *Jemmy Scratch*, from the City; Mr. *Mac Gregor*, Mr. *Broadbrim*, Mr. *Shallow*, &c. from the Robinhood Society; Monſ. *Villeneuve*, Monſ. *Languedoc*, Monſ. *Bernard*, Monſ. *La Varele.* Monſ. *Soup-meagre*, &c. from *Tom*'s in *Cornhill* and *Slaughter*'s in *St. Martin*'s *Lane*; *Moſes Aminadab*, *Selim Levi*, *Rubens Shylock*, &c. from *Duke*'s *Place*; and ſome others from various Parts of the Town, all theſe depoſed that the Priſoner had indulged himſelf in frequent Strokes of Pleaſantry upon them, and they therefore hoped the Jury would bring in a Verdict accordingly.

Priſoner's Defence.

May it pleaſe this honourable Court, and you Gentlemen of the Jury.

I ſhall not endeavour to evade any part of the Charge brought againſt me, except the Imputation of wantonly making free with Characters that had not given any perſonal Offence; this Point I muſt ſpeak a few Words to, becauſe I think it a very fallacious Argument, and if it be ſuppoſed to carry any weight, it may be ſufficient to tye up the Hands of every Satyriſt, and then Vice and Folly may laud it uncontrouled. It is not neceſſary, that a ridiculous Character ſhould tread upon an Author's Toe, or offend him in ſome other Manner, without that, he is free Game for every Sportſman of the Quill; and that this is Mr. POPE's Opinion appears from the following Lines;

> And muſt no Egg in *Japhet's* Face be thrown,
> Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own.

And with Regard to the Charge of perſonal Reſentment, I muſt here declare before this honorable Court, that I never ſaw one of theſe Gentlemen, who have appeared againſt me, in my Life.—Their Faces, their Perſons, their Characters, are to me perfectly unknown: and therefore I preſume, it may be fairly inferred, that I never meant to give the leaſt Annoyance to any one in particular—They were all Perſonages of my own Creation, and ſomething like them I imagined might exiſt in Nature, and therefore I fancied I had a Right to laſh or banter any Vice or Folly under imaginary Names, without intending a perſonal Application in any one Inſtance. Since theſe Gentlemen have all thought proper to take Things to themſelves, I refer it to the Jury, whether this may not be ſaid to libel themſelves. Having ſaid thus much, I think it unneceſſary in ſo plain a Caſe to take up the Time of the Court, and I am therefore willing to ſubmit to its equitable Deciſions.

After this the *Inſpector* appeared in Court, and deſired to be heard. It was imagined he alſo came with a further Aggravation of the Indictment, but inſtead of inflaming Matters, he ſaid, that though he had Reaſon to think there were now and then in *Ranger's* Writings unprovoked Strokes of perſonal Satyr, yet for his Part he charged all Inſtances of that Nature on the Ill-nature and Depravity of Taſte of his Readers, rather than any Propenſity in the Author's Mind. Hereupon the Jury withdrew, and in a few Minutes brought in their Verdict NOT GUILTY, to the great Satisfaction of *Ranger* and his Friends, and the Diſappointment of the Group of Witneſſes mentioned above. The High Steward of the Court then took his Staff, declared the Commiſſion to be annulled, and the cenſorial Court was finally diſmiſſed.

We hear that a Comedy, written by his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*, and called the *Chances*, is getting ready to be played, with proper Alterations, at the Theatre Royal in *Covent-Garden*, ſome time in the approaching Seaſon. It is further ſaid, that Mr. *Foote* will bring on two new Entertainments before the Winter expires, ſo that the Critics will have full Employment there for ſome time.

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and
J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the
former Numbers.

T H E

GRAY's INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 51. *To be continued Weekly.* PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1754.

——— Extremo ſub fine laborum
Vela legam, & terris feſtinem advertere proram. VIRG.

Nec luſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere ludum.
HOR.

A SPIRIT of Enterprize adminiſters to the Heart, in which its Pulſations are felt, the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing Pleaſures our Conſtitutions can admit; Doubts and Fears may ariſe, but they are ſoon quenched by ſanguine Hope; Succeſs hovers over the young Schemiſt's Head; Fame ſtands in a Corner of the Picture, which fond Fancy has framed, blowing her immortal Trumpet, and Happineſs and gay Serenity dart in ſprightly Vibrations through his Soul. Happy, were the golden Dream never to evaporate! But Clouds ariſe that blot the intellectual Radiance, and as ſoon as the Beams of Imagination are diminiſhed, the Paſſions, like Flowers at the Setting Sun, immediately are contracted, the Spirits, that expanded every Nerve, ſink in their Channels, ſubſide into Languor, and Satiety takes Poſſeſſion of the Mind. I remember, to have met with a Story of a prime Miniſter to *Pyrrhus*, who ſeems to have had a ſhrewd Turn of Humour. When the King happened, in the full Rapture of Expedition, and his Imagination dilated with Ideas of future Conqueſt, to expatiate at large upon the various Incidents of his growing Enterprize, "Pray "Sir, (ſays he) what does all this tend to? Why, cries the "Monarch, I ſhall add the neighbouring Nations to my "Dominion:— Well! and what then pray? Why then I ſhall "declare War againſt the adjacent States. — And what then "Sir? I ſhall proceed in my Conqueſts, and the next Pro"vince ſhall receive my Yoke—And what then Sir? Why, their "Neighbours ſhall alſo pay Tribute — This is very well, my "Liege, and what next? — Thus I ſhall gradually extend my "Victories till I become Maſter of the Globe—And what then?— "Then — why, — then I'll ſit down and crack a Bottle with "my Friends — And, pray Sir, why not do ſo now?" This Paſſage has always appeared to me to carry with it a very fine Stroke of Satyr, and I am inclinable to think that if the greateſt Hero of Antiquity, were to make up the Account of his Happineſs, he would find it not one Jot more than is here implied.

But among all the various Adventurers, who muſt feel this Truth, there is no Set of *Quixotes* who experience it more powerly than the Race of Authors. What Happineſs does not the periodical Writer enjoy in the firſt dawning of a new Plan? — in Proportion as one Idea awakens a new Train of pleaſing Images, and the Deſign opens to his View, what Senſations unfelt before? What Chearfulneſs, what Fancy, what luxuriant Wit? And when a Sheet, yet wet, is ſent him from the Preſs for his Inſpection, how his Heart bounds to ſee himſelf in print? — the Fineneſs of the Paper! — How it pleaſes him? The Elegance of the Type! — How its Symmetry ſtrikes the Eye! — The Correctneſs of the Compoſitor! — How juſt and how exact? — Fluſhed with theſe Ideas the Imagination expands itſelf, and, in the Fulneſs of Self-Admiration, he addreſſes himſelf in the Words of *Hamlet* — "What a Piece of Work is Man? How noble in Reaſon! How infinite in Faculties." — And yet paſs but a few Hours, and how changed is every Trace of Reflection? The Critics gather round him, and, like the Harpies in the third *Æneid* they break in upon his Meal, and like them too, they denounce Penury and Famine. The Learned meet his Work by Chance; they ſpeak of it, but not with ſufficient Warmth, becauſe Men of Senſe never admire and only approve. He then runs up and down among the Pamphlet Shops; in many they have not heard of it; he calls for it in Coffee-Houſes, "Sir, we don't take it in" — In Places where it is uſed he ſees it twiſted into a thouſand different Shapes, the Paper and print neglected, and the Stile unregarded; the

Waiters throw it among the common Lumber, and Gentlemen keep Snuff in it. Theſe and many other Indignities ariſe to mortify an Author's Pride; and beſides all this, the Novelty of the Performance will wear off with him, as well as his Readers, and even Fame, ſuppoſing the good-natured World allow him his full Portion, will thrill with feebler Impulſe to his Heart-Srrings, and in the Concluſion, I believe, he will find that, Hero-like, he cannot drink his Bottle with greater Pleaſure, than when he firſt ſet out.

But the Misfortune of the Tribe that write, is, they never know when to leave off; "*neſcivit quod benè ceſſit relinquere*", ſays *Seneca* of *Ovid*, and the ſame Obſervation may be applied to every inferior Writer, as we learn by Experience, they never know when to give over. Merchants frequently retire to *Newington*, to *Hackney*, to *Edmonton*, or ſome Country-Houſe on the *London* Road, in order to enjoy their Acquiſitions, and trouble themſelves no more with the Liſt at *Lloyd*'s; Pleaders at the Bar often become Chamber-Counſellors; *Cibber* and *Quin* retired from the Stage with Honour; *Broughton* will fight no more, and yet the ſcribbling Tribe are never tired. *Nequid nimis*, is a Precept as uſeful in Writing as in Ethics, and, for my Part, I do not think there is, in Nature, a more contemptible Sight, than a Man writing himſelf down; it is, in my Opinion, full as ridiculous an Object, as an impotent Lover, whoſe Deſires have ſurvived his Abilities, and whoſe Vices adhere to him to the laſt.

There is a Poem, perhaps not known as univerſally as its real Merit deſerves, but for a fine Originality of Thought and Expreſſion, inferior to few in the *Engliſh* Language, which contains a Paſſage perfectly coincident with my preſent Scope. The Poem I mean is entitled the Spleen, by Mr. *Green* of the *Cuſtom-Houſe*, and I find my own Ideas, on this Occaſion, ſo beautifully expreſſed in the following Lines, that I ſhall here tranſcribe them, without fearing the Cenſure of a long Quotation.

When I behold a Poet ſit,
Fondly miſtaking Spleen for Wit,
Who, tho' ſhort-winded, ſtill will aim
To ſound the Trump of Epic Fame;
Who ſtill on Phœbus' *Smiles will doat,*
Nor learn Conviction from his Coat;
I bleſs my Stars, I never knew
Whimſies, which cloſe-purſu'd, undo,
And have from old Experience been
Both Parent and the Child of Spleen;

The Subjects of Apollo'*s State*
Who from falſe Fire derive their Fate,
With airy Purchaſes undone
Of Lands, which none lend Money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving Ways,
Nor loſt one Hour to gather Bays.
Their Fancies firſt delirious grew,
And Scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the Sight Parnaſſus *lies,*
And with falſe Proſpects cheats their Eyes;
The fabled Goods the Poets ſing,
A Seaſon of perpetual Spring,
Brooks, flowery Meads and Groves of Trees,
Affording Sweets and Similies;
Gay Dreams inſpir'd in Myrtle Bow'rs,
And Wreaths of undecaying Flow'rs;
Apollo'*s Harp with Airs divine,*
The ſacred Muſick of the Nine,
Views of the Temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant Nitch proud aim,
Raviſh their Souls, and plainly ſhew
What Fancy's ſketching Pow'r can do;
They will attempt the Mountain ſteep
Where on the Top, like Dreams in Sleep,
The Muſes Revelations ſhew,
That find Men crack'd, or make them ſo.

I HAVE been led into this Tract of Thought by a Review of my own Senſations, ever ſince I undertook the anxious Character of a public Writer, which I have now ſuſtained for the Space of two Years, and having ſwelled the Number of theſe Eſſays to a ſufficient Number, I purpoſe next *Saturday* finally to take Leave of my Readers. In doing this, I muſt own, that I perform a kind of Self-denial, as I ſhall then break off an habitual Intercourſe with the Public, from which I have occaſionally deduced a very ſenſible Pleaſure, as I have experienced that theſe Papers, ſuch as they are, have, from Time to Time, conduced to the Entertainment of the Town. On this Account, I ſhall abdicate with Reluctance; but the Line, which I have quoted in my Motto from *Horace*, has for a long Time ſtared me in the Face. " The Shame does not lie," ſays he, " in playing the Fool, but in not diſcontinuing it," in the Juſtice of which Sentiment I acquieſce, and, as becomes me, conform to the Precept.

I DO NOT flatter myſelf on this Occaſion, that the preſent Writer will be miſſed by the Public ; on the contrary, I believe it probable that the Vacancy may be filled by ſome more able and riſing Genius, and while the *Connoiſſeur* deals out his ingenious Productions, I am too ſenſible that *Ranger* may not be regretted. Be that as it may, as the Name of Mr. *Town* has been often mentioned in the *Gray*'s-*Inn-Journal*, I muſt take this Opportunity to declare, that, however, Applications may have been made of that Character, I only meant general Satire. With Regard to Mr. *Town*, who now entertains the Public, he certainly has no Relation to that ideal Perſonage, and after peruſing his Writings, I have often applied *Swift's* Lines to myſelf,

When he can in one Eſſay *fix*
More Senſe than I can do in ſix,
It gives me ſuch a jealous Fit,
I cry pox take him and his Wit.

As I now no longer dread him for a Rival, I cannot have the *Senſe* of his Merit without ſhewing the *Love* at the ſame Time, and if an elegant Stile, a delicate Vein of Humour, and on many Subjects beautiful Strokes of Wit in the Oppoſition of Ideas, can any Way recommend an Author, I am perſuaded Mr. *Town* will bid fair for the public Favour.

HAVING mentioned thus much, I muſt add, that I do not here take upon me to preſcribe to my Readers ; the Public invariably judges well for themſelves, and from their Deciſion there is no Appeal.

X.

The Effects of CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*; *to be ſold by Auction at Mr.* Langford'*s in the great Piazza* Covent-Garden, *being a compleat Liſt of all ſuch Houſhold Furniture, Books, and valuable Pieces as the ſaid* RANGER *thinks proper to leave behind him ; the Whole very proper for any Adventurer who has a Mind to ſet up for himſelf.*

Houſhold Furniture, *in the Bed-Chamber*,

A Very good Flock-bed, with tape-tied Curtains.
A Poker, with the Head left.
A Grate with three Legs.
A Bellows, ſomewhat aſthmatic.

In the Study.

A Tea-cup with Ink in it.
A Common-Place Book.
A *Gradus ad Parnaſſum*, for Motto's.

One Volume of the *Spectator.*
Two Leaves of an Elegy written in a Country-Church-yard.
All the *Gray's Inn Journals.*
And, the TRAGEDY of OTHELLO, *cut* and *thumb'd.*

In the Dining-Room.

A Bureau, with nothing in it.
A Peck of Sea-coal, in the Bottom of the Cupboard.
Six Chairs, two of them with four Legs.
One Table, the Flap broke.

Collection of valuable Pieces.

Honour and Honeſty. *an Antique.*
Mr. *Garrick* in all his Characters, highly coloured, by Mr. *Ranger.*
Mr. *Barry* in ſeveral Parts, *caracatured by ditto.*
A Scene at White's, *a Night Piece.*
The national Debt diſcharged, by a *Flemiſh Maſter.*
Ditto, by *Jacob Henriques.*
A Coquette in Crayons, *ſomewhat faded.*
Exchange-Alley, *by a Dutchman.*
A Deiſt in a Fever, with a Clergyman at his Elbow, *warranted original.*
Ditto, *dying by Moon-light.*
A Miſer's Feaſt, in *Water Colours.*
A celebrated Beauty, *enamelled.*
The Day of Judgment, *a claro obſcuro.*
A Manager and an Author, *taken from the Life.*
The Green-Room, a *Caricature.*
The True Patriot, *very ſcarce.*
The Creation of the World, in *Moſaic Work.*
The accompliſhed Britiſh Nobleman, *from an Original in the Poſſeſſion of the Right hon.* P——p *E—l of* C———d.
An Hypocrite in Profile, *a la Bruyere.*
A Beau in a Bagnio, *a Kit-cat.*
Vice and Virtue, *in black and white.*
A General Election, *from an Original now in the Poſſeſſion of an eminent Stateſman.*
Elizabeth Canning, *from an Original done by Subſcription.*
Eternity. *a Perſpective.*
Friendſhip, *an allegorical Piece.*
Selim's Viſion, *a Chineſe Piece.*
A Party at Hazard, *in black and white from the Life.*

With many other Curioſities, too numerous to inſert. The Whole to be viewed until the Day of Sale, and Catalogues given gratis.

ERRATA in our laſt, Page 297. l. 11. for *merry*, read *moving* ; Page 298. l. 4. for *quaint* read *greateſt.*

Printed for W. FADEN in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, and J. BOUQUET in Pater-Noſter-Row, where may be had the former Numbers.

THE

GRAY'S INN JOURNAL.

By *CHARLES RANGER*, Eſq;

NUMB. 52. PR. 2d.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1754.

Gray's-Inn, Sept. 21*ſt* 1754.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atquè bibiſti;
Tempus abire tibi eſt———— HOR.

Hic labor extremus, longarum hæc meta viarum;
Conticuit, factoquè hic tandem fine quievit. VIRG.

DOCTOR *Swift* ſomewhere tells a Story of a *French* Ambaſſador going to a Congreſs, who diſpatched Couriers to the Place of his Deſtination every half Hour in the four and twenty, to ſignify to the Inhabitants, *Monſieur viens, Monſieur viens, His Excellence is coming.* Something like this I have done, for ſome Time paſt, by declaring repeatedly, *Monſieur s'en va, Ranger*'s *going, a going.* At length, without intending any more laſt Words after this Day, I am ſet down to write the concluſive

Eſſay of the *Gray's-Inn-Journal*, and I muſt own, I now feel myſelf extremely at a Loſs how to proceed. I remember the introductory Paper to this Undertaking embarraſſed my Imagination, more than any ſucceſſive Compoſition; as coming into Company is frequently attended with uneaſy Flutterings, which are afterwards effaced by Habit. As I am alſo deſirous of going off with as good a Grace as poſſible, I cannot but be a little ſolicitous about the Manner of my Exit. In the ſocial Intercourſe of Life, I know as little Ceremony ſhould be uſed, as the Nature of Things will admit; but the periodical Writer, cannot withdraw, without making his Bow to the Public.

Two different Forms of writing have offered themſelves to me upon this Occaſion. The firſt has been practiſed by ſeveral Gentlemen of the Quill, and conſiſts in a declamatory Stile againſt that Degeneracy of Taſte, which has too fatally prevailed in the preſent Declenſion of Literature. In Addition to this, I might indulge myſelf in a Vein of Invective againſt the general Diſpoſition to Gaming, and many other unavailing Amuſements, which have called off the Attention of the better Sort of People from all literary Productions. I might further expatiate in a Strain of Raillery on the Fair, and might urge that Woman is very juſtly defined by the *Greek* Philoſopher, "*An Animal delighting in Finery*," and that it is not in the Power of the beſt Writers of the Age, to attract the Attention of that wandering Sex, who are ever more entertained with the Chit-chat, which iſſues from their own pretty red Lips, than with a Peruſal of the fineſt Piece of Writing, calculated to retrench their Follies, to regulate their Fancy, to improve their Intellectuals, and to encourage them in the Acquiſition of thoſe mental Beauties, ſuch as Sweetneſs of Temper, Affability, and good Senſe, which will be always ſure to confer upon them the moſt permanent Embelliſhments, and will prove the beſt Waſh for the Complexion, and an infallible Preſervative againſt the Encroachments made upon the Tincture of the Skin, by Envy, Malice, Tea, Scandal, and painful Watchings at a Gaming-Table. After this I might pompouſly declare, that I now decline taking any further Trouble with thoſe incorrigible Angels, that I conſign them entirely to their Hair-Cutters, their Dancing-Maſters, and, what is ſtill worſe, to their own ungoverned fantaſtick Appetites. But this Form of Compoſition is inconſiſtent with my preſent Purpoſe, as I had rather lay down the Pen in the good Graces of all my Readers, than with the Air of a ſullen, moroſe Philoſopher.

THE ſecond Method of Addreſs which occurred to me, is that uſed by the excellent and humorous Author of the *Tale of a Tub.* After his Example I have been tempted to return Thanks, in the moſt ſolemn Manner, to his Majeſty's moſt honourable Privy-Council, to the Lords ſpiritual and temporal, to the honourable the Houſe of Commons, to the Gentlemen of the Royal Society, to the Worſhipful the Board of Aldermen, to the Club at *White*'s, to the Critics at the *Bedford*, to the Connoiſſeurs at *Sam*'s, to the Society of *Grub-ſtreet*, and, in ſhort, to all Degrees and Ranks of People, for the juſt and favourable Reception they have been pleaſed to afford to the moſt delectable, humourous and inſtructive Lucubrations, that we have publiſhed in this our *Gray's-Inn-Journal*, which has been the Delight of the choice Spirits of the Age, the Terror of all Offenders againſt Decency and Good Manners, and which has aſcertained to the Author an immortal Reputation;

Jamquè opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

But having conſidered this Matter with ſufficient Deliberation, I have judged it eligible to decline both the Species of Writing above exhibited. The Truth of it is, as on the one Hand I am not ſo ſelf-ſufficient as to arrogate to myſelf any extraordinary Pride from the Degree of Succeſs, I have met with, ſo on the other, I do not think I can reaſonably find any Fault with the Diſpoſition of the Public to the preſent Writer. I have all along ſteered between the two Extremes of partial popular Applauſe, and a general Neglect; and I have therefore no colourable Pretence to expreſs the leaſt Degree of Diſcontent at Parting, nor vain-glorioſly to exult at the Applauſe, which has been occaſionally allowed to me.

I AM too ſenſible that a ſmall Portion of Fame can be attributed to the Productions of a young Author, hurried down the Stream of Diſſipation, interrupted by Avocations of a thouſand Sorts, ſeldom enabled to write at Leiſure, frequently obliged to diſmiſs the uncorrected Sheet to the Preſs, rarely happy enough to have writ up even to his own Taſte, and often checked in his Career by the Timidity of an Adventurer, who was always diffident of his own Abilities, and was ſenſible how far ſo young a Writer muſt be from thoſe ſtrong

Powers of Mind, which, when matured by Age and Application, animate and embolden Genius, give Authority to Criticiſm, add Strength to Compoſitions of a graver Caſt, produce inſtructive Strains of Morality, and inſpire an Author with a due Degree of Confidence in his Deciſions, upon all Occurrences in human Life, as likewiſe upon all Topics of Taſte and Erudition.

Though unattended with theſe Advantages, it is, however, ſome kind of Satisfaction, that I have been able to procure myſelf an Audience once a Week, for two Years together, from perhaps ſeveral Thouſands in *Great-Britain*; and on this Occaſion, I cannot help taking to myſelf a ſecret Pleaſure from the Reflection, that I have given a kind of weekly Memorial of my Exiſtence, and ſome Sort of Proof, that my Time has not been thrown away in a Manner totally unavailing. *Saluſt* has a very fine Sentiment, which has made a very deep Impreſſion on my Imagination. *Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere, & frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.* "He may be ſaid to live, ſays that excellent Writer, and to enjoy the Functions of his Soul, who, "engaged in a laudable Occupation, endeavours to diſtinguiſh "himſelf by ſome ſplendid Action, or by the Acquiſition of "Fame in ſome liberal Art." That I have in the laſt Way made myſelf conſpicuous, I cannot perſuade myſelf in my moſt ſanguine Moments; but I ſhall always enjoy the Pleaſure of a well-meant Endeavour, and, when I look back to the Commencement of this Undertaking, and review the Means, by which I have kept my Paper alive, I will not be ſo prudiſh as to conceal a Degree of Self-Approbation.

The Plan, on which I have wrote, however feeble the Execution of it may be, I am inclined to believe is not void of Merit; I will venture to go a Step further, and ſhall not heſitate to ſay, that it is, perhaps, the beſt Scheme of this Kind, that has, as yet appeared, becauſe it includes the Deſign of both the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. In the Eſſay there was room for all kinds of fine Writing, and the News admitted a conſtant Variety of Objects to entertain the Fancy, or to inform the Judgment. That this Scheme has not been better cultivated in all its Parts, muſt be imputed to my having wrote ſingly and alone; and this Conſideration will, I hope, render all Inaccuracies more excuſable.

When I ſay that I have wrote alone, I do not mean that I never received any Aſſiſtance. On the contrary, I think it incumbent on me to acknowledge that a particular Friend, who muſt be nameleſs, has furniſhed me occaſionally with ſeveral humourous Paragraphs of News, written with a Delicacy of Humour peculiar to himſelf, and, I will add, that I never withdrew from his Converſation, without ſome Hint for the Entertainment of my Readers. To this Gentleman I am indebted for an *Eſſay on the modern Faſhion of viſiting*; a Diſſertation on the Parties of this Metropolis, *viz.* The *Garrickeans* and *Barryiſts*; for a Scene at *Jonathan*'s *Coffee-Houſe*, and a Sequel to the ſame. That I have not received more from him, I have often thought it both a Loſs to the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* and the Public, and, as he poſſeſſes an elegant Facility on every Subject, I ſincerely wiſh that I had been able to prevail upon him, againſt his natural Indolence, to afford me a great deal more of his Aſſiſtance.

A Paper upon what may be called Imitation in Writing, and an Eſſay towards fixing the Standard of modern Criticiſm, together with ſome occaſional Strokes of Humour in the true Intelligence, were the Contributions of another ingenious Gentleman, whoſe Friendſhip, I am convinced, would have inclined him to do ſomething towards raiſing the Eſtimation of this Paper much higher, had not Avocations of more Conſequence to himſelf and the Public, demanded the Exertion of his excellent Abilities in another Way.

I must take this Opportunity to thank the Author of a Letter, occaſioned by my Criticiſm on King *Lear*, which was ſent in the Warmth of Affection, and, in my Opinion, was written alſo in the Warmth of Genius. An Eſſay on Phiſiognomy was alſo a Preſent, and, now and then, in the News there are either Articles ſent by unknown Hands, or Paragraphs raiſed upon their Hints. But of theſe the Number is extremely ſmall; for every Thing elſe *Ranger* himſelf muſt ſtand accountable.

I have now, I think, faithfully mentioned all the Aſſiſtance I received in the Courſe of this Paper, and upon this Appearance of Matters, I believe, it will be found very ſhort of the Advantages enjoyed by ſome of my Brother Writers. I have not had the Happineſs of being pufft in any of our common News-Papers, nor have I ſtood well enough with the Conductors of our Magazines, to be admitted to the Honour of furniſhing them with an Eſſay once a Month, in order to diſplay ſome ſelect Lucubrations to the great Multitude, who purchaſe thoſe monthly Miſcellanies. I have never been able to entertain the Town with the Writings of People of Faſhion, nor to lay before them an *Eſſay written by a Perſon of Honour*; I could never boaſt the Friendſhip of the Nobility, nor has any Lord ſent me a Paper, and upon Publication bought up a thouſand Copies, to ſhew me how well his own Performances ſell. I muſt, however, own that I have always exerted my utmoſt Abilities, and have put every Thing out of hand with as much Care as the Nature of periodical Productions, the Author's Spirits and other Circumſtances would permit. I have ever had as great a Reſpect for the Public, as *Tully* profeſſes for a *Roman* Aſſembly, and I agree with him when he ſays, *nihil huc niſi perfectum ingenio, elaboratum induſtriâ afferri opportere.* At the ſame Time, I hope, it will be conſidered, that Mr. *Pope* obſerves with great Propriety, that the Public ſhould not expect that an Author's whole Time ſhould be ſpent in poliſhing and retouching for their Pleaſure.

Besides, why may not a Perſon rather chuſe an Air of bold Negligence, than the obſcure Diligence of Pedants, and Writers of affected Phraſeology? For my Part, I have always thought an eaſy Stile more eligible than a pompous Diction, lifted up by Metaphor, amplified by Epithet, and dignified by too frequent Inſertions of the *Latin* Idiom. I am therefore inclined to flatter myſelf that my Expreſſion has been natural and unambitious; and that my Arrangement has been grammatically juſt, unperplexed and clear, and that upon all Occaſions I have written with ſome Degree of Purity.

Upon the whole, if I cannot boaſt of having produced edifying Strains of Morality, Diſſertations of ſound indefeazable Criticiſm, and Papers of exquiſite Mirth and Humour, I hope, at leaſt the whole Plan has been conducted with a ſtrict Regard to Decency, and without any Offence againſt Virtue or good Manners. To this Circumſtance, I believe it in a great Meaſure owing, that I have been ſo favourably received by the Town; but be the Cauſe, what it may, I ſhall always retain a grateful Senſe of their Indulgence, and in whatever Way, hereafter I may endeavour to entertain them, I ſhall think they have a Demand upon me for the moſt vigorous Exertion of my Powers, and, let my Succeſs be as it will, I at leaſt hope I ſhall have Judgment enough not entirely to miſtake my Talents.

Having avowed theſe Sentiments I ſhall conclude, without any ſtudied Flouriſh of Period, and I remain with great Reſpect to all my Readers in particular, and to the Public in General,

Their moſt Obliged, and moſt Obedient Servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

8

SEP 25 1987